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with Mrs. Davis's best wishes
June 25th 1887

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
MY EARLY AND PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF MY
EARLY AND PROFESSIONAL LIFE:

BY THE LATE
JOHN MANN, M.R.C.S., L.S.A.

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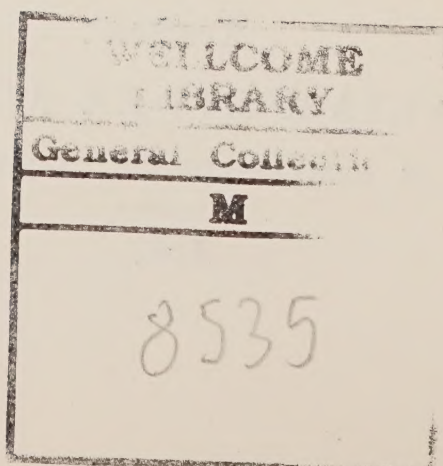
London :
WILLIAM RIDER AND SON,
14, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, E.C.

1887.

BZP (Mann)

LONDON :
WILLIAM RIDER AND SON, PRINTERS,
BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, E.C.

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PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH, many years since, the perusal of Foster's Essay "On a man's writing memoirs of himself" so powerfully struck my youthful fancy that when I sat down after supper to read it I felt no inclination to lay down the book and retire to rest; yet it is probable that the idea of practically realising the thought might never have recurred to my mind, had it not happened that, about 1868, a packet was sent to me from Wm. S. Stenson, Esq., of Bourton-on-the-Water, which contained the letters that, during a series of years, had been written to his worthy father, my early patron and guide.

These, after my retirement from active practice, seemed to form materials for an autobiography which might serve to remind me of the past, and thus enable me to live over again its varied scenes of failure or success, of danger or deliverance, and gather hope for my declining days; and which might be some stimulus to others who come after me, that they may in some measure catch the influence of two maxims which have powerfully impressed my whole life, namely: "*Industriæ nihil impossibile*" and "*Labor ipse voluptas*."

The first portion of life was to me the most important—literally the *seed-time*—and therefore it

seemed to me the best worthy of preservation in this form; for although the sowing of seed in some soil never ceases, yet the quantity and quality of the harvest must ever depend on the spring and the summer. If these have passed unimproved, no great work can be accomplished. The unquenched energy remaining in the will of the elder Cato led him at the age of eighty to commence the study of Greek; it does not, however, appear that he left behind him any classic in that language, although his life was prolonged to extreme old age.

The ancients had a saying, and it is frequently quoted by Bacon, "*Faber quisque suæ fortunæ*;" but they added the condition, that his success depended on the favour of the gods. And here with deep reverence I would acknowledge that whatever success or happiness may have attended on my path of life, I owe all to the favour of Providence. My health and my friends, my ability and my perseverance, my times of preservation, of deliverance, and of prosperity—each and all have been the gifts of His bounty; and the language of the 115th Psalm ought ever to be mine: "*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis sed nomini tuo da gloriam.*"

Much encouragement, and much of my prosperity I owe to friends who are now beyond any recompense of mine. Often kind tributes of friendship were offered which I did not in any way anticipate, and sometimes from those who were in no respect my debtors and whom I had hardly numbered among my friends. Surely it would not be presumption in me to attribute this to the Source whence rose the prosperity of Joseph.

My example, in seeking to make my professional education more perfect at a Continental school, was followed by two of my junior acquaintances, who thus became more worthy of an honourable place in their profession. One of these has preceded me by many years in his departure from this life. To the last he reposed in me his entire confidence, and I am gratified by the unabated respect of his family.

May what I have written persuade the young to cultivate the "seed-time of life," in the full assurance that it will yield a rich reward.

J. M.

OCTOBER 28TH, 1878.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF MY

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THE town of Morton-in-Marsh* was, at the time of my birth, and for some time later, distinguished by some noble elms, one of which somewhat darkened the front windows of the cottage in which I was born. There were also in the vicinity, at the distance of from half a mile to a mile, some marshes on the borders of the common. These were once more extensive, and were probably frequented in great numbers by moor-hens, from which the ancient

* The modern spelling, viz., Moreton, was introduced by the railway company.

name of Morton Henmarsh (afterwards changed to its present name) was derived. These birds, namely, moor-hens, had become at this period nearly extinct. I only recollect seeing one, which was in the days of my boyhood. On the east side of Morton was the common, skirted by the London road on the north, Evenlode Cover on the south, the hamlet of Fourshire Stone on the east, and by some fields and the village green of Morton on the west. This was a large piece of waste land about four square miles in extent. Here the parishes of Morton-in-Marsh and Bourton-on-the-Hill had common rights; namely, of pasturage and of cutting gorse, or furze, which grew plentifully over its surface. This was in winter a valuable resource to the poor as a means of kindling their fires, and often of maintaining them, by the large stems and roots which had by age become developed. Those who cut and stocked up the furze were provided with the old English billhook and with thick leather gloves, also with leather gaiters to protect them from the thorns of the furze, and also from the vipers, which were accustomed to nestle amidst its spreading and thickest roots.

The first chapel was a barn, erected near an inn, which was once called the Welsh Harp, but afterwards the Green Dragon. This house and the garden adjoining, were afterwards purchased by my father for his residence.

It was in the latter part of the last century that my father was introduced to Morton by the late Joseph Procter, Esq., of Fleet Street, afterwards of Compton Terrace, Islington. He was a

native of Morton, and some of his near relations lived there. Mr. Procter was a member at the Weigh House Chapel, the pulpit of which was then occupied by the Rev. John Clayton, sen., the father of three sons, who became popular and highly estimable Dissenting Ministers. Mr. Procter was also an occasional hearer of the Rev. George Burder, of Fetter Lane, and a friend of Cecil. He had embraced the religious principles which these faithful and excellent men taught, and which seemed to them the essential truths of Holy Scripture.

At that period, Morton and its neighbourhood had no clergymen of the Established Church who made these truths the prominent subject of their sermons; the High Church party were in undisputed possession of the ground, both at Morton and in all the adjoining parishes.

About the time of the Stuarts, there had been in Morton a small church of Nonconformists, whose minister had the name of Mans,* somewhat similar to the name of my father. These men lived in times of persecution, when they were obliged to hold their religious meetings by stealth on a piece of uncultivated ground called Longborough Lays, about a mile and a quarter distant from Morton. But the Nonconformists had now (A.D. 1792) all died out or removed to other places, except the family to which my mother belonged, who were accustomed to worship at a small Baptist meeting-house at Stow-on-the-Wold, but only as their chapel-of-ease. They considered the meeting-house at

* His name occurs in the Church Book at Kingham, not far from Stow-on-the-Wold.

Bourton-on-the-Water, then presided over by the well-known Benjamin Beddome, as their home. My grandfather Rawlings was baptized by Mr. Beddome, and for fifty years he considered himself a member of that church.

Samuel Rawlings was born about 1738. He remembered the time when the soldiers passed through Morton on their way to the North to join the army that was forming to resist the invasion of the Pretender, in the rebellion of 1745, which was brought to an end by the battle of Culloden. My first recollections of him were associated with a venerable figure with white locks of hair which fell on his shoulders. He had then hardly begun to stoop, and was a tall, vigorous man, able to walk three or four miles without fatigue. As he lived in Morton, I was from my earliest years frequently at his house, and was accustomed, from the age at which I first began to walk, to dine and drink tea there every Sabbath-day. I remember on one of these occasions a violent thunderstorm arose in the afternoon, at which I was much alarmed, and cried from fear. He soothed me, and when the rain ceased, carried me in his arms through his garden and orchard, directing my attention to the trees, the cheerfulness of the birds, and the departing clouds.

From my frequent association with him, I became my grandfather's favourite grandchild. Of my father, whose time was absorbed in the duties of his school and of the study, I saw much less in the domestic circle; with him I was less familiar, and to him I was less attached. My grandfather lived until I had

reached twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, and died in his eighty-seventh year.

A brother of my grandfather, the Rev. Nathaniel Rawlings, was pastor of the Baptist Church at Trowbridge, Wilts, for many years. His senior deacon was named Selfe. He was a rich, kind, worthy man, and my mother, in her girlhood, spent a week in a visit to his only child, a daughter. From this gentleman descended a progeny which became numerous in the third and fourth generation, and some of them distinguished members of society, as H. S. Selfe, Esq., one of the stipendiary magistrates of the metropolis, and H. G. Winterbotham, Esq., member for the borough of Stroud.*

The Rev. N. Rawlings was one of the converts of the Rev. B. Beddome, of Bourton-on-the-Water, by whom he was baptized. I never saw him. My impression is that he left no surviving offspring.

My father was a native of Suffolk. He was born at a farmhouse at Badingham about the year 1767. This farmhouse is still in the occupation of a member of the family. I once visited it, probably in 1826, when my uncle Samuel lived there. In primitive fashion the lower part was divided into three apartments, communicating with each other. At one end was the parlour, at the other the dairy, and between these the common room occupied the middle of the building.

The church of the hamlet is at a short distance from the farmhouse. It is remarkable chiefly for the number of the funeral monuments and tablets to the

* And Under Secretary of State to Mr. Gladstone. He died near Rome, when on a tour.

memory of a Baronet, who was a large proprietor of the surrounding lands, and who was the landlord of my uncle and his ancestors.*

My father was born in the Established Church, but after coming to years of maturity he preferred to attend at a Chapel of Independent Dissenters at Rendham, which he revered as his spiritual birth-place. Having received what he believed was the truth, he embraced it with all his heart and desired to impart it to others. Thus he was led not only to join in the weekly prayer meetings, but was encouraged by his friends at Rendham to give them an occasional address. This led to a persuasion on their part, and, finally, a conviction of his own mind, that his path of future duty was the ministry among the Protestant Dissenters.

* I think his name was Sir Gerard Van Eck.

CHAPTER II.

Early history of my father—His entrance on a student's life at Hoxton, under the presidency of Dr. Simpson—The liberality of the Treasurer, Thomas Wilson—His kindness to the students mixed with some peculiarities, but generally followed by an abiding friendship—Mr. Joseph Procter, his association with Mr. Wilson—Evangelistic work at Morton—My father's slow and partial success—Difficulties of his early career—His first acquaintance with my mother.

ALTHOUGH my father was the eldest son of the family, he had not had any opportunity of acquiring separate funds of his own of any amount to cover the expenses of his education for the ministry. He had assisted his father on the farm after completing the education of a farmer's son at school. I never heard that he experienced any opposition from either of his parents, when he made his application and was received as a student for the ministry at Hoxton. On the other hand, his father contributed something to his pecuniary expenses, when his supplies from other sources were exhausted; but the assistance was small, and in the shape of a loan, the expenses of a numerous family no doubt preventing him from being more liberal.

The principal tutor and President of the College, and Lecturer on Theology, at that time, was the Rev.

Robert Simpson, who was ever held in great veneration by my father. This was the general feeling among the students, although amongst them were two or three fun-loving young men. There was not anything strikingly inconsistent with the sobriety of the ministerial student permitted; the fun was harmless, and, so far as I am aware, none of the contemporaries of my father brought any discredit on their profession.

Thomas Wilson, Esquire (the well-known founder of so many dissenting chapels), was at this time the Treasurer and a liberal supporter of Hoxton College. He was always kind to my father. At that time he took a more paternal and tutorial interest in the students than would be relished by the more self-reliant young men of our day. On one occasion he took my father with him to some village preaching. Before the commencement, Mr. Wilson said to the young student, "Now, Mr. Mann, take care not to tire the people; if I think you are too long, mind, I shall pull the tail of your coat!" After the service was over, Mr. Wilson said playfully, "Well, Mr. Mann, how your legs did shake!" This was not judicious, but it was taken as kindly as it was meant. Mr. Wilson's manner was sometimes a little rough, and his speech *brusque*; but he was in intention always a really kind man. No student ever left the college without some proof of this. A very common expression of his good wishes was a handsomely bound volume in quarto of Cruden's "Concordance." The one presented to my father was his life-long companion; it remains on my shelves, and will probably be cherished as an heirloom.

Mr. Procter was a friend and neighbour of Mr. Wilson. When the former had determined on introducing a new kind of religious teaching at Morton, like to that which he heard in London from the lips of the elder Clayton, Richard Cecil, and George Burder, my father happened to be the senior student on the rota. He was therefore chosen by Mr. Procter to assist in carrying out his earnest wishes for the enlightenment of his native village, hoping that in time his near relations might be induced to lay aside their church prejudices, and embrace those religious sentiments, which he and his clerical friends in London judged so essential to their happiness, both here and hereafter.

Only to a limited extent were those wishes realised in those who were the first persons in the mental eye of their benevolent kinsman. It was by slow and painful progress—which sometimes seemed to be no progress at all—and amid the bitter opposition of the clergy, manifested by stirring up the prejudices of a poor and ignorant peasantry, by whom sometimes an open persecution threatening personal injuries was attempted. One remarkable instance we shall hereafter give, from some memoranda written by my father at the time.

At the commencement of his ministerial efforts at Morton my father was unable to obtain any house accommodation. He was obliged for some time to reside at Shipston-on-Stour, a distance of about seven miles from Morton. At that time not only were there no railways, but the roads were in a very bad condition, and it was necessary to ascend and descend two or three considerable hills. At length

the upper room in a house near the green was placed at my father's disposal. This house was afterwards known by me as the habitation of a respectable couple of elderly appearance, who had no children of their own, and who were the steady friends of our family. Their name was Kendall. They had some peculiarities, one of which was known in the early ages of the Christian Church,—that of believing that they were not always in a fit spiritual state for the communion of the Lord's supper. Although, therefore, they were members of the church at Morton, and were not accused or suspected by their fellow members of any conduct inconsistent with their Christian profession, they occasionally retired with the rest of the congregation at the close of the service instead of joining in the special observance with the other members of the church. Mrs. Kendall long survived her husband. The last years of her life were spent at Stow-on-the-Wold in part of a house on the eastern side of the hill on which the town stands. In my visits to Stow, when engaged in my grandfather's business, I sometimes called to see the good lady, who had then become aged, but who always testified pleasure at this mark of attention on my part.

My maternal grandfather, Samuel Rawlings, had two daughters, who constituted the whole of his family, his only son having died in early youth. My mother was the elder daughter, Mary. She had dark hair and eyes, a fair complexion, and features that were then considered beautiful; and she was generally esteemed as of an amiable temper and benevolent disposition. She became decidedly

religious in early life, and was in correspondence with some of her young friends of like spirit and character during her unmarried life. Some of these letters I found amongst her papers after her death. Some were from Margaret Salter, a daughter of one of her uncle's deacons at Trowbridge, Wilts. Her uncle, the minister at Trowbridge, took much interest in her, and in her visits to Trowbridge she became acquainted with his influential and wealthy deacons, Mr. Self and his daughter.

My mother had more than one respectable suitor to whose worldly circumstances her father would have offered no serious objection, but she steadfastly kept to her resolution not to marry any one who was not decidedly a religious man. When my father came to Morton as minister, she frequently came into contact with him in social life as well as in religious worship, and it was quite in the natural course of things that they should become attached to each other, and in his case, no conscientious objection arose.

The general principles advocated by De Foe in his "*Religious Courtship*," although exaggerated in some of their details, are as applicable now as at the time when he wrote. In the most important things of life, if happiness must be in frequent danger when there is a want of mutual harmony and confidence, surely none can be found so strong and so unchanging as religious principle, when this is truly in the heart as well as in the profession; and daily influencing the thoughts as well as the habits.

CHAPTER III.

My father's lodging after his marriage—Removal to the cottage in which I was born—Lord Brougham's opinion of the importance of judicious training in early infancy—My father's discipline—Unsuitableness of the union of the duties of a schoolmaster with those of a minister of religion—Influence of Mary Hill on my early youth—Abiding nature of these youthful impressions, and of the habits formed thereby; in relation to *truth*, to *trust*, and to *prayer*.

At the time of my father's marriage he was unable to get an entire house to himself, and consequently he took only a part of a house occupied by a widow named Davis, who had no family except a little boy. This lad, led away by thoughtless companions, forgot the kindness of his mother and the sacrifices she had made to train him for some respectable position in society; and in after years he enlisted in a cavalry regiment, and was never heard of after the battle of Waterloo, in which he probably perished.

Only a few months elapsed before a cottage became vacant which is still standing in Kimbolton Street,* forming part of a detached row of tenements which occupy the midst of a wide street, as Middle Row once stood in Holborn, and as the Poultry now stands between a part of Cheapside and Bucklersbury. In

* Now known as Oxford Street.

that cottage, and, I believe, in the bedchamber on the eastern side, on the evening of the twentieth of November, on my mother's birthday, I was born.

Lord Brougham once said that the most important part of a child's education took place under two years of age. In looking back upon my own experience, I cannot call to mind any portion of that stage of infancy. I had passed three years of age, when a little struggle took place between my father and myself for supremacy. I had allowed something to fall on the ground which he told me to pick up. I said nothing, but remained bolt upright. He repeated the command, and then I stooped a little. Then he slightly tapped me with a stick, repeating the command, and I stooped a little lower. But it was only after one or two repetitions of the process that I picked up the article.

This was a specimen of the mode of discipline which prevailed at that day, namely, of using *power* instead of moral suasion or knowledge of human nature, in order to govern the actions of others. It may be objected that three years of age is a stage of life in which moral suasion would be unintelligible, and the tact arising from a familiar acquaintance with human nature inapplicable. To me there seems to be no force in either of these objections, which are not derived from correct observation or just experience. Many mothers, and even nurses, of tact and temper have come before me, who even at the earliest periods of life very rarely made use of *force* in the management of their infantile flock.

It was, however, my father's misfortune that, besides the duties of a minister and pastor, he was

burdened with the duties of a schoolmaster ; and in teaching a school of boys a discipline must be enforced and maintained by a rule more unbending than is necessary in the family. There is not time for discussing with every boy the reasons on which the law of the master is based, nor for a study of each in detail. Then, close application to study of any kind tends to produce an irritability and impatience of temper which are very bad qualifications for a schoolmaster.

As my father grew older, he found it was more easy to conquer me with kindness than with the strong arm, and finally he reposed in me the greatest confidence, and I shall ever feel greatly indebted to him as well as to my mother for the self-denying economy practised, year after year, with cheerfulness, to amass a small store which might launch me upon the ocean of life, and prevent them from being a burden to my income in after years.

The acquisition of an ample capital, that has been earned entirely by another, at the beginning of the journey of life, is a very doubtful advantage to its possessor. A strong will, a healthy, strong body, a clear, unwavering judgment, versatile in relation to circumstances, but unchanging in relation to the great ends of life, constitute a treasure of far higher value.

The next important incident of my early life was the influence over me of a sincerely religious servant, who lived with my parents from the time when I was about five years old, for the next four or five years. Her name was Mary Hill, and she was the daughter of religious parents, who lived at Mangersbury, and attended the Baptist

meeting-house at Stow-on-the-Wold, She had no shadow of a doubt about the truth of any principles which she had been taught in relation to her duty towards God and man, or of the reality of everything contained in the Bible. Hence, she talked of another world with as much assurance, mingled with appropriate reverence, as if she had been there in person. One Saturday night, as she was preparing me for going to bed, she said, "John, there are two things you must always remember: never tell a story (story was the word we used for the plainer but somewhat coarser word *lie*); never tell a secret." These admonitions I never forgot, and they went far in gaining me a character for truth and trustworthiness, which has been of very great service to me through life.

The influence of the inmates of the nursery on very young children is too lightly passed over. It is often greater than that of the parents. The nurses are always with the children during the greater part both of the day and the night. The impressions produced at this period of early life remain through all its successive stages. Sometimes, for a season, they may be overgrown and apparently destroyed in the bustle of entering upon the world and engaging in the battle of life, but their roots, however deeply they may seem buried in the soil, still live, and show their greatest maturity of blossom in old age. It is worthy of reflection whether this is not the lesson of that oft-quoted admonition, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is *old* he will not depart from it." When he is *young*, too frequently,

perhaps even in the majority of cases, the training is superseded by that of evil associations and thoughtless companions; but when the afternoon and evening of life come, then the latent influence is again called forth, the roots put forth their stalks and flowers, and finally their fruits, and so "in old age" they become "fat and flourishing."

The children of English parents who are nursed by Indian ayahs, are said to acquire an expression of countenance like that of the Hindoo. I remember two or three remarkable instances of this in children of my friends that were sent home to England before they were six years of age. A somewhat similar influence as to habits, and even as to moral principles is produced in the nursery by the example of servants.

The experience which children thus have with servants is more important because it is their first contact with the external world. And, if servants be cheerful, benevolent, ready to oblige, not given to answer again, but rather by an increase of diligence and care to erase the remembrance of a fault, their example will foster as well as call forth all the various developments of love and reverence in the spirit of the child.

Mary Hill (when my mother was engaged elsewhere) used to hear me and my sister say our prayers before we got into bed. This, she taught us, was speaking to God, who was present, who heard every word. We were therefore to be very serious in His presence, if not, He would not be pleased with our prayer. He knew all our thoughts, and, therefore, we must not indulge in trifling or

foolish thoughts during prayer. Thus, prayer became not a form, much less a farce, but a real thing to us.

This produced in my mind the habit, even in boyhood, of praying alone, or of praying unheard, even in company, for anything I wanted which seemed at all important. No doubt these prayers were often for things, that, at a riper age, I should have thought frivolous; but their most valuable effect was that I contracted a *habit* of prayer, and often my prayers were answered, as I then thought, and as I now believe. When I wanted anything, I asked God for it, and when it happened as I wished, I thought God gave it to me.

I never saw Mary Hill after she left our house, which was when I was about nine or ten years of age. I am not certain why she left, but I have an impression that it was to attend on a near relative; and I believe she died young. Some five or six years afterwards, when I used to attend my grandfather's shop at Stow on market-day, her father, a fine, hale old man, of respectable appearance, used to call to inquire after me and the family at Morton.

CHAPTER IV.

Introduction to school at four years of age—Physical education—Retentive memory—Power of abstraction—Love of seclusion—Encyclopædia Perthensis—Samuel Taylor's advice—My grandfather's servants—Readings and discussions in his shop—Controversial correspondence—Study of logic.

My first introduction to school was at four years of age. It was said that I got out of the Alphabet class in two or three days, and into the Testament class in as many weeks. But this rapid progress, I suspect, arose from the not unfurnished memory with which I entered, and which had been stored by looking over or listening to others. Always addicted to solitary study, and preferring to do work myself rather than to have it done for me, it was perhaps more to industrious observation and a tenacious memory, than to precocity of genius, that my unusually rapid progress was due.

My physical education was by no means neglected. Although our school hours were rather long, and our intervals for meals and play were short, the latter were well improved. I was nearly the best runner. No one of my age could take a longer or a higher leap; and I was the best climber, for I never met with any accident, owing to my almost instinctive care not to trust either hand or foot to a rotten bough. Our school hours were from 9 to 12 A.M. and from

1 to 4 P.M. From 12 to 1 was thus the principal time both for eating and exercise. It would have been a great improvement to have made this interval two hours instead of one only. The objection to this arrangement was that a considerable portion of the boys came from places in the vicinity of Morton, some of which were distant three, four, and even five miles, which they had to walk in all weathers, morning and evening. If, then, 2 P.M. had been made the hour for commencing afternoon school, 5 P.M. must have been the time for closing. In winter this would have compelled some of the scholars to walk home in the dark.

Thus in one way or another, in walking to and from school, or in running, jumping, or other exercises at play, we had all a fair amount of physical training. Indeed, some of the boys who had long walks at the beginning of the day, must sometimes have been too fatigued for much application to their lessons.

My retentive memory, and my power of directing my attention to an object, and then of rapidly varying that object without confusion of ideas, gave me a great advantage over most of my schoolfellows, whom I encouraged to come to me for assistance, by which no doubt I was improving myself as well as helping them. Thus I had sometimes three or four around me at the same time, each one with a different question put to me in rapid succession, which rarely confused or puzzled me so as to draw forth any complaint. In this way my influence in the school, and my reputation out of it, became greater, perhaps, than that of any other pupil.

As I could always work best alone, it was natural that I should love seclusion. This I sometimes sought amidst the branches of the apple trees in my grandfather's orchard. Two of these were noble trees, and in one there was a convenient seat in a double fork of the large limbs, and a place for the feet between the branches below. Sometimes I went to Morton Common, which was then an unenclosed wild, covered with furze bushes, and abounding in gravel pits, in many of which I could find secluded seats, where no one could see me, until they came quite to the edge of my studio. The books I took with me were various, but a favourite one was a part of an *Encyclopædia*, from my father's library. This was published by an enterprising firm at Perth, and therefore bore the name of "*Perthensis*." It combined the characters of a large etymological dictionary of the English language, of a universal biography, and a universal history, with a collection of scientific treatises which were quite up to the level of that time. Its most palpable faults were that the printing was not well done, and the paper was of the most inferior quality. However, as my eyes were remarkably good, I could read any part of it with facility, and even in an imperfect light.

At one time I had formed a resolution to try and read this large work of fifty-two half volumes imperial octavo, from beginning to end. After a while, however, I thought it was not the best mode of using my time, as the knowledge thus gained was very fragmentary, and little available for the practical purposes of life. I was also influenced

by some very sound advice given me by a Baptist minister of Shipston-on-Stour, the late Reverend Samuel N. Taylor, who married a niece of my grandfather's second wife, and was a not unfrequent visitor at his house. We were walking together one day in the orchard when he said, "I think, John Mann, you are doing wrong in endeavouring to make yourself into an Encyclopædia; no man can ever get high above his fellows in more than one or two departments of human knowledge. Choose for yourself which those shall be, and then concentrate your regular and constant efforts upon them only." I remembered his counsels, the truth and justice of which commended them to my judgment, and endeavoured to act accordingly.

Samuel Taylor was a man of very sound judgment, excellent natural abilities, and very amiable and jocular temper. He was not a popular preacher in his manner, although his matter was good. He was little known, little appreciated, and very content to remain in the obscure corner in which he thought Providence had placed him. He lived to a great age, and became blind some years before his death.

I had no brother who lived beyond the age of infancy. My sister was a year and a half younger than myself, and she lived to nearly sixteen, but our tastes were neither similar nor congenial, and I had no companion. My comparatively isolated position increased my love of books, which often seemed to me very preferable to the living companions who were within my reach.

Yet I derived some advantages from the social relations I occupied. The beneficial influence of

Mary Hill, ably and constantly seconding the efforts of my mother, has already been noticed. My grandfather had a servant named Sarah Taplin, who lived with him fourteen years; when she contracted what was an unsuitable, and, in its early years, an unhappy marriage. She was very kind and attentive to me, but not like Mary Hill. My grandfather had two or three wool-combers constantly employed on his premises, who would do almost anything in reason to gratify their master's favourite grandson. Now it was my grandfather's practice occasionally to read to the men while they were at work. In this way he read to them "Flavel's Sermons on the Method of Grace." I also, in examining some secluded corner of the premises, found "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," one of the few books which formed the marriage portion of the wife of John Bunyan, and the reading of which converted their courtship for a time into a miniature school of theology.

This work consists of a dialogue between four interlocutors, namely, Theologus, a divine, Philagathus, an honest man, Antilegon, a caviller, and a fourth, whose name I do not now remember, but who personated an ignorant man. To the book itself I cannot refer, for it has long been lost, and I have never met with any other copy. The men were so interested in the work, which was a system of Christian theology of the school of Calvin, that they accepted the names of the characters. I was honoured with that of Theologus, and a very intelligent blind man John Southern, who knew the Scriptures almost by heart, having learned them from constant attendance

on the services of the church, and who was a frequent visitor, bringing to us the news of the town, accepted the name of Antilegon, which he recognised for years afterwards. I do not know that either of the men became a professing Christian, but they attended the church in the morning and the chapel in the evening, and became well acquainted with the theory of evangelical truth.

Another indirect result was that I became a student of Watts's *Logic*, which I found in my father's library. The Romanists having made an attempt to gain some converts at Morton, met with a shoemaker, who was a singer at church, and who embraced their belief. With the confidence of a new convert, he professed to some of these men that he felt competent to dispute the merits of Romanism with my father. They scornfully replied that the son would be a sufficient match for him. Thus originated a correspondence between the shoemaker and myself, in which to manage my part with more advantage I studied syllogistic reasoning. I did not succeed in converting the Romanist from his errors, but I obtained great advantages in being taught to think and write with more precision.

Thus I was led to make capital (if I may so speak) out of those ordinary incidents of life, which are often suffered to pass with no permanent results. I do not think very highly of the results of my readings on the minds of the workmen, or of my reasonings on the disciple of Rome, but upon myself the information and the logical training were both of permanent benefit.

CHAPTER V.

The political, moral, social, and religious condition of society, in my early youth, in our neighbourhood—Apprehensions of an invasion by the French—Famine and Fever—A benevolent landlady—Efforts of the Dissenters to relieve the general distress—Bigotry of the Clergy—Persecution of the Dissenters—Ignorance of the peasantry—"The Spiritual Quixote"—Institution of a charity school for boys, and of a Sunday School.

THE political, social, moral, and religious condition of society in these days of my early youth was strangely different from the aspects which present themselves in our day. It was the period when the first Napoleon organized an expedition for the invasion of Great Britain. I have been awakened from a dream, in my boyhood, by a vision of the terrible conqueror getting in at my window. It was a time of great distress of the labouring classes of society, which necessarily extended itself to the classes just above them. Three wet summers had happened in succession. The harvests had been failures, and at this time the importation of foreign corn was in its infancy. A considerable portion of the corn had sprouted in the shock, before it could be gathered into the barn, or put up in the rick. From the large proportion of such corn employed in the making of bread, the bread was rendered

soft, sweet, and discoloured. A piece of it thrown against a wall would stick there for a considerable time. The labouring classes, reduced to the necessity of eating this bread, or none, hardly tasted fresh meat, and bacon only twice or thrice a week in their own houses. Fuel also was dear, for there were no railways, and the nearest river depôt for coal was fourteen miles distant, and the roads were then very bad, the ruts being often six or eight inches deep, and the hills were not lowered or the valleys raised, as in our road-making times. The poor, therefore, went out at night and stole fuel from the hedges, or lopped it from the pollard ash tree. And it was necessary to connive at many of these petty offences on account of the general distress.

In the track of famine and starvation followed typhus fever. At Morton, this was so virulent that the finest young men in some families died; and the panic excited was so great that nurses could not be obtained for the sick; and even the medical attendant was afraid to approach some of the beds, for the disease had destroyed his son and brought his apprentice to the gates of death. One good Samaritan was found, in the person of the landlady of one of the inns, who went round daily to see those whom no one but herself would visit, and to tend those who had no other nurse. Her name was Williams. She was not a religious professor, and she asked not for remuneration. About a quarter of a century afterwards, she found me out in London, and called on me to prescribe for her husband and her granddaughter, whom I found in

poverty, as well as in ill health. I supplied medicine and an allowance of bread, and, on making an appeal to the vestry at Morton, and reminding them of the former services of this kind woman, an allowance of four shillings a week was granted her.

In these circumstances it was but little that my father or his church could do to mitigate the general distress, for they were fellow-sufferers. But they resolved to do something, and, literally out of their poverty, they helped the poor; chiefly by the gift of small portions of meat for making broth or soup. These were not confined to their own circle of worshippers, but extended to all the most wretched and helpless. The example of the poor Dissenters provoked a similar demonstration of sympathy and relief from others. A long-abiding remembrance of these days served to counteract the bitter opposition of the clergy, and the calumnies that were invented and circulated against those who went to the meeting house.

The farmers and squires of that day were but a little in advance of the Squire Western of *Fielding*. "Church and King" was their creed. It was proclaimed on high at all public meetings, and especially at public dinners. The fervour of the worshipper was measured by the number of glasses he could swallow, or of pints that he could consume. He thus proved both his religion and his loyalty.

The biographies of Whitefield and Wesley tell of many a story of bitter persecution on the part of the ignorant peasantry, encouraged by the class above them, and above all by the clergy. At this

time the popular name for a Dissenter was "tub-thumper." The derivation of this *sobriquet* seems to have been from a practice, falsely attributed to them by their enemies, of using a tub for a pulpit. It was at a period rather earlier than my recollection that on one occasion a drunken fellow came into the place of worship, interrupted the service by profane oaths, said he had a grudge against my father, and stripped to fight him then and there. When my grandfather interfered, he received a blow on the shoulder. On this occasion the intruder was taken before the magistrates, and ordered to sign an apology for his riotous and outrageous conduct, which was published in the local papers.

But I well remember another time when in the night the doors of our place of worship were broken open, the forms disabled, and filth of the vilest description spread upon the doors, the walls, and the floor. The perpetrators of this disgraceful outrage were never brought to justice.

The magistracy of our neighbourhood generally conducted their proceedings in an impartial manner, and in their public character reproved and punished these disturbers of the peace of their unoffending, industrious, and orderly neighbours. Two of these were conspicuous for their upright and straightforward conduct on the bench. One was a country gentleman named Bateson,* who lived to a good old

* As an instance of the ignorance of the peasantry and of the unsafe condition of the roads, it may be well to record the brief history of one of the man-servants of the upright, good magistrate, Mr. Bateson. This man was in the habit of taking one of his master's horses and going to a secluded part

age, at Bourton-on-the-Hill, honoured and respected to the last. The other was a clergyman named Adams, the incumbent of Chastleton, not a very careful man either in his language or conduct in private life, but on the bench determined to defend the oppressed and denounce and punish the oppressor.

Such was the political, social, moral, and religious state of my part of the country in the days of my early youth, and from contemporary testimonies I doubt not it was a fair representation of the rural districts of England in general. Politically, we were engaged in a war with France, and threatened with a French invasion. Socially, we suffered great distress from the dearness and scarcity of provisions, and famine brought fever in its train. Taxation was also strained to a high pitch of endurance to meet the expenses of the war. The manners of the peasantry and of the lower portion of the middle classes were often brutal, like their sports, which were bull-baiting, badger-baiting, and cock-fighting. Few of the peasantry could either read or write. The clergy were of the section of the church afterwards called "High

of the London Road, called Chalford Bottoms, fourteen or fifteen miles from his master's residence, where he committed several highway robberies. He returned home in the early morning while all the household were asleep, when he quietly put the horse back in the stable and retired to his own bed. It was sometimes noticed that one of the horses was sweating all over and trembling on the next day after these hard-ridden excursions, for which no one could give a reason, except this man, who alleged that the poor horse had been ridden in the night by the fairies. After a time, this man, who so long enjoyed impunity, because no one suspected that the servant of a magistrate could be a highway robber, was detected, tried, convicted, and hanged.

and Dry," and in politics were almost invariably Tories. I remember only one exception, at a small country parish called Bleddington, not far from Stow-on-the-Wold. The clergyman here was not only an Evangelical, but a decided Calvinist. His name was Jones. He was a consistent minister of Christ, his church was well attended, and, on the whole, his preaching was popular, but it excited no stir in the neighbourhood.

The "Spiritual Quixote," published at the beginning of this century, I have been informed, was written by a clergyman in the vicinity of Morton. The hero of this travesty of the work of Cervantes was George Whitefield, described under the name of Geoffrey Wildgoose. The work itself was a caricatured history of the life and labours of Whitefield and his contemporaries. It has long sunk into oblivion. I have never seen but one copy. The son of the reputed author became a clergyman, who, to avoid appearing in court in a criminal action, committed suicide.

In the midst of society so constituted, it was for a long time not very easy to obtain even a hearing for evangelical truth from any one who was not a regularly ordained clergyman. My father, therefore, with the aid of his friend Mr. Procter, commenced a charity school. Originally it was intended that ten boys only should be admitted; but as my father was often applied to by many poor parents, when that number was complete, he added to it from time to time, until at one time it reached forty, Mr. Procter bearing the extra expense of school requisites. To this my father added a Sunday school, of which for

a long time he was the sole teacher. The present Sunday school system, with its gratuitous teachers making themselves the friends of the scholars, was then hardly known. Although, as a general rule, I have stated my judgment, that a minister ought not to be a schoolmaster, yet I believe, from what I have heard in later years, that a more permanent effect in enlightening the minds, and improving the morals and manners of the inhabitants of Morton and its vicinity, arose from the teaching of my father than from his preaching. In process of time it came to pass that there were few among the adult inhabitants of the district who had not passed through his day school or Sunday school.

CHAPTER VI.

Smooth progress of my father's school for some years—Ultimate jealousy of the rector of the parish, and erection of a National School—Advancing age compels my father to give up teaching—Building of schools by Mr. Horne—Building of schools by Lord Redesdale and the friends of the Church of England.

My facile and retentive memory as a schoolboy—Remarkable failure on one occasion—Love of singing—My father takes me as his precentor in his preaching excursions to the villages—My entrance into the Sunday school—The more lengthened character of the religious services of that era—The Jew Frey—*Ignes fatui*—Visit to Warwick with my father to the ordination of the Rev. J. W. Percy—First sight of the great comet of 1811—Opening of a new chapel at Morton—Visit of Mrs. Perry of Warwick, and its influence on my future.

For some years my father's school went on unnoticed by the clergy, and unopposed. In the school no distinction was made between the charity boys and those whose parents paid both for the education and the school requisites of their children. In this way the sons of many of the tenant farmers of the neighbourhood received their education. The charity boys were not all sons of the peasantry: some were sons of small tradesmen with large

families and inadequate income, who asked for and gladly accepted my father's and Mr. Procter's liberality. Some of these rose to the position of prosperous tradesmen in the metropolis.

The paying pupils, being almost invariably the children of parents who professed to be members of the Established Church, never came to the Sunday school, and hardly ever to the chapel. Nevertheless they and their parents both became changed in their feelings and demeanour towards Dissent. The old prejudices had not yet died out, but they had lost much of their power.

Among the charity boys a more lasting effect was produced. Many of these also came to the Sunday school, and then to the chapel. Some became members of the church, and maintained a consistent character up to old age. Richard Fifield was only an agricultural labourer, yet he became a Sunday school teacher, a member of the church, and a deacon: upright and consistent in all these relations, he was honoured and trusted by Churchmen as well as Dissenters, even by such a zealous Churchman as Lord Redesdale.

Prior to the gratuitous instruction given by my father, there was no charity school at Morton. There was a richly-endowed grammar school at Northleach, thirteen miles south from Morton, and there was another at Stratford-on-Avon, sixteen miles distant north; but these were useless to the agricultural poor, and hardly ever resorted to even by the tradesmen's sons, who wished to gain the kind of learning that would come into daily use, rather than Latin, Greek, Geometry, and Algebra.

At length, however, the rector of the united parishes of Morton-in-Marsh and Bourton-on-the-Hill was aroused. He is reported to have said, "Mr. Mann educates the people and then takes them to his chapel. If we would not have all the people Dissenters we must have a school of our own." He then set about raising funds, to which he himself liberally contributed, and the National school was built for the education of boys and girls in the principles of the Established Church. This at first gave rise to some ill-feeling, chiefly manifested on the part of the scholars in the two schools. Afterwards for some years it went on quietly, interfering but little with the previously existing school of my father. This was continued until advancing age compelled my father to give it up, when it was succeeded by the British school for boys and girls, and by the infant school, for all of which appropriate houses were built by Mr. Thomas Horne, one of my father's hearers.

Thus in process of time three schools sprung up at Morton, where none had existed prior to the efforts of my father, assisted by Mr. Procter. To the Sunday school occasional grants were made by the Sunday School Society, not in money, but in books.

In after years the example of Mr. Horne led Lord Redesdale to set on foot an infant school, in a building separate from that of the National school. It was reported that his Lordship in conversation, referring to Mr. Horne's infant school, said, "Whilst we have been talking about it, this man has done it."

In the preceding notice of the influence of the example of Dissenters in stimulating the Church party to exertions in the cause of education they had never made before in Morton, I have been anticipating by some years the date of the following portions of my personal narrative.

When I was a schoolboy my memory was both ready and permanent. I have had no reason to complain of it in riper years, except in relation to individual names, which have often escaped me, although my recollection of the person was perfect. This made it the more remarkable that on one occasion my power of learning by rote entirely failed me. I well remember the day, it was a Friday, the day on which it was the custom to repeat from memory a portion of the Assembly's catechism with the proofs. I went up as usual in my turn, but could not repeat a line. The school looked on with astonishment, so did my father, and I think I was myself not less astonished. My father uttered no reproof, but probably thinking something had affected my health, he judiciously deferred the lesson to a future occasion.

Such a sudden and total failure of my powers of memory has never happened since. I was not conscious of ill-health at the time, and except that asthma often affected my breathing, my health was good. At the time when this occurred I was about ten years old. For myself it seemed a lesson to me of the entire and total dependence of all my powers, whether of mind or body, upon God, who could take away at any time any one of them, as seemed good in His sight. I had nothing that I had not received ;

nothing which might not be taken away as easily as it was given. In Him I lived and moved and had my being.

I had early in youth a fair talent for singing psalm and hymn tunes. This led my father to take me out with him when he went to preach at Longborough, on a week-evening, that I might pitch the tunes to the verses that were sung. This also first made me take a part in the Sunday school, first in singing and then in teaching. About the same time one of the deacons, who bore the unpromising name of Edward Careless, began to help in the Sunday school, so that ultimately my father was relieved from that part of his Sunday labour. Edward Careless was a worthy man, and always disposed to be kind to me. He was remarkable for his very long prayers. At that time the usages of the Puritans and early Nonconformists still influenced the conducting of public worship; and although I have no recollection of any services like those of Howe and of good Philip Henry—who on fast days entered the pulpit at nine o'clock in the morning, and did not quit it until four in the afternoon—yet, we had our “double lectures,” in which two sermons were preached at one sitting. These were relieved, however, by a change of persons in the pulpit, and relieved also by the distance travelled by some of the congregation, and by the pleasant intercourse of friends by which these services were preceded and followed.

It was about this time, *i.e.*, when I was nine or ten years of age, that Morton was visited by a converted Jew, who for a number of years possessed the confidence of the religious public, namely, the

Reverend Joseph Samuel Christian Frederick Frey. He was a learned man and published a Hebrew grammar and dictionary. He became Secretary to the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and it was to collect funds for that Society that he came to Morton. He wished to visit Blockley, but as he did not know the road I took a seat in his gig in order to direct him. In our return to Morton, as we passed Bourton meadow, a large unenclosed and undrained, and in some parts marshy field at that time, we saw six or seven *ignes fatui** moving about over a limited space of the ground, and we were near enough to see they were only luminous vapours, moved about by the currents of air near the surface of the earth. Yet at a distance they might be very well mistaken for people with lanthorns. This was on a winter's evening between eight and nine o'clock.

In the year 1811 my father took me in a gig to Warwick, to the ordination of the Rev. J. W. Percy, who for a long course of years adorned the pastorate he then received. Although the distance is twenty-two miles, on a hilly road, we went and returned on the same day. It was a memorable occasion to me, because on that day the splendid comet of that year was seen by us in our journey home. It is also a memorable year, because it was the year of the birth

* Commonly called "Will-o'-the-Wisp." This was an unusual sight. Some years afterwards I saw one in returning to Morton from Stow-on-the-Wold in the postman's light cart. This was visible to us full a mile before we came to the field in which it was, near to the opposite country road which leads to Longborough. These have ceased to be seen since the more perfect draining of the land.

of my present wife, to whom and to whose family I owe so much of the happiness as well as the success of life. About four years afterwards Mrs. Perry, the wife of Mr. Percy's principal deacon, came to Morton to be present at the opening of a new chapel, which had been erected on the site of the old barn which had accommodated the congregation gathered by my father for many years. This visit of Mrs. Perry led to the first change in my plan of life, and had an important influence in those years which followed.

CHAPTER VII.

Early life of my friend Mrs. Perry—Our first meeting at the opening of a new chapel at Morton—Characteristics of Mr. Perry—The misfortune in which his latter years were involved—My journey to Warwick and stay *on liking*—My associates as apprentices of Mr. Perry—Butterworth—Bond—John Fairfax—William Grove Perry.

My settlement at the house at Leamington Spa with W. G. Perry—Our Sundays spent at Warwick—Notice of the Rev. J. W. Percy—Our call to the printing-office at Warwick one Saturday night—Important influence of this on all my future life.

THE maiden name of Mrs. Perry was Sarah Grove; and she was a native of Shipston-on-Stour. She was a fine woman, and at this period a little past the middle time of life. Her demeanour was frank, affable, amiable, yet self-possessed, and with a measure of dignity that prevented any encroachment on her natural kindness. She was fond of music, and had a voice which was powerful and yet sweet. Once in a musical dream she sang a melody which her husband wrote down, and, adding to it other parts to fill up the harmony, he gave her Christian name to it, namely, "Sarah." At one time this was commonly used in the service of song at Mr. Percy's chapel.

Somehow I attracted Mrs. Perry's attention, and found favour in her sight. She inquired of my mother

what I intended to be. My mother replied that she thought John would like to be a bookseller, because he was so fond of reading, and in this capacity he would see a great number of books. "Indeed," said Mrs. Perry; "then let him come to us at Warwick for a month on liking; we can make room for him." When I was asked I gladly fell in with the offer of my new friend, and, on an appeal to my father, he decided that I should go.

The establishment at Warwick to which I now proceeded consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Perry and three apprentices. It was intended that I should be the fourth. Mr. and Mrs. Perry had a daughter married to a gentleman named Hill, and settled at Warwick. They had also a son for whom they had taken a shop at Leamington Spa. After a day or two it was settled that I should go there, as Mrs. Perry preferred me as the companion of her son, William Grove Perry, who was, I believe, three or four years my senior.

Mr. Perry was a man of few words, and of methodical habits. He seemed so to have constructed his business that everything went on like a perfect machine that needed only to be set in motion, and then it would continue to go on of itself. No noise, no confusion; everything kept itself in order. The master was not heard, often not seen, but he was everywhere felt. He was a man of considerable public spirit and influence, and much esteemed by his townsmen. He was also a manager and a deacon at the chapel. These various occupations occasioned no clashing of public with private duties. His business was successful, and he had acquired a competency for old age. Unhappily for him, he had in

Mr. Hill a bustling, enterprising son-in-law, who made him in after years a partner in speculations in the wool trade, which destroyed the property and peace of mind of good Mr. Perry* in his old age, and ultimately involved him in ruin. This his creditors attempted to alleviate, and proposed that the business should be still carried on under inspection, to try to retrieve its losses. In this attempt Mr. Perry had no confidence, and was not in a condition to make it and persevere in it, for his mind had been shattered as well as his estate; and therefore everything was ultimately given up to the creditors.* But I am anticipating here what did not occur until some years afterwards. At this time no misfortune seemed to threaten the even and pleasant tenor of the life and affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Perry.

My shop associates were four. The eldest was a

* Note on Mr. Perry from his former apprentice, John Fairfax, Esq., of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, after reading the above paragraph, in a letter to me of April 18th, 1871.

“I was much interested in what you say of my old master, Mr. Perry. When I was in Warwick in 1853, Mrs. Perry was on her deathbed, and she gave me a present in these words, ‘Well, John, I have only one thing left of the old master’s—his razor—will you accept of it?’ It is the only thing I have to remind me of him. Indeed, I do not require that to bring him at any moment to my remembrance. My memory is full of charming pictures of the vigorous, intelligent, teaching man. As a boy his earnestness and enthusiasm almost inspired me, and during my apprenticeship many a time I have said to myself, ‘I’ll be a man, a Christian man, like Mr. Perry.’ Many a time he would stop the work in the printing-office, or bookbinding-room, and teach us almost about everything. It would be religion or politics, or the arts and sciences—sometimes battles by sea and

nephew of Joseph Butterworth, Esq., who was afterwards M.P. He bore the same relation to the celebrated Dr. Adam Clarke by marriage, Mrs. Clarke being a sister of Mrs. Butterworth. I think his name was Benjamin Butterworth. Of him I saw but very little, but I always heard him spoken of as a very respectable young man. The next was a young man named Bond, whose manners and physiognomy were displeasing to me and, I believe, not less so to Mrs. Perry. The third was John Fairfax, then a fair-haired lad of about fifteen, with smiling countenance and genial manners, in whose favour I was prepossessed at first sight, although then I saw very little of him. Circumstances separated us for many years, and our

land, victors and victories—all tinged and moulded by the expression of a piercing eye and masculine gesticulation. Mr. Perry was a deacon of Mr. Percy's church between forty and fifty years. But twice he was set aside for a season by the old puritans of the church, for what were deemed inconsistencies. The last case was helping a man to fight. I witnessed it. Two men were quarrelling in the poultry market, just opposite Mr. Perry's shop. The bigger man was trying to make a lesser man strike him. Mr. Perry was incensed at the behaviour of the former, and encouraged the other to give him a good thrashing, and this he did. Perry's love of fair play and hatred of oppression and tyranny often got him into scrapes. But his kindness and generosity were peculiar. I will mention three instances. One afternoon, it must have been about 1823, a cry rang through the Old Square that Marion Walton had thrown herself down the well in her father's yard. Mr. Perry rushed from the office without his coat to the place and found a number of persons standing round the well but making no effort to save the girl. 'Let me down in the bucket,' said he. It was done, and in a few moments he brought up the lifeless body of the poor girl. As a

acquaintance did not ripen into friendship, until our hair had become grey, and our lots had been cast in different hemispheres.

The fourth of my associates was William Grove Perry, the only son of my good (intended) master and mistress. He was a little older than myself, and of singularly quiet and unobtrusive manners, so silent and retiring that, had he not been born a musical genius, I think his habits might have become almost monastic. During three weeks of the month I was "on liking" at Mr. Perry's, I was with his son at the business house in Union Parade, Leamington Spa, rather more than a mile from Warwick. Here we had

boy Mr. Perry was very poor and indigent. He was apprenticed to a barber. The man was a Roman Catholic, and he burnt Perry's Bible. The boy was indignant and ran away. Thirty years afterwards he was by chance going through a by-street and observed that an auction was going on in a small house, outside of which was a barber's pole. He stepped in and inquired what was going on. The reply was, 'Old George Sheppard, the barber, is being sold up for rent.' Mr. Perry then asked if he were the same Sheppard who, many years ago, was a hairdresser and perfumer in High-street. He was the same. Instantly Mr. Perry wrote a cheque for the £10, and begged that any goods purchased might be returned.

"When the borough of Warwick determined to flag and pitch the streets, the tenders were thought much too large. Mr. Perry, always a popular leader in the town, offered to take charge of the work gratuitously. Nearly six years were occupied in its completion. The cost was £4,000 less than the original tender. The inhabitants desired to present some tangible expression of gratitude, but he persistently refused any such acknowledgment. Mrs. Perry accepted a silver coffee-pot, with a suitable record engraved upon it of her husband's services."

a noble house, the whole of the ground floor of which we occupied, and some upper apartments for sleeping, cooking, and meals. The ground floor was divided into three portions. In front was a handsome and capacious retail shop for books and stationery. In the middle was a kind of parlour with an open fireplace. At the back was a fine room, nearly twenty feet high, in which were the library, tables, and reading-desks for the subscribers, and at the further end from the front room a fine organ, worth about 200 guineas. This was intended for a public room, for reading, newspapers, &c., in the daytime, and for occasional musical entertainments in the evening.

Here I spent my time very agreeably. The business had not yet got into full working. Leamington season had not set in, and there were not many visitors. I had most of my evenings to myself, and they were spent chiefly in reading, sometimes behind the counter, sometimes in one of the other rooms. William Perry was generally out in the evening, at some musical *soirée*, or in some other society. There was never a word of difference between us: the till was left open to me, and I had his entire confidence.

It was our custom to return every Saturday evening to Warwick, where we spent our Sunday. This was very agreeable to me, as I liked both the person and the preaching of the Rev. J. W. Percy. He was the son of a minister, a man of amiable temper, and of kindly sympathies with the young. He was then little known, but in his later years he was remarkable for the frequency with which his name appeared in

the newspapers in connection with bridal solemnities. For these he seemed to be singularly fitted by the calmness, peace, and joy of his nature. Even now, at a distance of fifty years, I retain the delightful impression of one of his week-day evening discourses during the first week of my month at Warwick, on one of those sublime prophecies in which Isaiah speaks of the future joy and peace of Israel (ch. liv., ver. 10), "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

It happened that one Saturday evening, on our return to Warwick, we were met by an order, directing us to go and assist at the printing, where all hands were wanted for the completion of some handbills and posting-bills, which were wanted for use on the Monday morning. Accordingly I went with William Perry, and for the first time worked at the printing-press, so diligently as nearly to blister the palms of my hands. The work turned out to be play-bills announcing some performances at Warwick on the week following. With this fact was connected a subsequent revolution in all my plans, and a total alteration in all the course of my future life, and of my leading occupations and connexions.

Whether Mr. Perry was aware of the printing order that had been accepted at his place of business, I cannot tell. Probably he was not, for when our job was finished, Mr. Hill (Mr. Perry's son-in-law), who was with us, hinted that it was possible we might find no one up to receive us at Mr. Perry's house. This was

just what happened, and we, therefore, not liking to disturb Mr. and Mrs. Perry, went to Mr. Hill's house, and, using less ceremony, called them up to give us a night's lodging. The only difficulty was that Mr. Hill said he had no unoccupied bed, but there was one in which there were only two of his lads, and perhaps they would make room for two more.

Very good-naturedly, and looking on it as a frolic, the young men got up, and Mr. Hill suggested that it would be most convenient to take the bolster and put it on that side of the bedstead next the wall, make it serve as a common pillow, and then by making our bodies short we might have plenty of room to lie crosswise, instead of lengthwise, upon the bed. This was the plan adopted. It was the first time I had ever lain in bed on that fashion, and I had no inclination to try it again.

CHAPTER VIII.

Close of my month of *liking*—Return home through Stratford-on-Avon—Hospitality of Mr. Helmore, the Independent minister—The sons of Mr. Helmore, their divergent tastes, employments, and destinies—Great diversities of character arise, as it were, side by side, in the same family circles.

My arrival at home—The play-bill and the Reverend Elisha Smith—Renunciation under his influence of all my plans in relation to Warwick and the bookselling trade—My grandfather invites me to enter his trade, and eventually succeed to his business—Character of Elisha Smith—Remarkable men who, about that time, were connected with the Baptist denomination—My acceptance for a time of the proposals of my grandfather.

My month of *liking* finished with this remarkable Saturday. My own mind was made up. I “liked” very well; I liked the business, notwithstanding the occasional hard work at the printing-press; I liked my master and mistress, and had had no reason for disliking any of my associates.

On the Monday morning I was roused as early as 5 A.M. by the servants, who told me that the Stratford coach would arrive almost immediately. I hastily dressed, and came down in such a hurried manner that my great coat was left behind. I had barely time to swallow a little hot coffee, and take

a mouthful of bread and butter, before I heard the sound of the coach-wheels rattling over the pebbles, with which the town of Warwick was then paved. I bade a hasty farewell to the servants, and mounted on the roof of the coach, behind the coachman, who kindly sheltered me from the cold of the early morning with one of his coats, and I kept up his interest by asking questions of him respecting the various objects that presented themselves in the course of our journey.

We arrived at Stratford about 7 A.M., and then, acting on the advice of my father, I sought out his brother minister of the Independent denomination. I had never before seen Mr. Helmore, but he received me with great cordiality, and said that after breakfast he would take a walk with me, and show me what was esteemed best worth seeing in the birthplace of Shakespeare. Accordingly we visited the house in which he was born, and the chamber in which that event took place. We went to his grave, in that beautiful church on the river-side, and read the epitaph written by the poet himself. Then we looked at the endowed school where he received his education. There were other objects of interest which the good man would willingly have shown, but he did not wish to tire me, knowing that I had a walk of sixteen miles to accomplish before I could reach home.

At that time my knowledge of Shakespeare was but slight and superficial. I had had no opportunity of reading his works, and the opinions hostile to plays and players which had arisen from the indiscriminate and violent censures of popular preachers

of great influence, had led to the utter condemnation of the drama as alike unfavourable to religion and morality.

Mr. Helmore uttered no sentiments of this kind; but seemed fairly imbued with the genius of the place, justly proud of Shakespeare as a great poet, and an honour to the town of his birth and early education.

It was after an interval of many years that my next visit to Stratford occurred, and, therefore, I never again met with the good and kind Mr. Helmore. Some twelve or thirteen years after my visit to the father, I was accustomed to meet his son, Henry, at the meetings of a book society held at the house of a mutual friend in London. This young man had then devoted his future life to foreign missions, and was preparing for that service under the guidance of the London Missionary Society. Some years afterwards, he and his wife lost their lives, from fever, and cruel treatment by the chief of one of the barbarous tribes of the banks of the Zambesi. This son inherited the denominational preferences of his father, who no doubt rejoiced in the possession of such a son.

The other son, Thomas, I trust also became a good man, but he utterly forsook not only the Nonconformists, but also that party in the Church of England which came nearest to the evangelical belief and teaching of his father; and went over to the decided Ritualists, of which party he became a distinguished member. He obtained an appointment as one of the chaplains to the Queen.

Such remarkable differences we sometimes meet with in members of the same family. Such an example we have in Dr. J. H. Newman and in his brother Francis; and in the contrast between the devout Christian poet, George Herbert and his infidel brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Another contrast equally striking we find between the philosophic and studious Francis Bacon, and his elder brother, the thoughtless and dissolute Anthony.

It is interesting to look at these great differences in families as physiological facts. It might be not only interesting, but very important, could we more clearly trace their causes. Thus in the same family I have met with one brother of great industry and considerable literary talent; another of great political sagacity and discernment of human character; another a simple ordinary tradesman; and another a wild, eccentric being not fit to take care of himself.

So in reading history one is tempted to inquire: Why should a Solomon beget *only* a Rehoboam? Why a Hezekiah beget a Manasseh? Why a Josiah beget a Jehoiakim? Why an Edward I. of England be followed by an Edward II.? Why an Oliver Cromwell by a Richard?

There was at the time of which I write no coach or railway communication between Stratford and Morton. The distance was sixteen miles, and as I was not a good pedestrian I arrived at home weary and foot-sore. Weary, because I had arisen from bed at an early hour, and had walked and talked some time with my hospitable entertainer and *cicerone*; and footsore because I had had little experience of

such long walks, and my feet soon got tender under continued exercise.

I had brought home with me, as a specimen of my work at the press, one of the play-bills printed on the Saturday night prior to my departure from Warwick. At first sight I do not recollect that this called forth any remark from my parents or friends at Morton. But in a day or two we were visited by a neighbouring minister, who had always been on intimate terms with my father, was a frequent visitor at our house, and a great favourite with us all. As soon as he cast his eyes over this posting-bill (so closely connected with my future destiny) he lifted up his hands and his eyes, and exclaimed with fervour: "John Mann print play-bills! John Mann print play-bills! That will never do. He must never go back to such a place as this."

The fervour of old Elisha was aided by the deep bass of his oracular voice, and the weight of his judgment—which was much respected by my father as that of a good man, speaking with some of the authority of one of the ancient prophets—was much strengthened by the attachment of my grandfather, who now came upon the scene. Before my visit to Warwick, there had never, from my earliest years, passed a whole week without his seeing me.

To the query which naturally arose, if I did not go into the printing and bookselling business, what should I do instead? my grandfather replied, that I should go to him, learn his business, manage it for him, and then succeed him in it. This, then, was the conclusion at which my friends arrived, and in which

I passively concurred. I say *passively*, because I had no special inclination for that business; and even then I suspected it was worn out, being superseded by modern improvements.

Old Elisha Smith was one of a type of Dissenting ministers that has now almost disappeared. In my mind's eye I can still see him in his brown wig, in his frock coat, and with his pipe in his mouth—from which, indeed, it was rarely absent. He was so affable that he shook hands with almost every one to whom he spoke. He was the Baptist minister at Blockley. I never heard him preach; but his kindness and sympathy, as a pastor, fixed him in the hearts of all. I have spent many pleasant hours in his company, sometimes at Blockley and sometimes at Morton. I remember at one time, when my father felt that his small income at Morton was insufficient for his necessary expenses, he consulted his friend Elisha about looking out for some other place. His reply was characteristic—"Bread is given thee and water is sure; be content, brother Mann, and wait for a clear call from Providence." Honourable and unspotted remained the character of old Elisha to the end of his life. His sons, Crescens and James, were useful friends of mine in after-years.

The Baptist denomination in the beginning of this century possessed more self-made, original men than at the present time. Ash, the Baptist minister at Pershore, compiled the Etymological Dictionary which bears his name. Robert Hall, the orator, and John Foster, the essayist, Andrew Fuller, Dr. Ryland, Laurence Winterbotham (the supposed preacher of sedition), and the Serampore missionaries, were all

contemporaries, or nearly so. At the quarterly meetings of the Baptist Association of the district, they were accustomed to meet, and encourage and edify each other.

Thus the sturdy puritanism of old Elisha was the instrument in the hand of Providence to turn the whole current of my following life. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." I am thankful for the belief that in this, as well as in all the more important resolves of my future life, my course was directed by a higher wisdom than my own. I had been taught in all my ways to acknowledge Him, and I trust that He has directed my paths. There have been many things dark and distasteful, which at the time I did not comprehend, nor do I now fully understand; but, on the whole, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.

CHAPTER IX.

Habits of my life at fifteen years of age—The providence and economy of my parents—Variety of the employments in my grandfather's business—Extended converse with the world, especially with country farmers—My grandfather's men-servants—Timothy Pitcher—His versatile acquirements—Female servants of my parents and grand-parents at this time—Hannah Matthews—Mary Ann Payne—Delicacy of my position—Detail of my Sabbath engagements at this period.

My age at the time of which I now write was, I think, about fifteen years. My position was partly with my father and partly with my grandfather, for my dinner and tea, and frequently supper, were taken at the house of the latter, and then I went home to sleep and to breakfast in the morning. This gave me much independence of action. My grandfather also was more liberal at his table, although he used no luxuries; for although my father's income was very spare, he determined always to save something out of it, according to the advice which had been given him by his mother: "John, if you earn only six-pence a day save something out of it." His mother's memory he held in great veneration, and to his adoption of her advice, seconded by the self-denying care of my mother, I was indebted for that small amount of capital which helped me to overcome

difficulties in early life which would otherwise have been insurmountable.

For the prudence and foresight by which I have been led to avoid debt, to spend only what was needful or profitable, and gradually, by the blessing of Providence, to acquire a competence which has enabled me to live respectably and yet honestly, I am indebted to the example of my excellent parents. I wish that my own children may profit by the example of their ancestors, and not add another example to those so often quoted, of all that has been built up by the care and industry of the first and second generation, being dissipated by want of care and industry in the third. Not that I admire *money* considered *in itself*, for in itself it is only an instrument, which may be used to the great hurt of the possessor ; but because when *wisely* employed, as Solomon has said, “money answereth all things.”

There were various employments in the business of my grandfather :—(1) The buying of the wool ; in which a skilful buyer might make a good profit simply as an agent, or possibly much larger, but with proportionately increased risk, by buying on his own account to sell again. (2) The sorting of the fleece into different kinds of wool according to the length and fineness of the staple. Thus some portions of the fleece were used for different kinds of cloth, and some for mops. But the only part my grandfather retained was that which was suitable for worsted yarn for the knitting of stockings, which at that period were generally knitted by hand.

The employments which best suited me were the

buying and sorting of the wool, in which my excellent sight gave me a great advantage. These, therefore, gradually were almost appropriated by me. I went to the farm-houses, at first with my grandfather and then without him, where I acquired a knowledge of all the tricks of the trade, and some experience of the love of haggling in making a bargain, which was a prominent feature in the dealings of the farmers of that day. At home I sorted the wool for the men in the comb-shop, and sometimes I used to sit down with them and practise wool-combing in order to become familiar with every branch of the trade.

The men-servants of my grandfather were not inmates of the house. They were merely workmen. There was, however, but little feeling of *caste*, and we were all more or less like members of the same household. I was under great obligation to them all for the attention and services they willingly rendered me. Always the most prominent in rendering these services was Timothy Pitcher, so long as he lived, but he died within a year or two after I had joined my grandfather in conducting the business. Pitcher was a very apt scholar, and he had acquired the art of setting razors and penknives so as to give them a very fine edge. He had two hones, one for the rougher, and the other for the finer work. The latter he thought quite a gem. This art he taught me, and often I have practised it for his customers. After his death, and that of my grandfather, these hones passed into my possession. I have retained them all my life, and have found the teaching of Pitcher a permanent benefit. It has enabled me to keep my

own instruments in high order; so much so, that, when I was in Paris, the keen and delicate edge of my scalpels was the admiration of some of the French students. Pitcher was also a baker, and an extractor of teeth, and in both capacities popular among the inhabitants of Morton. From childhood I had always been disposed to accept of services that were offered with a good will. Pitcher and I were therefore always good friends; and he was proud to have made me an adept in a number of small things, in which, when I saw him break the bone of a leg of mutton propped with a straw by a blow from a pair of woollen stockings, or when I heard of his driving a large pin by the side of his shinbone an inch deep without harm, or allowing a live frog to jump down his throat, my mind was set to inquiring into the *rationale* of all these things.

I have before mentioned Mary Hill and Sarah Taplin as servants of my parents and grandfather, respectively, during my childhood. These were succeeded ultimately by Hannah Matthews and Mary Ann Payne. The former was with my parents, and the latter with my grandfather. The former lived with my parents thirty-five years, taking the life of my mother into account. She was the daughter of Wesleyan parents, had received a religious education, and rendered the most varied and valuable services. She was not only the principal doer of all that was done in the house, but in the chapel she was the keeper, and in the church the deaconess. Her last years were spent in the house of my parents, where I allowed her to live, and to let a part, so as to make some addition to her income. At her death she was

buried, according to her desire, by the side of my parents.

Mary Ann Payne was not trained religiously like Hannah Matthews. Her mother died in her childhood; and her father was a weak and immoral man, although an excellent mechanic. She became a religious woman, a good servant, and a skilful helper in the trade of my grandfather. After his death she married and went to live in an obscure village in Warwickshire, so that I never saw her more than once or twice, and only once or twice heard from her. She died at Christmas, 1870, at the age of seventy-two or seventy-three.

As young women these two were remarkable for their voices in singing. The voice of Mary was the more powerful, and the more exact in musical tone. The voice of Hannah was the sweeter. Neither could read music, but, although unskilled, they added much to the beauty of our congregational singing.

Continually brought into contact with these young women at an impressible age, and entrusted with their confidences, although I was seven to ten years their junior, it would naturally appear that I was placed in a position of temptation, if not of danger. But the training we had undergone and the principles we professed had their influence on all. And with myself especially, the high tastes I had adopted placed me on higher ground, so that *reserve* on my part and *respect* on theirs, prevented any departure from the proper position of each.

My Sabbath engagements at this time began to be numerous. At seven a.m., winter and summer, a prayer-meeting was held, at which I was expected to

be present. This closed at eight a.m. Then breakfast and family devotion employed the succeeding hour. At nine commenced the Sunday school, which now fell very much under my care, as I was on the spot, and therefore punctually in my place at the commencement. At half-past ten a.m. my father was in the pulpit, and it was therefore necessary to close teaching about ten minutes before that time, in order to get the boys in order, march them into the chapel, and seat them comfortably before the commencement of service. Oh, how difficult it was to keep some of those poor little fellows awake, to listen to what they very imperfectly understood ! Our school always closed with singing, in which the boys were encouraged to join, so that they all were awake at the commencement of the service ; but it required the constant watchfulness of the teacher who was in charge for the day to keep up in this respect a decent discipline.

Our morning service closed at twelve a.m., or soon after ; and I then invariably went to dine with my grandfather. After dinner we had a slight interval for a dessert of apples, or a walk in the orchard, or a reading of the *Evangelical Magazine*, and its *Missionary Chronicle*, the contents of which were often very interesting. At two p.m. we had a read sermon with two or three short prayers at the chapel. This was conducted by Edward Careless, Richard Fifield, and myself, the reading generally falling to my share. The sermons we used were Beddome's, which were short outlines well suited to such occasions. Sometimes these exercises were varied in after years by extracts selected from Flavel and other authors. Our congregation was thin, chiefly consisting of females.

At three p.m., or soon after, I returned to my grandfather's to tea, which was a short repast; for I had to go back to the school at half-past four, where we continued until a quarter to six, when we prepared for the evening service at chapel, which commenced at six p.m. and closed soon after half-past seven.

Such were the services of a Sabbath at Morton in the days of my youth. It was somewhat arduous, but the brevity of the services, the amount of attention required, and the interposed walks to my grandfather's house, with the pleasure of a quiet hour's rest after the evening service, prevented any feelings of lassitude except those which belonged to bodily fatigue.

CHAPTER X.

My present position is regarded as a transition state—I continue to prepare for some sphere of action more in accordance with my taste—How my inclinations to practical medicine first arose—The death of my sister—Dr. Stenson, of Bourton-on-the-Water—His discovery of the true nature of my sister's illness—His zeal in endeavouring to prepare me for the medical profession—Injury to one of my eyes from the effects of strong contrast.

ALTHOUGH it might have seemed that my course in future life was fixed, from the apparent satisfaction and facility with which my new duties were performed, it was far otherwise. My love for the acquisition of knowledge was unabated, and with it came a desire for some higher sphere for its application. For this I felt that the present must be a time of preparation in which all available means should be employed, time economised, and my powers of attention and abstraction improved. Therefore a Latin grammar was kept upon my shelf in the comb shop. When I had got through my immediate duties in the business, I used to seek some place of retirement in the orchard, or on the common, with a part of my father's encyclopædia under my arm.

My taste for medicine first arose, I believe, from my personal experience of the relief from heartburn I could always obtain by taking a dose of

magnesia in a glass of water. This recipe I met with in Buchan's "*Domestic Medicine*," then a very popular and useful work, of which I had obtained a copy of the best edition. This led me to extend my readings to branches of study connected with medicine, such as anatomy, physiology, *materia medica*, and especially chemistry. In all these I derived assistance from the two sons of my old friend, Elisha Smith. The elder, Crescens, although a silk-throwster, had a great love of science, and the younger, James, had the superintendence of a druggist's shop. Mr. Benjamin Whitford also, who at that time managed the shop of his relative, Mr. Sperry, a surgeon and apothecary at Morton, was always ready to sell me small quantities of any drug with which I wished to make experiments.

One of these experiments was an attempt to improve the working of the fell wool which was occasionally used in my grandfather's business. This wool was plucked from the sheepskins after they had passed through the lime-pits. The lime formed a very insoluble sticky soap, which spoiled the working, vexed the combers, and yielded an inferior kind of jarsy. The common soap was insufficient for the removal of this lime soap; but by the addition of a proportion of carbonate of soda it was removed, the combing became easier, and a superior product was the result.

From the application of my newly acquired knowledge to trade it was not an incongruous thing to extend the experience I had acquired in the treatment of heartburn from myself to others, and from that disease to other diseases, under the guidance of

the medical works which were within my reach. In doing so, happily I met with no accident, but gave great satisfaction to my patients, and sometimes to myself also.

The Apothecaries Act of 1815, to which we owe so much of the improvement in the education of the modern practitioner, was then recent, and, prior to its passing, any one who pleased was at liberty to practise either medicine or surgery. The irregularity of my practice, therefore, excited no attention; and, as I was only an amateur, it was not objected to by the medical practitioners of Morton.

No doubt this irregular practice was exceptionable, but it was of great use to me in giving me the power of rightly understanding the descriptions of symptoms set down in books. In medicine, books teach us *words*, but the *things* they represent are never to be understood but by actual contact with the patient.

Shortly after this engagement in amateur practice a bereavement occurred in our small family circle, which more than ever increased my inclination to the study and practice of medicine. This was the death of my only sister, in the sixteenth year of her age. She had been attacked with acute rheumatism, from which she suffered severely, and recovered with difficulty. The disease attacked the heart, producing, no doubt, both pericarditis and endocarditis, and leading to diseased valves, and hypertrophy of the left ventricle. After some months of enfeebled health, dropsy followed, ending fatally.

This was a severe bereavement to my father. She had ever been his favourite child: and, as she approached womanhood, a character unfolded of

benevolent and useful qualities, not previously so manifest. She had given her services in the Sunday school, and seemed to be preparing for every good work, when she was then suddenly removed ; for it was only a few weeks before her death that the true nature of her malady was discovered by Dr. Stenson, of Bourton-on-the-Water.

The extension of rheumatic disease to the outer covering, and also to the inner lining, of the heart was then but little known. Our friend Dr. Stenson, in advance of the men of his day, recognised it as soon as my sister was brought under his notice. This mournful visitation intensified my desires to devote myself to the study of medicine, and was the means of bringing me into contact with this physician, who was pleased with my wishes, and henceforth devoted himself with zeal to their accomplishment.

At present there was no way apparent by which I might enter by the regular and legal mode into the profession. For that I determined to wait in hope, and in the meantime to store my mind with all the preparatory knowledge that came within my reach. Dr. Stenson, who humorously said I had begun "at the top of the tree instead of the bottom," proposed to prepare me with some elementary teachings for the London schools. To this end he kindly promised to begin with a course of lectures on the blood, of which he would generally give one each week at his own house to me, his only pupil.

In order to hear this lecture, I was to walk over to Bourton (eight miles) in the evening and sleep at his house, generally in a little room which was

named the "prophet's chamber." After breakfast, I heard the lecture, which I was accustomed to take down in shorthand notes, and then set off on my return home to Morton. Sometimes I stayed awhile at the house of my father's friend, and my own, the Rev. Thomas Coles, the Baptist minister at Bourton-on-the-Water, which would now and then detain me until towards evening before I returned. On one of these occasions I sustained the first injury to my vision.

Part of my road home passed up a long hill, the ascent being in some places steep for carriages, and sufficiently so to make pedestrians move leisurely. The night was quite dark, and the road was covered with recently-fallen snow of dazzling whiteness, and flanked on each side by a row of firs, the darkness of whose foliage formed a strong contrast which the lack of moonlight rendered more intense. This had a beauty of its own, and was interesting at the time, and I was then conscious of no injury. But the next morning when I looked upon a white cloud, or even a piece of white paper, I saw a cobweb film; which never again entirely disappeared, although gradually (as I became used to it) it did not much interfere with the use of my eye. As years have advanced upon me, I have become conscious of the same fault in the other eye. Still in other respects I think my vision is equal to that of most persons of sixty-eight years of age.*

I suppose the cobweb net of two or three threads,

* Written in 1871.

in which I can sometimes see the movements of the blood globules, must arise from a varicose condition of some of the veins of the retina. An engraver named Dix, who lived in St. Anne's Lane, near the General Post Office, told me that similar effects were produced upon one of his eyes in consequence of his being called upon to engrave the Lord's Prayer within a circle of the size of a sixpence.

Some years since I was acquainted with an insect dissector, a Mr. Goadby, a contemporary of the late Mr. George Newport. These two were amongst the best insect anatomists of their time. Goadby was originally (about 1834 or 1835) a pill-box maker, but he left his original occupation and devoted himself to microscopic anatomy, in which some of his performances were wonderful. He was engaged ultimately by the curator of the Hunterian Museum at the College of Surgeons to dissect the nervous system of the mussel under the microscope. He was at work upon this under a glass cupola at the top of the college roof on a day of mingled cloud and sunshine. Dissecting with the point of a needle, with strained attention and a high magnifying power under a dark cloud, the sun shining in full blaze burst suddenly upon him. He immediately became blind, faint, and helpless. He was attended by the late Bransby Cooper, but it was not until after some months that he regained tolerable vision. He ultimately recovered, and became the editor of a magazine of natural history at Chicago, in the United States.

One more instance of sudden injury to the eyes came within my knowledge, arising under different circumstances, and where no special stress was laid

upon the eye. A tradesman in Paternoster Row, going downstairs one morning, and finding his shutters still up, attempted to take them down himself. Under the effort a curtain seemed to drop before him, which hid everything from his sight. I heard of him many years afterwards, when he still remained quite blind.

CHAPTER XI.

Great reluctance of my grandfather either to part with his business or to part with me—My parents' difficulties—Encouragement derived from my friends—The Rev. Thomas Coles and his wife—Their remarkable son Walter—Our early relations and attachment to each other—The connection of this with the friendship and zeal of his parents—Favourable leanings of our London friends, Mr. and Mrs. Procter—Obstacles at the threshold of my entrance into the profession—Valuable aid of Dr. Stenson—Advantages of medical apprenticeship in the country.

As time wore on, it became more and more apparent that I was wasting precious time in continuing in the business of my grandfather. It was at least twenty years too late. Our goods were undersold, although the manufacture was as good as ever. A new generation was coming up, who did not appreciate the peculiar merits of our fabrics, or, if they did, grudged to pay the high price.

My grandfather, too, was far advanced in years—at least seventy-seven. Reluctantly he acceded to the gradual reduction of business, the sale of the stock and fittings of the shop at Stow, where we had been accustomed to attend on market days; while a similar course was pursued at home at Morton. Still, my grandfather would have withheld his consent to my departure, had he not been assured that Dr.

Stenson insisted on my entering into the medical profession.

Some difficulty also arose, as the crisis grew nearer, on the part of my father. He was now fifty-five years of age, and he looked forward with some doubt and anxiety to the future. He had passed the meridian of life. He had had no opportunity of laying by any store over and above what might be wanted for the sustenance of himself and my mother in old age ; and if this should be spent upon my medical education they might be left without resources, before I had attained a position in which I could both help them and sustain myself. These were grave considerations ; and now, as I look back upon the past from the point of age which I have attained, I almost wonder how my parents overcame them. Might I not add that it was wonderful they had not a more depressing effect on my own hopes and expectations ? But I was young, I had faith in Providence, and that faith has been abundantly rewarded.

My own faith in the future was much strengthened by the confidence of some of my most esteemed friends. This also served to remove the doubts and fears of my father, while my mother felt a calm confidence in my ultimate success. Amongst these friends one of the most admired and trusted was the Rev. Thomas Coles, of Bourton-on-the-Water. Probably there were none who thought more highly of my qualities as an able competitor in the race of life than Mr. and Mrs. Coles. The latter, through all the years afterwards in which I was placed near her at Bourton, missed no opportunity of manifesting her attachment and confidence.

On the part of these worthy people this confidence beyond ordinary friendship had arisen from my connection with this remarkable son Walter. At an early period of his life he had been placed under the roof of my parents as a pupil. I was three or four years his senior, and I was specially charged with some parts of his early education. I taught him his first Latin lesson. I taught him also how to read music, and as we were both fond of psalmody, we had several common points of interest. But what above all other causes increased my interest in Walter was that in one important point he differed from every boy I had attempted to teach—with them work was more or less a task from which they wished to escape, and were glad when it was done ; with Walter, on the other hand, every lesson was a pleasure, and the acquisition of knowledge of every kind seemed to him a delight, that encouraged him while working, and amply repaid him when the work was done.

I had no brother : Walter became to me a younger brother, and never did any younger more repose himself on the guidance of an elder. In any matter of doubt concerning what he should do in meeting an offer with acceptance or refusal, with resignation or resentment, a *look* from me was more than a *command* from any other person. On one occasion, when we were walking with two or three of his schoolfellows, they pelted him with *burrs*. Naturally his temper was quick, and I saw he was provoked, but he turned and looked to me. I said, “ Which shall conquer, Walter or his passion ? ” and immediately he was calm. This was not an extraordinary instance of self-command. It grew into a kind of habit, and evidently yielded

him a satisfaction greater than that he had ever derived from being petted.

When Walter returned home from his temporary pupilage at Morton, his parents were much gratified at the change; which had been produced very much by the attachment we had conceived for each other. He had been almost a spoiled child. Now he seemed to think how he might please others, instead of expecting that others should devote themselves to pleasing him. He had been wayward; but now he seemed to feel that the way of another might sometimes be better than his own. He had once been occasionally peevish; now he seemed to feel that it was among the things which might be pardoned in a child, but which was unworthy of a man. He had been once occasionally indolent; now he had become diligent and thoughtful.

As I was supposed to have exerted a principal influence in the change that had come over my adopted brother, it will excite no surprise that both his parents should conceive a great interest in my future course and welfare. My friend Mr. Coles felt certain that, if I could have a fair start in the profession of medicine, I should certainly succeed in it; and declared that if he could afford it he would lend me the money required. Knowing the great influence of Mr. Procter over my father, and his ability to help me, he wrote him a long and very kind letter to persuade him to adopt the same views. This was seconded by an estimate of my character and abilities, eulogistically but very carefully drawn up by Dr. Stenson, I may say for general perusal, in which he attributed to me at that early period a gift of *medical discernment* not derived from education or experience.

No doubt these written testimonials of my country friends produced some effect on the judgment of Mr. Procter; especially as they were warmly seconded by Mrs. Procter, who was and ever remained my excellent friend, and who in after-years made me, as she was accustomed to say on many occasions, her "oracle." Thus the way was being prepared for my future success by creating a considerable impression in my favour in London, not only upon friends of whom I had some knowledge, but upon others whom I had never seen.

Still, at the very threshold of the medical profession there was one great obstacle, the Apothecaries' Act of 1815. This Act made a most important and beneficial change by limiting free trade in the profession, which up to that time had been as open as the trade of chemist, druggist, or grocer. Entering into medical practice without compliance with the requirements of the Act was a misdemeanour, punishable by heavy fines upon conviction. Now, a leading and essential requirement of the Act was apprenticeship for at least five years to a legally-qualified medical practitioner, and then attendance on certain courses of lectures, and a pupilage to the medical and surgical practice of one of the London hospitals. These were preliminary to the professional examinations, by which, on the favourable report of the examiners, the candidate became a Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, or a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, or both.

It was usual at this time for the members of the medical profession to require apprenticeship premiums, varying according to the status of the master.

Thus the hospital surgeon got a thousand pounds; general practitioners in London received from five hundred to two hundred pounds, and in the country from two hundred pounds to one hundred.

The finding of a master, and the satisfying him with a moderate premium, was the difficulty to be solved. This was overcome chiefly by the good services of my warmly-attached friend Dr. Stenson. He persuaded the Messrs. Wells, father and son, of Bourton-on-the-Water, that it would be greatly to their advantage to engage me on the plan he advised,—that of allowing me first to complete my medical and surgical education at the London hospitals, by which I should be the better fitted to enter on my duties as assistant on my return from London. The term of five years was to include all the time I spent in London; and the premium was one hundred pounds, to be paid in two or three instalments.

Before these preliminaries had been settled, the session at the London hospitals had commenced; and it was decided that I should go up in January, in the middle of the winter session. As the October and January courses were nearly similar, this led to no other inconvenience than six months' delay in making my first entry on a new world.

The routine of medical education has since that period much changed. Apprenticeships have been practically well-nigh abolished, and the term of hospital study much lengthened.

Medical education seems to me to consist of several parts, which cannot be acquired at a hospital so well as with a private practitioner, and in the

situation of his assistant. These may be said generally to consist in the study of (1) How to observe ; (2) What to observe ; (3) How best to apply the results of observation. These studies are best pursued in a country practice, under the direction of an experienced and conscientious man. Then, and not till then, is the pupil in the best position for entering upon his metropolitan studies. In the country he can best see the *ultimate results* of treatment. In the country he can study *men* as well as *patients*. In the country he can learn the duties of the compounder and dispenser, which cannot be acquired at a London hospital. "Studies," says Lord Bacon, "do not teach their own use." The painful truth of this is realised by many a distinguished student, when he enters upon the anxieties and difficulties of practice.

CHAPTER XII.

The late commencement of my proper professional studies—The last evening at Morton—Extraordinary conduct of my grandfather's cat—Unpromising weather for my first journey to London—Mr. Copley of Oxford invites me to take shelter with him—Mrs. Copley's literary talents—Her family—One of her sons many years afterwards my neighbour—Arrival in London on the second evening—My friend Mr. Procter—Dismal aspect of the weather—The Thames passable on a bridge of ice—Mr. John Haddon—His friendship—My humble lodgings.

I HAD now arrived at my twenty-first year. For the greater part of the members of my intended profession, the age at which I began was one at which they had nearly finished their professional education. If, however, I was behind them in this respect, it seemed to me that that might be made up by a good use of time, so as to allow none of it to run to waste on trivial objects, or, what might be equally prejudicial, to use it on objects, good in themselves, but not advantageous in the professional studies to which my future was to be devoted.

The last evening I spent at Morton was, of course, given to my grandfather, and I made it as little formal as possible. An incident connected with the cat helped to amuse them and myself. This cat was very intelligent. On one occasion, some time before,

she mewed and looked up in my face, and turned towards the staircase. I walked towards the stairs, and she was pleased. I passed on; and she was disappointed, and mewed again, as if to ask me to follow her. She looked back to see if I was following. Thus she led me on to the top of the house into one of the attics, which was used as a wool-store. There she showed me four kittens, for which she had made a warm bed among that kind of wool which was set apart for the manufacture of Witney blankets and horse-cloths. Then she seemed very happy. On this night she followed me out at the street-door, and trotted along the causeway, until we came near to the turning into the principal street, when she returned, and I saw her no more.

Did the animal understand our conversation? How could she know that I was going far away, and that this was my last night at the house?

At length the morning arrived which was really to break up my home-life at Morton. It was wintry, and I mounted on the roof of the coach in a shower of snow. I had several companions on the outside of the vehicle, where the coachman kindly wrapped me up in one of his great-coats. Although everything around looked cheerless, we endeavoured to be cheerful. One of the passengers questioned me about my destination and profession. I told him I was going to be a pupil of the great London surgeon, who "cut people's throats, if necessary, in order to save their lives." This led, of course, to some explanation of the fact, that in some cases no way of breathing would be left open, and death

would consequently become inevitable, unless an artificial opening were made into the windpipe, and a tube inserted, by which breathing might be carried on until the natural passage could be restored. By this colloquy, the ice of English reserve was broken, and we became on the whole a lively party, in spite of the inclemency of the weather.

At Oxford, the Rev. W. Copley, the Baptist minister, was in waiting to receive me. He said his wife had sent him to say that they hoped I would not continue my journey in such weather, but would make their house my home until the morrow. He said if I would do so, he could arrange at the coach office that it should make no difference in my fare, and that when the storm cleared off, I should have an opportunity of walking round Oxford and seeing the colleges. Both Mr. and Mrs. Copley were personally unknown to me; but the year before, at the request of my friend Mr. Coles, I had written a review of a work published by Mrs. Copley for the *Baptist Magazine*. Although my notice of her book was not entirely eulogistic, it had gratified Mrs. Copley, so that she much desired to see me. I was received by her very cordially, and entertained most pleasantly until the next day, when I walked round with Mr. Copley and saw the exterior of all the colleges before the arrival of the London coach.

Mrs. Copley had been the widow of a clergyman of the name of Hewlett; by whom she had some sons, who imitated their father in going into the Church. One of these, the Rev. J. P. Hewlett, became one of the travelling agents of the Bible Society, and at the present time (1871) is an honorary curate at the

district church of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, where he is much respected for his industry and fidelity in the exercise of his important duties.

I was admitted by Mrs. Copley into her literary sanctum; where I saw some sheets of a popular History of England which she intended to write. Some years after this time, when I was settled in London, the good old lady called to see me, and talk over the recollections of the past. Some of these were connected with the family of the late minister at Oxford, the Rev. James Hinton, whom I had known in my boyhood, his son Isaac Taylor Hinton, and a son (the Rev. John Howard Hinton) better known to the world by several works, amongst which was one of our best biographies—a portraiture of his father.

The next evening I arrived, for the first time, in the great city of which I had heard so much. The most striking things at first sight were the long rows of tall houses and the ceaseless stream of people hurrying through the streets. At that time Oxford Street was lighted only by oil lamps; but the long row of lights, a mile in length, was very imposing. At length the coach stopped at the George and Blue Boar in Holborn, where I was met by the porter from the warehouse of our friend Mr. Procter, in Fleet Street. The latter had waited there to see me, for his family residence was at Islington. One of his first salutations was, "Well, Mr. Mann, take care of yourself, for you have come to a very wicked place." I believe that on that evening, there being a service at the Rev. George Burder's chapel, he recommended me to go there, and sent his son to show me the way.

It was a very appropriate commencement of my visit to London, and very interesting to me to see and hear a man whose published sermons I had sometimes read in public.

There is often much that is soothing and refreshing to a stranger away from the society of home, and who feels that there is no one of the crowds that bustle along by his side who can have any knowledge of him or sympathy with him, if he can enter into a small assembly of this kind, unknowing and unknown, and yet feel in the religious sentiments, expressed in the prayers, hymns, readings of Scripture, and addresses, that he is with the same family as when at his accustomed home. This I felt, in going on some occasions into the old meeting-house at Maze Pond, in the Borough, during my hospital studies.

In Fleet Street my stay was prolonged to a fortnight, by the kindness of my friend Mr. Procter, who wished me to take time in looking out for lodgings in the Borough, where it would be convenient to reside, because of the proximity of the joint hospitals of St. Thomas's and Guy's, where I intended to become a pupil. During that fortnight I never saw the sun, a fog filled the atmosphere, and the accumulation of snow rendered the streets almost impassable. At length, by the exertions of a number of unemployed workmen, whom the frost had thrown out of work, the streets were partially cleared. The snow was taken in carts to London Bridge, and there thrown over into the river just above the bridge.

This was the old London Bridge, with its numerous narrow arches and large intervening dams for the pro-

tection of the piers. The frost continuing, and the snow being hindered in its progress downwards, floated upon the surface of the water in large masses, which froze to each other and to the abutments of the bridge. Thus a large bridge of ice was formed, upon which some people ventured to walk across the river from the City to the Southwark side.

The darkness, the dirt on the pavement, and the filthiness of the fog, which, combining with the soot of the London smoke, rendered everything both damp and smoky, were all circumstances to create a mental as well as physical gloom. I suppose some such effect must have been produced upon me, as my friend Mr. Procter repeatedly endeavoured to make me feel of good cheer; and his manager, Mr. Haddon (with whom I was not at first sight prepossessed), told me that "country people when they first came to London almost always disliked it, but after living there a few weeks changed their minds and wished never again to live far away."*

Mr. Haddon, a friend of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool, the remarkable youthful preacher, afterwards became one of my warmest and most constant friends, always endeavouring to promote my interests, and treating me with almost as much kindness as if I had been his son. From this experience I learnt that we were not able to

* My first prescription in London (for a family pill) was written at this time for my friend Mr. Procter, and sent by him to a chemist at the corner of Shoe Lane. He afterwards remarked, to encourage me, that this was only a beginning, but that I had made myself a reputation already.

judge correctly of every one at first sight. There are some persons who frown on and shrink from us at first as if to find out what sort of stuff we are made of; but if we have patience and wait until the outside roughness has been worn off, we shall find a jewel underneath. Such, in many respects, was Mr. John Haddon.

At length I succeeded in finding a humble lodging in Weston Street, in the Borough. It was a bedroom on the ground floor, at the back of the house, wherein was a shut-up bedstead, which in the daytime had somewhat of the appearance of a chest of drawers. My landlady had other lodgers, of whom, however, I knew nothing. She had a husband, who, when sober, was a very quiet, harmless, man, and two very showy daughters, who earned large wages in the hat trade at Christy's. This was my first start in leading an independent life.

CHAPTER XIII.

Independence of character must be based on faith and trust in God—Amongst medical men he is most independent whose patients are many and unconnected with each other.

Introduction to Sir Astley Cooper by Mr. Sutcliffe—His character, dress, and demeanour—Anecdote of George IV.—Habitual kindness of Sir Astley Cooper—His generosity to Dr. Pemberton—His cordiality towards Sir Charles Bell—Dr. Conquest.

INDEPENDENCE is a thing to which we all proudly aspire and can never attain. The king is dependent upon his ministers, the affluent man on his servants, the merchant on his agents, the farmer on his labourers, the master of the house on his menials; and so we might pass in review every condition of society, until at length we are brought to the conclusion that the truest independence is that in which we most feel our dependence upon God.

Social independence is perhaps best realised by him who is dependent upon the largest number of unconnected clients. Therefore, the medical practitioner, who has the largest number of patients scattered in a large town or city, is far less dependent than he who looks to the patronage of the nobleman in the country or the village squire. The expectations of the former, derived from many

supporters, may be likened to those ancient temples which rested on a hundred columns; whilst the latter may be more fitly compared to that Philistine temple, which, however grand and imposing in its external appearance, fell into ruin when Samson pulled down only two pillars.

My present independence, then, was a feeling arising from my comparative isolation. Never before had I been so completely separated from all who knew or cared for me. My nearest friends were at a distance of from one to two miles, and on the other side of the river; but I had the feeling that God was ever near, and I cherished the hope that He was my Father. Here the inquiry seems not out of place, which of two systems is the better for young students—to live in lodgings, apart from the college or school in which they are studying either in law, divinity, or medicine; or, to live together in college, under the superintendence of a dean, tutor, or some other officer who can command their respectful observance of all the rules which it is presumed will be laid down by the governing body?

Looking back at my own experience and observation, it seems to me that this question cannot so well be decided in the abstract as by a reference to each individual case. There are some who can study better in company, and who believe they learn from the conversation of more advanced students. These seem to have a sort of gregarious instinct. There are others who do best, when they can feel most free from any risk of interruption from without, whether it may come in the shape of an inquirer, an assistant, a companion, or a playmate—for there can never be any

considerable assemblage of young men that does not comprise some grown-up children. For myself, I always preferred the solitary system. I could always study better when I could either retire into the solitude of my chamber free from interruption ; or, when my brains were weary, go at my pleasure to choose my society among my fellow-students, or to mingle with my private friends, or with the world at large.

Now, settled in my little back parlour, with my shut-up bedstead, a small table, and two or three chairs, with one or two closets on each side of the chimney, and two or three shelves for books, I endeavoured to remember those who had begun with yet fewer advantages, and who had yet become more distinguished than those who had every external help and advantage in their favour. I reflected that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong ; but that God raiseth up one, and putteth down another, as seemeth best in His sight. I persuaded myself that these early difficulties and privations were a necessary part of that training by which we become better fitted to fight the battle of life.

My library* was small. It comprehended a few books relating to my professional studies, my Bible, and Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," which I had recently purchased at a bookstall. After reading in these and commending myself to the care and guidance of the Great Shepherd, I lay down and slept, as we can sleep, when we are young and

* This was afterwards enriched by a whole library of divinity in one folio volume, comprising the whole of Flavel's works, which I purchased at a bookstall in Little Bell Alley.

unincumbered with the care of a family, and the anxieties of an uncertain future.

My good friend, Mr. Procter, gave me an introductory note to Mr. Sutcliffe, of Queen Street, Cheapside, a medical friend of his and member of the same church and congregation at the Weigh House Chapel, then under the care of the Rev. J. Clayton, sen. At this time I think he must have been about fifty-six years of age. He received me kindly, and having read my testimonials and introductory note he became impressed with the notion (alas! how feebly realised!) that I was to become a star of the first magnitude. Then, I believe, at our *first* interview, he offered to take me with him and introduce me to Sir Astley Cooper, then generally acknowledged to be the first of English surgeons, and distinguished (especially amongst the poorer members of his profession) as much by the kindness of his heart and the geniality of his manners, as by the enthusiasm of his surgical genius, the correctness of his diagnosis, and the dexterity of his operations.

On that occasion Sir Astley was not in evening dress, as in the magnificent portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, but he wore a long frock-coat, reaching nearly to the floor. In other respects, that portrait conveys an accurate notion of him, as I saw him, of his features, of his open, good-natured, and benevolent expression, and of his majestic form, without severity, formality, or indifference. He congratulated me upon having entered a noble profession, and said I must come to St. Thomas's Hospital. He added that he would do what he could for me, and excused me from paying any fee for his anatomical lectures,

which he was then delivering in association with Mr. Joseph Henry Green, one of the surgeons of that hospital.

At that time Sir A. Cooper was in attendance on George IV. After the operation of removing one or two tumours from the scalp of His Majesty, Mr. Sutcliffe inquired how the king was going on. Sir Astley, taking up a letter from the table, said, "This is from Windsor this morning, and it reports that everything is doing well; but," said he, solemnly, "it has not been so from the first. A day or two after the operation, when I asked him how he had passed the night, he replied, 'D——d bad, not a bit of sleep or comfort.' I looked and found the inflammation had extended to the tendinory expansion of the occipito-frontalis, and would probably spread itself over the whole. The night after he was delirious, and I began to be very anxious, when all the symptoms suddenly lessened and soon disappeared, simultaneously with a sharp attack of gout in one of His Majesty's feet."

Profane language was then more in use amongst the higher classes of society than at the present time. Unhappily, the king at that time had degenerated from the sober and moral habits of George III. The accession of a female sovereign, with a virtuous and admirable consort, has, in the present age, had a happy effect on the manners and language, not only of the Court, but of all the upper classes of society. Sir Astley himself was not a passionate man, like his great contemporary, Dupuytren; and I always saw him good-tempered and good-natured. He was the son of a clergyman, and he remitted my

fee because I was the son of a dissenting minister. On some occasions he was very generous. One of his contemporaries was Dr. Pemberton, the author of an able treatise on the disease of the abdominal viscera. His success, however, was by no means in proportion to his deserts, and he applied to Astley Cooper to request some temporary assistance. Cooper offered him the loan of a thousand pounds, if that would do. Dr. Pemberton accepted it most gratefully. Shortly afterwards he came back to Cooper, with a legal bond for its repayment. Cooper took the security from his hand and threw it behind the fire that was burning before them.*

Seventeen years before this interview of mine, Astley Cooper had treated with singular kindness a young Scotchman, who had come up to make his way in London, and who afterwards became the great physiologist of the nervous system, Sir Charles Bell. Rivalry or jealousy had but little place in the breast of the great English surgeon, who was now looked upon as the father of his profession, and who looked on the young aspirants in the same profession as standing to him in the relation of his children.

At that time Dr. Conquest was a popular physician-accoucheur, more especially among Dissenters. He

* Dr. Pemberton was at last worn out with repeated attacks of tic-doloureux, which resisted all means of cure, or even of alleviation. On a *post-mortem* examination, it was found that a small spine formed by exostosis pressed upon and irritated the *portio dura*, as it passed through the stylo-mastoid foramen; and thus became a permanent mechanical cause, both of the tic and of the neuralgia.

was a member of the church and congregation, meeting at the Poultry, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Clayton, jun. He (Dr. Conquest) was then co-lecturer at Bartholomew's Hospital with the more celebrated Dr. Gooch. My good friend, Mr. Procter, knowing the narrowness of my finances, gave me also an introductory note to him. He received me in that bustling manner which was natural to him, and said, "I wish you well, and I will give you a perpetual ticket to my course; but I do not think you have sufficient energy of character to succeed in London." This was strange encouragement; but it was not meant to express any ill-nature, as his subsequent conduct abundantly testified.

CHAPTER XIV.

First interview with Joseph Henry Green—His friendship with Coleridge—His German education, and influence on his modes of thought and expression—His great success as a lithotomist—Benjamin Travers and Frederick Tyrrell—My own professional friend and companion, Mr. Sutcliffe—Character of the practice of medicine at this time—The London Medical Society and its leading members—Mr. Callaway, of Guy's Hospital—Dr. Copland—Dr. Sharman and the old school of physicians—Dr. Clutterbuck and his hobbies.

I THINK it was on the evening of my interview with Sir Astley Cooper, that I went to his colleague's introductory lecture, in the course of anatomy and physiology, at St. Thomas's Hospital. The pupils went into the museum in succession to ask for their tickets, and pay their fees. Mr. Joseph Henry Green was a man of imposing appearance, about six feet high, with an abundance of auburn hair. His manner on that occasion was more gracious than usual. The number of students was large, and everything portended a successful session.

When Sir Astley promised me his ticket for his lectures on surgery, he said, "I have no right to promise for Mr. Green; but if you tell him what I have done, I think he will imitate my example." Therefore I mentioned the kindness of Sir Astley,

and repeated his words. Mr. Green bowed his assent, and gave me the ticket without remark. We were total strangers, and there was no time for conversation, so perhaps this was as much as I had any right to expect from one who had never known the inconvenience of a slenderly-furnished purse.

Joseph Henry Green was the only son, and, I believe, the only child of his mother. He had studied in Germany, whither his mother accompanied him. Tieck was his favourite tutor, who afterwards spent some time with him in England superintending his studies in German metaphysics. He married the daughter of Henry Cline, with whom he received an ample fortune, but I never heard that they had any child. Green became a favourite pupil and friend of Samuel T. Coleridge, who bequeathed to him his library. At that time, Mr. Green lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in a large house on the north side of the square. He would probably have ranked with the most successful English surgeons; but early in life he retired from private practice to his house at Hanley, still retaining for many years the surgeoncy of St. Thomas's Hospital. He was the most successful lithotomist of his time, having had the good fortune to operate upon forty patients without losing one. This was largely due to his imperturbable demeanour, and cool self-command.

Mr. Green seemed to me to combine in one person two different individuals. In the one, you had the frank and not ill-natured Englishman, conversing in his mother-tongue, in language which was not always philosophical or over-refined. In the other, you had

the stately German philosopher, uttering circumlocutions clothed in mist, which it was difficult to understand, and impossible to remember.

About twenty-five years after this time, I met Mr. Green in an omnibus, looking, as I thought, little altered by the progress of time, since we used to walk together through the wards of St. Thomas's Hospital. I congratulated him on his juvenile aspect, so little changed in comparison with my own by the progress of time. "You must take into account," said he, "that I retired from practice twenty years since, whereby I have avoided most of that wear and tear which you have had to encounter." But a few weeks had elapsed since the death of Wordsworth, the poet, which led me to remark that the circle of Coleridge's personal friends was now narrowed almost to himself and one more. "One more, and who is he?" I reminded him that De Quincey was still living. "De Quincey! and who is he?" replied Green, with an expression of great contempt. In *Tait's Magazine*, a few years before, De Quincey had written some papers containing the most graphical and interesting sketches we possess of the history of Coleridge. These were probably too faithful, for they gave offence to some of the relations and personal friends of the poet.

Mr. Green published a "Dissector's Manual," which I purchased; but its descriptions were so prolix, and sometimes so obscure, that it was of very little use to me. Mr. Wakley (the founder of the *Lancet*), in allusion to the involved and pedantic style which it was Joseph Henry's habit to adopt in composing for the press, nicknamed him "the Great Surgical

Eclipse." A posthumous work in two small volumes, quaintly entitled, "Spiritual Philosophy," was attributed to Mr. Green; but the style was so different from his own, that, if the thoughts had been left in writing by him, probably they were re-cast by his friends.

Benjamin Travers was a pupil of the elder Cline. He was a distinguished surgeon, but a very nervous man, and was cast into the shade by the greater fame of Cooper. Frederick Tyrrell was the junior surgeon at St. Thomas's, and he was a man of much merit. But, while a student at St. Thomas's, I was not so much a follower of these two surgeons as of the physicians, from whom I expected to gain more knowledge of what would be continually available in the daily experience of life.

But in looking back upon the persons with whom I became conversant in that interesting period, there was one, Mr. Sutcliffe, already mentioned, although not among the celebrities of the day, yet among the enthusiasts for the love and honour of his profession, and who was one of my kindest and most intimate friends, at whose fireside I was always welcome, and whose domestic circle was a picture of home happiness.

Mr. Sutcliffe was rather below the middle stature. He wore hair-powder, which at that time was going out of fashion, and which gave him a venerable appearance. His dress was quite professional, and a model of neatness. He was a pretty regular attendant at the meetings of the London Medical Society, on Monday evenings, at Bolt Court, Fleet Street; and there he used to take me whenever I found myself at liberty to go. Even then, he

used occasionally to complain of tingling and of "pins and needles" at the ends of the fingers of one of his hands, which he regarded as premonitory symptoms of that attack of paralysis which, in later years, closed his career as a practitioner, and ultimately destroyed his life.

These meetings were often very interesting to me : and it is to be regretted that there was then no medical periodical press to publish reports of them. Many facts and anecdotes there related may be met with in the volumes which Mr. Sutcliffe published a year or two before his death. They were, however, in too crude a form to be of much value except to himself, and to those who had a more complete knowledge of the details, than that which the busy hand of Mr. Sutcliffe has furnished to his readers.

These "Medical and Surgical Cases" were written in this fashion. It was his custom to consider at the close of the day whether he had heard or seen anything worth noting. If so, he took a piece of paper (apparently anything that came in his way) and upon this he wrote with a pencil the record of what he had heard or witnessed. These pieces of manuscript were thrown pell-mell into a box for future reference and use. To bring such a mass of *disjecta membra* into an orderly book, was a task which Mr. Sutcliffe entrusted to a literary Scotchman, who executed his task in a very imperfect manner.

What was called *heroic practice* was at this time much in vogue, and more or less continued to be, until the advent of Asiatic cholera nearly ten years later. The excessive bleedings and drastic purgatives of the Sangrado school rather hastily

disappeared before the disease, which, in the phrase of Majendie, "began with death." But in the volumes of Mr. Sutcliffe, we have some truthful records of the therapeutics of that time, which almost make us ask the question, whether the bodily constitution of that generation was the same as that of our own? No doubt, where the patient recovered at all, his return to health became protracted and imperfect, in consequence of the abuse, rather than the use, of means that are of great value, when their application has been restricted within proper limits. The first axiom of the *Novum Organum* was forgotten: "Man is but the servant and interpreter of Nature."

The posthumous records of the practice of that eminent and original observer, Dr. Caleb Hillier Parry, of Bath, furnish similar records with more precision, and in greater number.

One of the most frequent and brilliant speakers at the meetings of the London Medical Society, was Mr. Callaway, then attached to Guy's Hospital, and waiting for his turn to succeed to the surgeoncy. When, however, he found himself superseded, first by Sir Astley Cooper's nephew, Mr. Bransby Cooper, and then by Mr. Morgan, he became disgusted, and sent in his resignation. I have heard that an unsuitable marriage added to the difficulties in his path, and prevented him from realising the expectations which were raised by the brilliancy of his early career.

The learned and industrious Dr. Copland (author of the "Medical Directory"), then a young man, was a frequent attendant and speaker at these

meetings. His fine head of dark hair, his large spectacles, and his fine voice, made him a conspicuous figure. He appeared to me never at a loss for some *rationale* of the symptoms in the cases related, but the explanations themselves required to be explained. In his elaborate and learned works, it is chiefly as a compiler and historian of the works of others that you are inclined to admire and wonder at the industry of the man; but when he reasons on his own account, his reasoning is perplexed, and his conclusions leave the matter unconcluded.

Some of the old and now almost extinct race of physicians attended our meetings, who wore powder, and had hardly laid aside the gold-headed cane. One of these, Dr. Shearman, occupied the chair. Another, a brother of a painter of some celebrity, had always something to utter in words of pompous wisdom. Dr. Clutterbuck was not one of them, but he stood alone, generally harping upon one or two favourite notions, namely, that fever (typhus, typhoid, and sometimes synocha) was inflammation of the brain, and to be most successfully treated by bleeding, like any other inflammation. With him all the varied forms of disease resolved themselves into inflammation.

CHAPTER XV.

Error of pupils in giving more attention to *surgical* than *medical* practice—The three physicians of St. Thomas's Hospital at this time: Drs. Williams, Scott, and Elliotson—Sketch of Dr. R. Williams—Erroneous estimate of him generally entertained by the pupils—Great differences of opinion between him and Elliotson, concerning the essential nature of fevers—Dr. Williams's treatment—Williams's discovery of the power of iodide of potassium in secondary syphilis—Sketch of Dr. Scott—His peculiarities—His high valuation of medicine and comparative contempt for surgery—His kindness to myself.

I HAVE spoken chiefly of the *surgeons* of St. Thomas's Hospital: and these were generally followed by the pupils, to the neglect of the practice of the physicians and the study of medical cases, although it was of infinitely greater importance in its relation to the future and daily practice of their profession.

My valuable friend and first preceptor in medicine taught me that the most important thing to know, was that which is most frequently to be done in the occupations of daily life. Dr. Stenson, therefore, guarded me against this error of young students. "It may seem," said he, "a fine thing to be able to operate for stone; but to many surgeons the occasion for such an operation, unassisted, never occurs in the course of their whole life. Look not so much

after that which is brilliant, as after that which is useful, and likely to come into use. You may have your superiority tested frequently in the minor operations of surgery, and may gain more reputation by well putting up a wounded finger, than by the treatment of an amputation, or the performance of lithotomy. Then, to compare the importance of surgery with the practice of medicine, only reflect for a moment on this, which experience will hereafter teach you, namely, that for every case of surgery, even of the minor order, that claims your attention, you will have twenty cases of fever, and thirty or forty of other forms of bodily disease. Therefore, whilst I advise you not to lose a word of Cooper's lectures on surgery, I would more earnestly advise you to follow the hospital physicians, and study medicine at the bedside."

Under the influence of this valuable practical advice, I attached myself to the medical practice of St. Thomas's Hospital. For although at that time the hospitals were united, and the practice of both was open to me, I felt it most profitable to make one my field of study—the other an occasional resort; to see some rare or curious case, or just to have a glance at one or other of the physicians of that day, amongst whom was that Dr. Bright whose name obtained in after years an European reputation.

The three physicians, who were at this time attached to St. Thomas's Hospital, were Robert Williams, John Scott, and John Elliotson. The out-patients were seen by Dr. Roots, who afterwards succeeded to the post of physician to the in-patients.

Dr. Williams was in stature rather above the

middle height, robust in make, and in gait and demeanour somewhat reminding one of a Welsh farmer. He was self-contained, apparently not caring about the students, who reciprocated this lack of sympathy by not caring to accompany him in his rounds. To me his manner of examining his patients appeared brief and superficial; and it seemed, to my hasty and immature judgment, that his prescriptions for his patients were a monotonous repetition of Epsom salts, gruel, and patience.

This was, however, an unjust judgment, and a misapprehension of the mental character and taste of the man, who was then, and for years afterwards, greatly undervalued. He was a patient, quiet observer of Nature, who realised the Baconian axiom, "*Homo, naturæ minister et interpres, tantum facit et intelligit, quantum de naturæ ordine re vel mente observaverit, nec amplius scit aut potest.*"*

Some time after I had left the Borough hospitals (1824), the split of St. Thomas's from Guy's occurred, in consequence of a disagreement, the true grounds of which I failed to discover, although I read a pamphlet on the subject by Joseph H. Green. The result was the formation of two rival schools of medicine and surgery.

The medical lectures at Guy's were delivered by Drs. Bright and Addison, the senior physicians of the hospital; and the medical lecturers at St. Thomas's should have been Dr. Williams and Dr.

* *Nov. Org.*, Lib. i., Aphorism 1.

Elliotson. The medical theories of the two latter, however, differed so essentially, that Dr. Elliotson told me it was impossible that he could be a colleague of Dr. Williams. The latter, in his syllabus, assumed the point that all fevers resulted from some *materies morbi*. Therefore his lectures on fever were denominated lectures on morbid poisons. This proposition Dr. Elliotson pronounced to be absurd, believing that, excepting the eruptive fevers, the varieties of fever (named by Cullen, synocha and typhus) were all common inflammations, modified by some local disease. The difference between the two physicians on this point was *toto cælo*.

The writings of Broussais, who at this period was at the height of his reputation in France, supported by the celebrated *Clinique Medicale* of Andral, accorded with the views of Elliotson, which were generally followed by the hospital pupils, and by probably a majority of the profession.

Time, however, the great assessor, slow in the progress of his decisions, is generally just and true in his conclusions; and these, at the lapse of nearly half a century, are in favour of Williams, whose works on morbid poisons deserve a place among the medical classics of our country.

Dr. Williams had also the good fortune to make one of the most important discoveries of our age in therapeutics, in proving the power of iodide of potassium over the various manifestations of secondary syphilis. Of this I may give some instances, if my

life should be prolonged so as to enable me in a separate work to record some of my most important or interesting professional experiences.*

In 1828 and 1829 there were two physicians at La Charité, in Paris, whose career was somewhat like that of the sober, patient Williams, and that of my brilliant, but too hasty, friend Elliotson. I allude to Dr. Cayol, then followed continually through the wards by a crowd of pupils, and the calm, patient Chomel, perhaps more esteemed by the foreign students than by his own countrymen. Yet, at the present time (1871), who remembers Cayol? On the other hand, the works of Chomel have a European reputation.

John Scott was of middle stature. He always dressed in black; and looked like a clergyman. He had a habit of whisking his head suddenly round to his left shoulder, particularly under any unusual excitement. I never heard that he had any epileptic tendencies, but, looking at the eccentricities of his life, I think it is very probable. When Dr. Scott came into the ward, the first thing he invariably did was to take a pair of scissors out of his waistcoat pocket and cut off the nib of the new pen, which was always put into the hands of the medical officer at the commencement of his round. This gave a very broad nib, and imparted to his writing a peculiar character, somewhat like the stiff angular writing of Queen Elizabeth. Another peculiarity was that he wrote all his observations in short-hand, so that no one could read them but himself. He

* This intention was not realised.—ED.

was a very reticent man; and he rarely conversed, except for an occasional gossip with one of his colleagues, when they happened to meet in the square of the hospital. Perhaps he was aware of a nervous twitching, which occasionally drew his mouth to the right side, which might have made him more reserved.

Dr. Scott maintained rigidly the superiority of rank which the laws of the hospital gave to the physicians over the surgeons. He thought much of medicine, and had a great contempt for the greater fame which the public accorded to the successful operator over the quiet but skilful physician. He believed that I had a great admiration for medicine, and had chosen my profession *con amore*; and therefore he made me his most favoured student. He freely entered into conversation with me in his rounds, answered all the questions I chose to put, and several times suggested that I should pursue my studies at Edinburgh, with a view of commencing practice as a physician instead of as a surgeon or general practitioner. He was a proprietor of the London Institution in Finsbury Circus, and he entrusted me with his ivory ticket, which at all times gave me admission, on entering my name in the visitor's book, to the reading-room and library, and enabled me to pass many of my evenings in an agreeable relaxation from my exclusively professional studies.

Dr. Scott, was the associate of Mr. Travers, that is to say, the hospital patients of that surgeon were under his superintendence so far as medical treatment was concerned. For it was the law of the

hospital, then rigidly enforced, that no prescription of the surgeon for medicine was made up by the apothecary, until it had been countersigned by the physician. The latter sometimes struck it out altogether, and changed it at his pleasure. The great influence which Dr. George Fordyce had exercised over the profession in his day still continued at St. Thomas's Hospital. Travers was one of his followers, in his confidence in the therapeutic powers of Peruvian bark. In his work on "Constitutional Irritation" (much lauded in my student days) Travers had given a case, which he thought a good illustration of its sanative powers. Dr. Scott pleasantly remarked to me that the patient did not begin to recover, until he had struck off the bark and substituted the ordinary fever mixture of the hospital; and he sent for the hospital books and turned to the record of this man's case, in order that I might see when he had made the alteration.

Dr. Scott did not obtain as much reputation as he deserved, either with the pupils or with the public. This arose very much from his *insouciance*. He was a wealthy man, without a family, and, I believe, with no near relatives; and therefore he cared little about the pupils, and nothing at all about the public. Still, he thought highly of his profession, and felt considerable interest in it; and it was because he thought I had the same love for the profession *per se*, and not simply as a means for getting bread, that he became more attached to me than to the other pupils.

In truth, Dr. Scott had a passion that devoured every other: which was his love for articles of rarity and *vertu*. He must have made his house in Bedford Square a kind of museum; for after his death the sale occupied no less than five days.

CHAPTER XVI.

Dr. Elliotson for a time a star of the first magnitude in the medical world—His introduction of auscultation—His discoveries in therapeutics—His excellence as a teacher—His frequent lessons in the *post-mortem* room—Objections of the Irish to *post-mortems* conducted at the hospital—His unfortunate adoption of mesmerism.

As yet I have hardly noticed the most brilliant, and for some years the most successful, of the physicians of St. Thomas's Hospital at that period. Dr. John Elliotson had not long entered upon that office when I became one of his pupils. As his father lived at Clapham, although his business as a dispensing chemist was in the Borough, his family were more or less known to some of my own friends who lived in that vicinity.

Elliotson was below the middle stature, probably not more than five feet three inches in height; and he was lame with one foot. In other respects he was well-proportioned; and his activity and endurance seemed inexhaustible. He had a Jewish physiognomy; and as this was well marked in his brother Thomas, I suspect the family was of Jewish origin. His eyes were prominent, very expressive of his feelings, of quick perception, and piercing in their glances, as though they could look through you. He

was rapid in his movements. His handwriting was like that which would be found in what is called "foul copy" at Charterhouse, and probably other public schools. It gave the impression that the writer had not had time to write with any care of mere caligraphy. It gave a hint of the character of the man, always moving onward; and yet it was not mere bustle, for the attainments of Elliotson were varied and wonderful, and his portion of genius was above that of ordinary men. Yet the ultimate results of his labours never equalled in importance those of the plain, unpretending, plodding Williams, who walked on foot to the hospital, which Elliotson entered daily in his well-appointed chariot and pair. These were not the impressions of my student life. Elliotson's path then, and for years afterwards, was like that of a brilliant meteor. My expectations of him were that he would be the first physician of the age, and they were at one period nearly realised.

One of the most important services rendered by this really eminent physician, almost at the beginning of his career at the hospital, was the introduction of the stethoscope. I know only of one who was at this period (1824) in the habit of examining his patients with this instrument, namely, the late Dr. Thomas Davies, of the London Hospital. At a much later time, a popular and much-esteemed physician, the late Dr. F. R. Farre, of the Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, had the rudeness in a consultation with Elliotson to call it a "penny trumpet." I never saw it in the hands of either of his colleagues at St. Thomas's Hospital. To myself it was a great advantage that I was thus early introduced to the

mode of examination introduced by Laennec. Elliotson at first began with the original cylinder of the French auscultator, and, I believe, continued to prefer it to the end of his career. He gave me the name of his maker (Allnutt, of Piccadilly), and I was accustomed to use one of his make for years ; although later I preferred that of Pierry, because it was more portable. My present opinion inclines to that of the late Dr. Pereira, that the best stethoscope is that to which the practitioner is most accustomed.

In therapeutics, Elliotson always endeavoured to make discoveries, or at least improvements. It was something to begin with demonstrating the inertness of the pulvis antimonialis, which had been introduced into the pharmacopœias of the day as a substitute for the celebrated patent preparation, "James's Fever Powder." This was followed by the introduction of the acidum hydrocyanicum as a remedy for nausea and sickness from irritability of the stomach : previously it had been used chiefly for coughs and pulmonary affections. He also introduced the use of large doses of red oxide of iron for neuralgia, and of still larger doses for tetanus. A case of the latter kind got well under the administration of 4oz. doses given in treacle every four hours. I asked Elliotson what he supposed to be the *modus agendi* of these large doses. He vaguely replied : "I do not know ; perhaps they excite some electrical agency." Copper followed iron. The sulphate in doses from a quarter of a grain to a grain or more, three or four times daily in a pill, sometimes with an eighth to a quarter of a grain of opium, was found to be a very efficient remedy in dysentery, and in chronic diarrhœa. Creosote, gene-

rally given in a pill with a crumb of bread, was found to be of great value in some cases of nausea and sickness not amenable to other modes of treatment. Iodine also, externally and internally, with and without the iodide of potassium. In one case of large bronchocele (the disease for which iodine was introduced by Dr. Coindêt, of Geneva) the diligent use of the tincture for nine months seemed to be very effective.

One of the many excellencies of Elliotson, as a teacher, was his constant endeavour to bring disease as much as possible under the cognizance of the senses. This made him so zealous in the practice of auscultation, which he designated the calling in of the ear to supply the defects of the other senses. This also led him to invite his pupils to the *post-mortem* room, where they might see the changes of structure produced by diseased action, and where also they might also test the accuracy of the diagnoses which had been made in the hospital ward.

The Irish, who formed no small proportion of our patients, both medical and surgical, at St. Thomas's Hospital, had a great objection to *post-mortem* examination of the bodies of their friends at the hospital, because they feared that a portion would be retained. Therefore, as soon as they heard of the death of a friend they would come for the body; and if any demur was made, come back with a posse of excited associates to carry it away *vi et armis*. So it sometimes became necessary to ask their consent that an examination might be made at home, when the case was of more than ordinary interest.

The following is an example of this kind:—

An Irishman presented himself at St. Thomas's Hospital on Elliotson's taking-in day, who said he had quite lost his *taste*, and partly his *hearing*. He was received as an in-patient. After a while he lost his *smell*. Then his *sight* began to leave him. These affections increased, until he was totally blind and stone deaf, and his speech became imperfect. Finally, to these deprivations succeeded general paralysis. He was thus, as it were, cut off from the external world, to which he could neither give out any clear and distinct inquiries, nor receive from it any clear and definite answers. For some days he lived on in this miserable condition, from which at length he was released by death. It was very desirable in such a case to ascertain by *post-mortem* examination the nature of the disease, which had one by one successively abolished all the organs of the senses, except that of touch. But the friends of the patient had taken him away from the hospital as soon as they had heard of his death. Elliotson found out their lodgings in some obscure street in the Borough, and took me, in his chariot and pair, to make an examination of the brain. Perhaps the people thought they were honoured by such a manifestation of zeal on the part of the doctor; for, although they had only that one apartment, they left it unoccupied for us, and assisted us by supplying water and cloths. I had thus an opportunity to wrap up the brain in my handkerchief, and to carry it off unsuspected upon my head to St. Thomas's Hospital, where it may probably be found at the present time in the museum. We found a tumour connected with the fifth pair of

nerves at the base of the brain. There was one on each side, but that on the left side was larger, being about the size of a large walnut.

The style of Elliotson in lecturing was natural, graphic, well arranged, and remarkably lucid. Some of the best descriptions of disease will be found in his published lectures. I never heard him, for he had not commenced his career as a lecturer, until after the termination of my pupilage at St. Thomas's Hospital. He had not the Ciceronian style of Sir Thomas Watson, nor the Junius-like sententious writing of Latham; but a tyro would be more readily instructed by him, than by either of these justly celebrated medical writers.

He had a talent for being facetious; yet such as not to offend the patients by a wit which they might have thought ill-timed and out of place. One of our patients was suffering from some brain disease, which had for one of its symptoms, not dilated but contracted pupils. When we had left the bedside, he said to me, "That man is like a lady who keeps a preparatory school." I could not comprehend his meaning. "Do you give it up?" said he. "Why, she has small pupils." One day we went round to look at the patients who had just been taken in. One was dirty, and looked as though he carried with him a colony of "six-footed deer." "Look at that man," said Elliotson. "One day you asked me why the stethoscope should be preferred to the ear in auscultation. Will he not furnish you with an answer to that question?"

From 1824 until I had settled in London in 1830, I saw but little of my hospital tutor, as I was then

living at Bourton-on-the-Water, or on the Continent. After I had settled in London, I not unfrequently sent him patients, and sometimes accompanied them to his house.

About 1831 or 1832 Elliotson became possessed with a fervent enthusiasm in favour of what was called Animal Magnetism, or, after the name of its great apostle in Germany and France, Mesmerism. It is less surprising that this illusion should have captivated some strong intellects and many weak ones, when we reflect on the astonishing discoveries in electricity, magnetism and chemistry that were achieved by those true philosophers and patient investigators, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Michael Faraday. No doubt the mightiest forces of the material universe are such agencies as are *invisible* and *imponderable*; and therefore it has been doubted whether they are *entities* at all, or whether they are not mere *qualities* of matter.

By a far-fetched analogy, then, Elliotson was led to think that there might be some nervous, vital, or spiritual fluid, or force, which might exercise mighty powers over living matter, similar to those manifested by electricity, magnetism, or gravitation, over matter devoid of life. And he was the more disposed to this, as at the same time he had adopted an animal physiology decidedly materialistic.

CHAPTER XVII.

The removal of Dr. Elliotson to the Medical School of University College—Extraordinary exhibition of mesmeric experiments—The rapid decline of his practice and popularity—Antagonism between Elliotson and Liston—Resignation of Elliotson—His great pecuniary losses—Alteration in his habits in his closing years—His brother Thomas Elliotson—His sisters—His father—The family history the best key to the eccentricity and inconsistency of Dr. Elliotson.

DR. ELLIOTSON, having refused to join Dr. Robert Williams as joint lecturer on the practice of medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital, and being coldly looked upon in consequence of his mesmeric experiments, accepted an invitation to University College Hospital, then rising in public estimation, and became lecturer on medicine to its Medical School. For a time he made mesmerism quite a subject of public curiosity and interest. As at this time I had settled in London, I attended an extraordinary exhibition of mesmeric experiments on those celebrated sisters, the Oakeys, which was held in the operating theatre of the Hospital. Amongst those present were Dr. Stanley, then Bishop of Norwich, Thomas Moore, the poet, and the Earl of Wilton. For

the extraordinary details of this performance of the sisters Oakey, I must refer to the *Lancet* of that day (probably 1832 or 1833).

I also attended a private meeting, which was held, I think, in the summer following, at the house of Elliotson in Conduit Street, Regent Street, and which was attended by the sisters. The chief actor was Elizabeth Oakey. What was most extraordinary to me was her perfect command over all her features after being placed by a few mesmeric passes in a state of somnambulism, as it was called. You could not perceive the winking of an eyelid; yet her eyes were open, as if gazing into a world invisible to all who were around her. Seated in an arm-chair with castors, she was wheeled round the circle of the brilliant company, never moving a feature, like a Grecian statue, for she had regular symmetrical features, youth, and some beauty. It might seem, as if by gazing on the head of Medusa she had suddenly been turned to stone.

It appeared to me that the Oakeys would have made consummate actresses, had they been trained to the theatre. I have heard that they afterwards took part in the practising of the "Unknown Tongues," in the church of the Rev. Edward Irving. At another time they were members of the congregation, if not of the church, of a very sober, practical, straightforward man, the late Dr. Leifchild. What became of them ultimately I cannot tell.

I believe everything in these mesmeric perform-

ances, was in perfect good faith on the part of Elliotson, but they had a most disastrous effect on his professional practice. Although he professed that with his patients he never practised mesmerism, except after solicitation on their part, it did not restore him to the confidence of those who believed that mesmerism was either a delusion or an imposture. So, unhappily, Elliotson's popularity and reputation as one of the most clear-sighted and original physicians of the day, went down more rapidly than it had gone up. One day as I was conversing with Mr. Clift, the well-known conservator of the museum of his old master and friend, John Hunter, he said, "Elliotson has been fond of riding hobbies, but this last hobby, mesmerism, has thrown him the worst of all, and he will never be able to get up again."

The opposition, which had begun to show itself before Elliotson left St. Thomas's, now began to show itself in a more determined form at University College Hospital. This was intensified by the uncompromising and rude hostility of the celebrated Scotch operating surgeon, Robert Liston. Elliotson having spoken disparagingly of the dexterity of the latter as a talent of the same order as that which made a good carpenter, Liston retorted by calling him a "tom-fool." It was obvious that things could not long remain in a state of open hostility between those who had been relied on as the two chief attractions that the new hospital presented to pupils; and the governing body having taken up the consideration of the strange and

untoward proceedings, Elliotson wisely withdrew, amid the loudly expressed regret of his friends, and of many of the pupils.

Other misfortunes befel him. He had connected himself very closely with a Life Assurance Company, called "The International;" which, in accordance with its title, sought for business on the Continent and in the United States of America. By misfortune or mismanagement, the directory, of which Elliotson was a member, became involved in large liabilities; which swallowed up nearly all his private fortune, obliged him to give up his noble residence in Conduit Street, his carriage and establishment, and to take shelter in the house of an old pupil. There he spent his latter years in comparative oblivion, and there he died at an advanced age.

I have mentioned the materialistic character of Elliotson's large work on Physiology. I do not, however, believe that he was a Materialist, although he was, perhaps, unsettled in his religious opinions. He was a hearer of Dr. Chalmers, when that eloquent Scotchman visited London; and for a time he was an admirer of the Rev. Edward Irving, attracted by his fervid zeal and Miltonic denunciation. But in each case the attraction seemed to lie rather in the talents and genius of the man, than in the reality or value of the doctrines he preached. In his later years he became a much altered man in some of his habits, although not in his attachment to mesmerism, to which he clung as a monomaniac clings to his own hallucination. His mode of living became more generous, and he

occasionally took stimulants, instead of confining himself to water as a beverage. At one time, he had abstained even from tea and coffee. "I drink nothing but water, nothing but water," was his profession to his friends and patients. He also became very devout, making the Bible his constant companion, and reading hardly any other book. About three months before his last Christmas he had a fall, which gave him so great a shock that he never went out afterwards, and refused to see any one except an intimate friend.

Elliotson had a brother named Thomas, who was also educated for the medical profession, and who attended his brother's practice at St. Thomas's at the same time as myself. He was a pale young man, probably ten years younger than John. He very rarely uttered a word in the hospital wards, and went round testifying as little interest as if he had been merely a machine. He, however, completed his education as a physician, and entered into practice in Regent Street, where his plate was on a private door, and his residence on the first floor. The name of Elliotson probably brought him a few patients, but nothing occurred to bring his name before the public.

In the year when he was Lord Mayor, my brother-in-law, Mr. Alderman Challis, gave a banquet to men of science, to which Dr. Elliotson was invited, and on this occasion I met him. After asking about his own health, I inquired after that of his brother Thomas. "He is dead," he said; "come aside with me, and I will tell you about him. He left his practice, and gave up his residence, and disappeared

without giving notice to any of his family or friends where he was going, or what he intended to do. The first intelligence that came to me was from the British Consul at Malta." He happened to have the letter in his pocket, portions of which he read to me. It seems that, on arriving at Malta, Thomas Elliotson hired a room in the house of a poor woman, where he lived in a penurious manner, rarely going out, and receiving no visitors. Not long after his arrival cholera visited Malta, and he was attacked and died within twenty-four hours. His poor landlady, not knowing any of his connections, very properly went to the British Consul. On examining his papers it was found that the unknown stranger was Dr. Thomas Elliotson. Why he had chosen to go to Malta, why, with very good means, he had lived like an anchorite, or what had caused his self-imposed exile, no one of his friends could guess, and upon these questions his papers threw no light.

Dr. Elliotson had two sisters, who were pleasing, amiable ladies, but very eccentric, as I heard from Dr. Rowley, who was a mutual friend. They believed in all the wonders of mesmerism, and in clairvoyance, but attributed them to evil spirits. They were afraid of their brother John because of his connection with such sinful practices, and used to sit in the house with the Venetian blinds down, lest John should see them. They agreed with him in showing respect for the memory of Thomas, and joined in the chartering of a ship for the conveyance of his remains to his native country.

Elliotson's father made a large fortune as a dispensing chemist in the Borough. He lived at a time when Sir Astley Cooper was the leading surgeon; when Dr. Babington (the first of the name) was the leading physician; and Dr. Haighton, and afterwards his nephew, Dr. Blundell, was the leading physician-accoucheur. They all had confidence in the care and skill of Mr. Elliotson as a dispenser, who never left his shop, even to get his dinner; and they sent to him a large proportion of their prescriptions. Cooper, Babington, and Haighton were all connected with Guy's Hospital.

My sole reason for noting down all these particulars in the family history of the Elliotsons is to furnish some clue to an extraordinary passage in the life of a justly celebrated man; at one period of his life perhaps too much praised, but at another time certainly underrated. If we look at the whole of these details, I think we can entertain no doubt of a taint of insanity in the blood. We know that it is not unusual in the history of some of our most distinguished men. The great preacher, Robert Hall, was twice in his life the inmate of a lunatic asylum. The insanity of Cowper, the poet, is beyond all doubt. Clive, the founder of our Indian empire, was subject to this disease, which probably led to his sudden adoption of those daring arrangements which caused the total overthrow of Surajah Dowlah in the battle of Plassey, and which finally terminated his own career by suicide.

My conviction, then, is, that whatever was eccen-

tric, unwise and inconsistent in Elliotson belonged to the family disease,—and whatever was great, superior, kind, truthful and philanthropic, belonged to himself; or more probably to his healthy physical constitution, the endowment of Divine Providence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Dr. Roots—My fellow-pupil's death from a dissection wound—
Sir James Paget's opinion on susceptibility to this poison—
—A pause in my narrative, consequent on long illness—
Retrospect of the most important causes of my success, and
personal happiness.

Dr. Roots was (in 1823) physician to the out-patient department at St. Thomas's Hospital. The apothecary of the hospital was accustomed to have two of the hospital pupils attached to his department, one of whom acted as clerk to the physician. Accordingly I became one of the two pupils of Mr. Whitfield, the apothecary, and, in consequence, clerk to Dr. Roots.

He was a very bustling physician of the heroic school: quick in perception, prompt in decision. He saw the out-patients, and prescribed for them more rapidly than I could write the prescriptions. Of this I soon got tired; for the succession of patients was so rapid that there was no time to enter into the cases, to ask questions, or to do anything except to write rapidly the various formulæ as the doctor dictated. I therefore soon resigned that post to my fellow-pupil, an agreeable and gentlemanly young man, named Consett.

Dr. Roots was a man who in after years stood rather high as a consulting physician, but personally I had but little connection with him, and perhaps might have omitted to notice him but for our common connection with poor Consett.

The latter had with me a subject for dissection. I had missed Consett day after day from his place opposite to me at the dissecting table, for about a week, when I asked our demonstrator (Mr. John South*) what had become of Consett. "He is dead," said he; "he wounded one of his fingers in dissecting. The inflammation ran up his arm; he became delirious, and died last Wednesday." This was a considerable shock to me, for I had wounded myself three or four times in the dissection of the same body. My practice had been always immediately to suck the poison out of the wound, apply a piece of adhesive plaster, and then go on with my work. On several occasions these punctures, cuts, or abrasions formed a small fester, and then I abstained from work until it had healed, which it usually did in three or four days. Repeatedly since, during the years of my subsequent life, I have met with slight wounds in *post-mortem* examinations; but have been mercifully preserved by that good Providence which has ever watched over my path.

Sir James Paget, my friend of many years' standing, in some lectures on his own case, delivered last year at Bartholomew's Hospital, made some interesting observations on the circumstances that

* Afterwards twice President of the Royal College of Surgeons.

create an immunity for some persons from harm or injuries which prove fatal to others. He supposes that daily exposure to these or other poisons, or septic fluids, gradually accustoms the body to their contact, until they become harmless; but that after a long absence from the dissecting room, the original susceptibility returns. It is a very interesting inquiry, which is thus opened by this original and highly accomplished surgeon. These clinical lectures will be found in the *Lancet* of 1871.

The immunity with which I have been favoured in many cases of similar accident occurring to me, certainly did not arise from any such process of acclimatisation, because during many years of my practice I never entered a dissecting room, and sometimes a year or two would pass without a *post-mortem* examination. I am more inclined to admit in my own case a natural insusceptibility to all animal poisons. I was vaccinated seven times before the virus took effect. I have seen hundreds of cases of typhoid, typhus, and other similar diseases without being attacked. At length attaching myself very closely to a case of typhoid fever, and sitting up all night with the patient, without proper refreshment, the fatigue and weariness, added to the lengthened exposure, enabled the typhoid poison to take possession of my frame, and it was three months before I was able again to resume my professional duties.

March, 1872. [Another illness of nearly three months, in my seventieth year, the third great illness of my life, has prevented me from proceeding with my narrative. I owe it to the mercy of God that I am again able to resume my pen.]

And now, approaching as I am, to my western horizon, and feeling that my sun must soon set, and that I must go the way of all my fathers, I would deliberately fix on some of the most important points in relation to my own personal happiness, and to the success of my efforts to benefit others.

In the first rank I should place the three following:—1. My endeavour always to respect the sanctity of the Sabbath. 2. My acceptance of the maxim, “*Bene orasse est bene studuisse.*”* 3. My endeavour to realise the constant presence of Deity, and to feel that, however desirable it might be to obtain the approbation of man, it was not to be compared with the testimony of my own conscience that I was doing that which was pleasing to God.

For the *first*, it was both a habit and a principle, acquired from my good parents. At home in my early years, Sunday was by no means a day of rest, but was occupied with duties belonging to the day. From half-past six in the morning, even in the winter—when I was frequently awoken by the “hack, hack, hack” of the flint upon the steel in the servant’s room, as she sought to set fire to the tinder in the box, and get a light, that we might get up and go to the early prayer-meeting at seven o’clock—until half-past seven in the evening, when the service at the chapel closed, I was occupied with the Sunday school, the chapel morning service, the afternoon service, where I frequently read the sermon, again with the Sunday school, and finally

* This may perhaps be translated:—

“He studieth best who prayeth best.”

the evening service at the chapel. The hour's rest until supper was a very grateful one to us all.

Although this might seem like Sunday slavery, I believe it was suited to the times, and it produced a permanent, happy effect on succeeding generations at Morton. Our parish was, perhaps, not so ungodly as the parish of Squire Western, depicted by Fielding, and our clergy rather more respectable than the Parson Adams of Smollett. But with more outward formality in attending church, and with abstinence from out-of-door sports, although not from Sunday trading, there was little more of real progress in the knowledge or observance of the primary element of Christianity. Our own closer attention to Sabbath duties, at the expense of a little self-denial, was a testimony of our belief in a religion of the heart.

Then, after the commencement of my medical studies, it was my fixed resolution to give no portion of my Sunday to such studies as were purely professional. Only in cases of necessity or mercy did I deem such a reference quite justifiable. I considered that, if we give six days out of seven to studies which have no interest except in the present life, and no relation to the life to come, then assuredly it is most rational to give the seventh portion to the acquisition of the knowledge whose influence will reach to the never-ending life beyond.

In accordance with these convictions, I added to my little library, as already stated, Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and subsequently a folio edition of Flavel's works. With his "Method of Greece," in parts, I was familiar, as it was one of the books my grandfather used occasionally to read to his men—an

office which I sometimes had performed for him, and frequently I had read portions of it, instead of a sermon, to the little congregation in the Sabbath afternoon.

It was not convenient, and hardly practicable for me, while I lodged in the Borough, to spend my Sundays at my lodgings. All the family were then at home; and, although they always treated me with respect, they made too much noise and bustle. I therefore generally spent this day with some old friend of the family of Mr. Procter, or of my own circle, returning home after the evening service.

Some of my pleasant recollections are of visits to my friend Mr. Haddon, whom I used to accompany to hear his friend the Rev. H. G. Watkins, of St. Swithin's, London Stone; after which we would visit the family of Alderman Brown, where we had a reading from Pollok's "Course of Time," then recently published, or one by Mr. Haddon, of passages from his MS. Reports of Cecil's sermons.* Other pleasant recollections are connected with the Rev. John Campbell, of Kingsland, who had not long returned from his travels in South Africa, and whom I used to hear, in company with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cannon, then residing at Kingsland Green.

In reference to the second point (so much insisted on by Romish writers), I would say that although it

* Mr. Haddon was one of the hearers of Cecil, and was in the habit of taking down his sermons in shorthand. From these reports he furnished a large number of the published discourses of this celebrated preacher, and was, in consequence of this service, presented by the publisher with fifty copies of Cecil's works.

may be despised by some students, and neglected by many, my conviction is that, though God may help to success those who despise or disbelieve His Word, yet His blessing will most rest with the success given to His worshippers.

The third point seems too important to occupy merely a corner at the end of a chapter, and therefore I reserve it. Perhaps, in order to avoid the appearance of egotism, and to express my experiences with more freedom, it may be expedient to adopt the third instead of the first person.

CHAPTER XIX.

Human life often dependent on prompt decision, when neither help nor counsel is accessible — Strength to act and to endure derived from the conviction that God is ever present to hear and to help—The last exclamation of a dying sceptic—Return to the story of my student life—My first lodging—Disinterestedness of my landlady—Lectures on chemistry and medicine by Dr. Clutterbuck—Dr. Stenson's prediction—Dr. Clutterbuck's death by a street accident.

To be in a situation, like that of the Jewish prophet in the lions' den, or like that of the Hebrews in the fiery furnace of the King of Babylon, might well make precious the assured belief in the presence of their God, and in His power and readiness to keep and deliver them. But there are many occasions in life, more especially in the life of a medical practitioner, when one seems nearly as much bereft of human aid. They furnish illustrations of the importance of the third point, mentioned as one of the elements of success, namely, the consciousness of the ever-abiding presence of God. Nothing else can so well sustain his self-command, preserve his calmness, support his hope, or assure that calm reliance on his skill, whether on the part of the patient or of his friends, which is so essential to success, or prove so consolatory even under failure.

Cases, where one life, and sometimes two, depended upon my adoption of a right rule of action with promptitude, occurred in the first years of my medical and surgical practice in the country; and tended deeply to impress on my mind the importance of realising the constant presence of an Almighty Friend, always at my side, ready to hear the prayer, that could neither be heard nor answered by any other being. I might pass to many other exigencies of human life, and especially those which threaten, or, perhaps, are actually accompanied by, those terrible bereavements which seem to tear the heart asunder, but here I restrict myself to occurrences which happen in professional experience.

There may be found those who will say they have gone through life comfortably and successfully without having felt the need of such support or such guidance. That may be, but how much do they lose in the want of gratitude for the past, and of assurance for the future, in the vicissitudes that may yet await them in the uncertain voyage of human life!

And if there be a life beyond—for assuredly this life is not the whole of the life of man, since this world is full of beginnings only, and we can find nothing finished unless we be content with the exclamation of the writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes, “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit”—who shall compare the lot of him who has God for the “strength of his heart and his portion for ever,” to his who has no strength and no portion left, and who can even now see nothing before him but darkness? Alas! for one of the most distinguished of this class, whose dying words were,

“ I have no fear, I have no hope.” This was one of the most shrewd physicians of the time, who possessed a European reputation. He was a friend of my early years in practice, and often invited me to spend an evening with him, of which I availed myself many times ; for no man, perhaps, ever had in his memory so large a store of medical anecdotes and medical biographies. His dialectic powers were, however, feeble, his arguments consisted of persiflage, and his prejudices were invincible. The chief secret, however, of his scepticism, was his early familiarity with moral depravity, even before the development of his intellectual powers. The disease began in the heart, and from the heart extended to the head.

I return from this episode to the story of my student life in London, chiefly but not entirely spent in the Borough. For my humble room I paid a rent of five shillings per week for linen, attendance, and all that I required except food. There was nothing specially attractive about my landlady (Mrs. Eades), but she was well suited to my circumstances ; for she would have stinted herself rather than defraud me. Thus she undertook to supply me with tea, coffee, and sugar, and charged only a shilling a week, although I left it to her discretion to charge what she thought proper. Moreover, during the whole of the following winter session, when I had to be present in the Lecture Theatre of the Royal Institution three mornings in the week, punctually at nine o'clock, my breakfast was always ready at half-past seven, when it was often not yet daylight. So I was in my place as punctually and regularly as Brande and Faraday. The latter was then

acting as assistant to the former, and wearing all those luxuriant curls which naturally adorned his head and reached to his shoulders.

My first lessons in chemistry were not at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, but in Aldersgate Street, where a medical school was connected with the dispensary, and Dr. Clutterbuck lectured on medicine and chemistry. I became a pupil in both courses, because I was not pleased with the style and manner of Dr. Cholmeley,* who was lecturer on medicine at the school of Guy's Hospital, and Allen was not then lecturing on chemistry. The medical theories of Dr. Clutterbuck totally differed from those I had acquired from my friend Dr. Stenson, whilst his chemistry lectures seemed to me to contain little more than I previously knew, and the experiments were conducted in the most parsimonious manner. They seldom failed, for his assistant was a pale, thin young man, with foreign features, who was afterwards known as Dr. Jonathan Pereira.

Thus, for one-half of the winter session of 1823, I continued to attend, although not with much zest, the lectures of Dr. Clutterbuck in Aldersgate Street. In practice his directions reminded one of Dr. Sangrado, for with him almost every disease was

* Dr. George Fordyce's Lectures on Fever had gone out of print. On that subject he was still a high authority, especially in the Borough. An American reprint of this work fell into my hands which had first been the property of Dr. Currey, and then of his successor at Guy's (Cholmeley). The former had written copious notes, but one-third of the book came to me uncut. Dr. Scott, of St. Thomas's, had a very high opinion of the medical skill of Dr. Currey.

made up either of inflammation or its results, and the only remedy for inflammation was bleeding. As disease varied in its degree or in its duration, the panacea was somewhat modified in the quantity of blood that was to be abstracted, or in the manner, whether by leeches or by cupping; but the grand remedy for all inflammation was bleeding.

Nor was Dr. Clutterbuck alone in his reliance on blood-letting. The medical profession of that day was greatly addicted to the same practice. Even the surgeons fell into the same error, using it in some instances to prepare for an operation, in other instances permitting blood to be lost during an operation, under the impression that it was favourable to the earlier recovery of the patient. In those days inflammation was the great bugbear, and the lancet, and simple doses of calomel, the heroic remedies.

Since then I have often thought of a prediction that was then uttered by my practical friend, Dr. Stenson. In his private lectures to me during my subsequent residence in the country at Bourton-on-the-Water, he remarked on the great importance of an accurate acquaintance with the varieties of inflammation and on the admirable power of the lancet judiciously used. "But," said he, "everything of that order of theory and practice is now in excess, and possibly you may see the time come again when the lancet will well-nigh disappear, and some new theories of debility, of obstruction, or of irritation will displace the present."

Remarkably are those words fulfilled at the present day. And I believe the change is not to be attributed to caprice, but to larger experience and

observation. These have had to deal with an altered *medical constitution*—to borrow an expressive phrase from Sydenham—and with an altered experience, in consequence of the introduction of Homœopathy, which, apart from the sins of omissions it has caused, has made us some atonement in teaching us the natural course of disease, and in making us feel that Nature is more than any other, her own physician.

Dr. Clutterbuck wrote rather a large treatise in support of his views on fever, which, I believe, has passed into the limbo of forgotten things. He was very near-sighted; he was sufficiently fluent as a speaker, but his voice was a low bass, and his delivery very monotonous, and he was therefore not much followed as a lecturer. But, having a mind well stored with medical lore, he was a welcome visitor at the evening meetings of the Medical Society of London, in Bolt Court. It was on his way home to Bridge Street, Blackfriars, that he was run over by a cab, and received injuries which, to a man of eighty years of age, were necessarily fatal.

CHAPTER XX.

Lectures on midwifery at Bartholomew's—Dr. Conquest—Dr. Gooch—Strong attachment of Dr. Gooch's patients—His great innovation in the treatment of inflammatory affections combined with exhaustion, especially in infants—The manner and style of Dr. Conquest in lecture contrasted with those of his popular colleague—His great regularity in his home life—Occasional effects of the unguarded solemnity of his diagnosis and prognosis—His liberality—Mr. Abernethy.

As Dr. Conquest had given me free admission to his Midwifery Lectures, I was led to Bartholomew's Hospital for that part of my studies, where he was then a co-lecturer with the celebrated Dr. Gooch. How these two came to be associated, I cannot tell, for surely there were never two more unlike in person, in manner, and in style. It is true that there was no marked discrepancy in the rules of practice they laid down for their pupils, which were generally in conformity with the school of Dr. Denman; but in their mode of teaching, as well as in their mode of applying those rules, they were often in contrast with each other.

Gooch was a little thin man, about the height of the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, and somewhat like him when he had reached old age. But Gooch's was

a premature old age. I should not guess his age at this time to have exceeded thirty-five years, yet he looked like a man worn down with excessive toil by night and by day. And it seemed as if some mortal enemy had effected a lodgment, and was continually reminding him of his presence; so that his face almost always had upon it an expression of suffering. Yet from all these bonds of mortality he would occasionally burst free, and, by some humorous illustration, cause a general smile or a burst of applause.

An acquaintance of mine lived in a house opposite the doctor's residence, in Newman Street, Oxford Street. She said that it was very disturbing to them to be so frequently awoken by the nocturnal knockings and ringings for the services of Dr. Gooch. Some of his patients had such confidence in him that, when living in the country, thirty miles distant, they would send expresses for him, notwithstanding his warnings of the risk they ran in depending upon him rather than upon one who was near at hand. For these were not the days of railways traversed by locomotive engines at the rate of forty to fifty miles an hour. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was not opened until the lapse of seven or eight years from this time.

If I were asked how it was that Gooch inspired such confidence in his patients' estimation, and not less in the judgment and affection of his pupils, I should say it was because he always *knew his own mind*. On most of the exigencies that could occur in practice, he seemed to have meditated beforehand and resolved what ought to be done, and therefore

when they occurred it was not for him to think but to act, which he generally did with promptitude and success. Or, if he failed, he had previously warned the friends of the possibility of failure.

I do not remember that Gooch ever leaned much on the authority of others in his lectures. These were delivered *viva voce*, generally without a note, and illustrated from his own experience. They were, therefore, interesting and effective. It may be thought that Gooch was a self-contained and self-confident man. True, he was self-confident, but it was a self-confidence not founded upon ignorance, but upon wisdom and experience.

But it seems to me that the principal reason why Dr. Gooch should be remembered as one of the great benefactors to practical medicine, is his doctrine concerning the treatment of infants suffering from cerebral irritation, convulsions, or coma, especially when associated with anemia, or following diarrhœa, or other exhaustive disease. I have said it was a time when the ruling theory was inflammation, and the ruling practice the lancet, in the case of adults. The same theory prevailed in the treatment of the diseases of infants; but with them leeches and calomel supplied the place of the lancet. In these cases this treatment cut short the disease by hastening the death of the patient.

No doubt there was sometimes a difficulty in distinguishing between the inflammatory and the adynamic character of the symptoms, and sometimes the one passed into the other. Gooch's directions were that we should observe if the face were pale, the cheeks and the top of the nose cold;

then, whatever might be the rapidity of the pulse or the breathing, we should immediately employ stimulant and nourishment. He related a case in which convulsions had occurred, loss of consciousness had supervened, and the death of the little patient was expected in a few hours. The power of swallowing still remained, and he advised the giving of a drop or two of brandy in a teaspoonful of milk every half-hour, or even at shorter intervals, until the patient had somewhat rallied, then the substitution of sal volatile for the brandy for some hours; and then, if necessary, recourse again to the brandy. Under this treatment the child revived, and, being supported by beef-tea in the intervals between the doses, rapidly recovered.

Many years afterwards, I was called in to see an infant, the son of one of my old patients, in a similar condition, who was attended by a neighbouring practitioner of the depletory school. Dr. Golding Bird had also been called in to the consultation. The latter, after we had all examined the case, said to me: "Now, Mr. Mann, you are the older: it is for you to decide what shall be used next—leeches or brandy." My decision was for brandy, milk, and beef-tea. It was carried into effect, with immediate benefit and ultimate recovery. Some time afterwards, Dr. Golding Bird called to see the parents, and told them that that decision had saved their child.

As yet the press had not found its way into the lecturing theatres of our hospitals. There was no *Lancet*, and these teachings of Dr. Gooch excited

no public attention. Years elapsed before Dr. Marshall Hall taught more publicly and effectively the treatment of diseases connected with exhaustion, in his important work on the effects on the system of large losses of blood.

Dr. Conquest was in marked contrast with Dr. Gooch. Conquest was always in a hurry; and therefore his speech, naturally hesitating, frequently passed into a painful stammering. Gooch was calm and thoughtful, pausing neither for words nor thoughts, only at times for the sake of emphasis; Conquest not unfrequently repeated a sentence when only half through it. Gooch never repeated at all. Conquest often seemed to fear that he was not understood. Gooch was terse and often laconic, but clear and direct; and he had no such misgiving. There was often a fussiness about Conquest; but there was no ceremony or formality about Gooch. Conquest, more than Gooch, dealt with the duties of the practitioner, dwelling upon the serious responsibilities that were involved. Probably, Conquest was more good-natured, although often eccentric and uncertain.

The private life of Dr. Conquest was singularly precise, literally by the clock. At a certain hour he rang the bell to arouse the servants, and he finished shaving at twenty minutes to eight, when the bell rang for family worship, which the servants attended. Breakfast followed at eight; and precisely at nine, the Doctor went down to see his poor and gratuitous patients, who had been admitted an hour earlier. About ten, he went into his own consulting-room to see

any patients or medical men who might be in waiting.

No doubt Conquest was kindhearted, and did not mean to create unnecessary alarm. Nevertheless, the fussiness of his manner, and the air of solemn importance when he gave his prognosis, sometimes did him much mischief. I remember a case, in which Dr. Conquest was called to attend the wife of a gentleman of highly respectable and wide connections, and in which he gave an opinion which struck such terror that the family already seemed to realise the loss of wife and mother, and child. So far as the patient was concerned, although the danger was real, it was of short duration; and the case terminated both speedily and happily. But the family felt and believed, that even if there had been danger, it had been exaggerated, and that their feelings had been trifled with, inconsiderately, or to enhance the importance of the services rendered. All the parties are now dead. I heard the story from both sides, and my impression, I may say conviction, is, that the medical attendant was right in the prognosis, although unguarded in the mode of its communication; and that their subsequent treatment of him was unjust. But medical men sometimes meet with praise when they deserve blame, and with censure when they merit approbation.

Dr. Conquest had an amiable and excellent wife, and, in the infancy of his children, I should think his life was very happy at home, whatever might be the vexations of outdoor practice. But when his children grew up they turned out ill—at least, those who were

known to his circle. One day he met me in Paternoster Row, and exclaimed: "Ah! Mr. Mann, I am more than sixty years of age, and of late my path has been in the deep waters, and their billows had swallowed me up, had it not been for a faithful God." I knew of the great family trouble to which he alluded.

About this time he entered into partnership with Dr. Winn, which terminated in most lamentable disagreements. Dr. Conquest had gone to live at Plumstead, leaving his town house to Dr. Winn, but retaining a consulting-room and waiting-room. Afterwards, in travelling on the railway, I frequently met with Dr. Conquest, who used bitterly to complain of his partner. It is fair to say that the latter, in meeting with me, never complained of Dr. Conquest.

Dr. Conquest was a religious dissenter, but he liberally supported, without party spirit, other philanthropic enterprises, such as the City of London School. Notwithstanding his professional engagements, until his removal to Plumstead, he was accustomed to attend the early meetings of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, at Paternoster Row; and in his old age he was a zealous distributor of their publications in his railway journeys to and from London.

In his medical practice, Conquest was much under the influence of the depletory fashions of the day. Bleeding, calomel, and tartarized antimony formed a part of nearly all his prescriptions in acute disease. I do not think he was acquainted with the innovations which I have described, which were, I believe,

first introduced by his colleague at Bartholomew's, the keen and clever Gooch.

Fortunately for the public the Sangrado system did not reign alone. The most eccentric, but one of the best, surgeons of the day, put himself at the head of a party, who ascribed almost every kind of constitutional as well as local disease to derangements of the stomach and liver, and who treated them by blue pill and aperients. This was the party of Mr. Abernethy of Bartholomew's Hospital, who embodied his views in a book on the constitutional origin of local diseases. Surgeons, in their treatment of local diseases, often found that hospital patients did better upon a liberal diet, and upon a moderate use of wine, fermented liquors, and even spirits, than upon any starvation or depletory system. Surgeons in general, then, were led for the most part by the doctrines of Mr. Abernethy and the stomach party, which best agreed with the results of hospital practice.

One of Mr. Abernethy's contemporaries, Lawrence (afterwards created Sir William), was more attached to the Sangrado school; but he, in the latter years of his protracted life, even if he still held the dogmas of his youth, did not put them in practice. This may be seen more especially in his later doctrine on the treatment of ophthalmia, compared with the practice of his earlier years.

After the death of Abernethy, Lawrence succeeded to the senior surgery of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and exercised an extraordinary influence, exacting a higher tribute of personal respect than I ever knew offered to any other London surgeon.

When his name was announced in the ward, it was followed by the cry of "Hats off," which was obeyed by all in the room. This respect was not accorded by the great body of the profession outside of the hospital.

CHAPTER XXI.

Decline of the depletory system of practice—Abernethy—Dr. Birkbeck, the promoter of Mechanics' Institutions—Cunning and determination of suicidal patients—Dr. Birkbeck as a physician—Rise of the private medical schools—Remarkable men connected with them—Sir Rutherford Alcock—Dr. O'Shaughnessy—Professor Grant—Sir William Lawrence—Rise of the Webb Street School, in the Borough—Edward Grainger—Richard Grainger—Dr. Armstrong—Dr. Severn.

THE days of the depletory system were now approaching their decline; though they did not reach their close until the appearance of the great epidemic of cholera in 1832. Even Hamilton and his purgative medicines were growing into disrepute, especially with those more observant practitioners who had witnessed their destructive effects in typhoid fever. Almost "all the ills that flesh is heir to" were now laid to the account of the stomach or the liver, and blue pill became almost a universal panacea.

Of Mr. Abernethy personally, I had no knowledge; for curiosity did not lead me to forsake one of Sir Astley Cooper's lectures for the sake of merely seeing so celebrated an individual: but I knew him by his writings, and by those numerous anecdotes by which

he is so well known to the public. Years have now passed away since the grave closed over him; and the public will now judge him calmly, and esteem him as an original, acute, and useful observer of disease. He was not a great operator, and, as a discoverer, perhaps he is chiefly to be remembered as the "discoverer of Richard Owen,"* the far-famed Hunterian professor of the Royal College of Surgeons.

One of the thoughtful and wise physicians of that day, who laboured in various ways in doing good, but was most especially careful to avoid doing harm, was Dr. Birkbeck. He is now remembered as a philanthropist rather than as a physician. The London Mechanics' Institution, founded chiefly by him and Lord Brougham, still lives; and his name has been borrowed by other institutions with which he had nothing to do. The great fault of all institutions formed by the working classes is that they collapse if left to be governed and supported by that class alone.

Personally, I knew Dr. Birkbeck in his character of public teacher and physician, and not in that of philanthropist. He gave a course of about a dozen lectures at the Aldersgate Dispensary, on the "Digestive Organs and their Diseases," which were marked by brevity and common sense. But as there was no claptrap, eccentricity, or flashes of rhetoric, as in some other lectures of that day, his lectures were little noticed, and I am not aware that they were repeated. I took them down, and they

* Now Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B.

probably exist among my manuscripts, but it would be too tedious to quote them here.

He was once called in to one of my patients during my temporary absence from town. It was a case of *delirium tremens* in a very fine young man, the son—I believe the only son—of a Quaker manufacturer in the north, who had come up to London on his father's business. I had left him in the afternoon, apparently doing well and without any danger to life, except from some insane delusion or other which might lead to suicide. To guard against this, I directed one of his friends to conceal himself in the curtain at one side of the bed, so as not to induce him to talk or keep him awake, and still have him always in his view. I had left my patient under the charge of a medical friend, until my return to town the next morning; but, as in the evening he became more restless, his friends sent for Dr. Birkbeck. He came and met my *locum tenens*, and enforced on the friends the great importance of a rigid adherence to all my instructions, especially watchfulness, and the removal of every cutting instrument, or cord, or any other possible instrument of suicide, out of his reach. These precautions proved vain, only because they were not observed. About one o'clock in the morning, the watcher behind the curtain, seeing his patient apparently in a calm sleep, forsook his post, and joined his friends who were sitting up in the room below, thinking that he should hear any movement on the part of the invalid, and be ready immediately to return to him. After about an hour, everything in the meantime being perfectly

quiet in the room above, he returned to his post, when, to his horror, the dead body of his charge presented itself on the bed before him. The mode of suicide adopted was this, the patient drew out the corner of the sheet, and twisting it into a cord, he put it round his neck and pulled at it with both hands until he had produced strangulation.

Another somewhat similar instance of the cunning with which suicidal patients will watch for an opportunity, and of the unsuspected means by which they will accomplish their design, was related to me by Dr. Haslam. A nurse was employed to watch over a suicidal patient on a hot summer's day. In order to make sure of her safety, the nurse put on the camisole.* In the course of the afternoon the patient, who alleged her perfect quietness as a reason for greater liberty, and, as an additional reason for being allowed at least one of her arms, that the weather made it uncomfortable to be tied up so closely, was at length indulged by the nurse with the loosening of the right arm. The unsuspecting nurse, overcome by the heat, went to sleep in her chair, and awoke to find her patient dead. She had quietly wound the strings of the sleeve of the camisole round her neck, and then pulling tightly with her only free arm had strangled herself.

Dr. Birkbeck, I believe, belonged to the Society of Friends, for his dress was in accordance with their rules. He was a little man of moderate muscular development, and of very quiet unassuming manners.

* Strait-waistcoat.

As a man he was much respected, and as a physician I think he deserved much confidence. He was well instructed in anatomy and physiology, cautious and conscientious, and, when it was not possible to do good by active treatment, he would take care to do no harm.

This was the time when the private schools, encouraged by the nepotism and close borough system of the Metropolitan hospitals, had their day of prosperity. Two of these existed in Aldersgate Street: one, in which I was a pupil of Dr. Clutterbuck, and a second, which became more famous by the subsequent celebrity of those who there received their early medical education. It was in the first that I heard the lectures of Birkbeck. But it was the second, that was conducted on the widest scale, and where they had dissecting-rooms, as well as lectures on anatomy and physiology, conducted in open rivalry with those at the neighbouring hospital of Bartholomew. It was understood that this school was supported by Lawrence, of that hospital, and by Tyrrell, of St. Thomas's, who were impatient of the family system of the hospitals, which kept them from occupying chairs as public teachers.

With this school was connected Rutherford Alcock,* both as pupil and teacher of anatomy and surgery, who was destined in after years to play such an important part in our political relations with China and Japan. Here, also, Professor Grant, of the London University, then a young man, gave the first com-

* Now Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B.

prehensive and philosophical lectures on the comparative anatomy of the Invertebrata, basing his arrangement on the conformation of their nervous systems. Here also Dr. O'Shaughnessy began his lectures on chemistry; but after years of struggle, in which, notwithstanding the help of the editor of the *Lancet*, he failed to win celebrity or even a maintenance in London, he emigrated to Hindustan. There, in the service of the East India Company, he perfected the system of the Indian Electric Telegraphs. I have been informed that it was necessary in the erection of the Indian telegraphs to differ materially from the plan adopted in this country. The elephant would have borne down our flimsy wires, and uprooted our telegraph posts; and even the tiger or the rhinoceros might have overturned them. O'Shaughnessy therefore employed wires an inch in diameter when they were carried above ground, and he lodged them on stout posts, like our gate-posts, firmly fixed in the earth, at such a height that all the wild beasts of the jungle might either step or leap over or walk under without any injury to the apparatus.

Lawrence was after a while promoted at Bartholomew's. Probably it was not thought safe to neglect him longer, although Abernethy yet lived. His connection with the Aldersgate school then ceased.

But it was in the Borough that a far more formidable rival to the Borough Hospitals arose, under the genius of perhaps the most remarkable young man of that time, Edward Grainger. He is unknown to the present generation, for he left nothing behind him in any written work, or dissection, or any other of

those permanent forms by which men even when dead continue to speak to successive generations. But surely no one who ever saw and heard him as a living lecturer could forget him. It is now nearly fifty years since I saw and heard this remarkable man at the Webb Street Theatre in the Borough. I went in, expecting nothing, when my eyes were arrested by a noble looking personage about six feet high, with auburn hair, and about thirty years of age. His subject was unpoetical. It was a lecture on general anatomy, but particularly on that of the mucous membrane. To this day I retain the impression of a new interest, like the discovery of a new world, as he unfolded his magnificent generalisations, demonstrating that all the mucous membranes might be reduced to *two*, with which the others were all continuous. These were the Digestive and Respiratory, and the Urinary. One, essentially connected with the maintenance of life; the other, removing that detritus out of the way, which would, if retained, stop its workings. The mental constitution of Edward Grainger appears to me to have much resembled that of Birkbeck. He resembled him also in his early and premature death. He died of consumption as he was beginning his life-work, like a magnificent blossom blown to the earth before it could yield any fruit.

Richard Grainger, the brother and assistant of Edward, attached himself, after the death of the latter, and the breaking up of the Webb Street School, to the school of St. Thomas's Hospital, in which he remained as a teacher for many years, nearly to the time of his death from Bright's

disease. He was a man of integrity and industry, but not a man of genius.

Another man of note in his day who was attached to the Webb Street School, was the lecturer on medicine, Dr. Armstrong. He was, I think, without doubt, by far the most eloquent lecturer in London. What Chalmers and Henry Melville were in the pulpit, that was Armstrong in the Webb Street Theatre. Courting popularity, he opened his theatre to medical men and pupils of other schools, giving certificates of attendance only to those who purchased tickets. His lecture room was crowded, like the theatre at St. Thomas's Hospital when Sir A. Cooper lectured on surgery. Armstrong was a plain man, of the middle size. He was, unlike Elliotson, quite professional in his dress. He had a fine and rather high forehead, and a soft tenor voice, so that his speech was both musical and audible. He never read his lecture, but used some shorthand notes, written upon cards, five or six of which he brought in in his hand, apparently to preserve the thread of his discourse, and at which he took a glance at the end of each of his glowing periods. But there was no hesitation or looking out for the thoughts or the words that were to come next. It was a regular and uninterrupted flow of eloquence until it came to a natural and proper ending, which was generally with the admiration and applause of his audience.

As Clutterbuck's hobby was the brain, which he made the seat of every variety of fever, so Armstrong's was the liver, by its congested veins or its perverted secretions. He was a sincere believer in his own

theories, and he held by the liver to the last, even in his own case. It is remarkable that each of these two brilliant ornaments, who raised and supported the transient fame of the Webb Street School, namely, Edward Grainger and Armstrong, was smitten down in his prime by the same fell destroyer, *phthisis pulmonalis*. But Armstrong to the last differed from his medical friends, who clearly saw him wasting away in the last stage of consumption, by persisting that it was nothing else than the liver. So that in medicine as well as in morals the couplet of Burns equally applies :

“ Oh ! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us.”

It is a well-founded caution which leads medical men not to trust to their own judgments in their own cases and in the cases of the members of their families. I have known a medical practitioner, in pretty large practice, fail to recognise familiar disease in his own person. On another occasion an experienced auscultator came to me in great alarm, asking me to see his daughter, whom he supposed to be suffering from pericarditis. I went, and found no pericarditis, but typhoid fever.

Armstrong's * Lectures on Medicine were published after his death, edited by one of his pupils, Dr. Thompson. I am afraid that it neither paid the editor nor the publisher. Few, very few, spoken orations when reduced to print will produce the same effect as that of the original extempore delivery. The

* My belief is that this was merely a *nom de guerre*, and that Severn was the chief, if not sole, editor.

sermons of Whitfield are plain ; those of the youthful Spencer, which, when spoken by himself, were listened to by enraptured multitudes, read tamely and feebly ; and those of the great Robert Hall, according to the testimony I received from one who had heard him, were only as the noble form of one godlike when living, but from whom the spirit had departed.

Dr. Severn attempted to form a midwifery class and to raise a connection in the City, but he did not succeed. He was a worthy, but not a brilliant man, and he had no patronage. He afterwards became Secretary and Librarian to the London Medical Society in Bolt Court, Fleet Street. He obtained some celebrity, through his discovery, amongst its dusty, neglected records, of an account of the last days of Shakespeare.

CHAPTER XXII.

Places in the Borough Hospitals filled by connexions of Sir A. Cooper—Walter Tyrrell—Bransby Cooper—Aston Key—His excellence as an operator—His popularity and success with the public—His sudden death from cholera—Great merit and success of his son in the naval profession—Mr. Edmund Cock—His success as an operator—The disappointed children of Guy's—Callaway—Dr. Hodgkin, the Quaker physician.

In this place I only make allusion to that great split which divided the united Borough Hospitals henceforth into two separate schools of medicine and surgery. At St. Thomas's Hospital the place of the third surgeon at this time (1823-4) was filled by Walter Tyrrell. He afterwards gave himself up to ophthalmic practice, and in that department was a safe operator, and a skilful, observant practitioner, relying more on constitutional than on local treatment of the large numbers of the poor who resorted to the Ophthalmic Infirmary at Moorfields. Walter Tyrrell married a niece of Sir Astley Cooper.

Bransby Cooper, a nephew of Sir Astley, filled the office of Demonstrator of Anatomy for a time when I was a pupil at St. Thomas's. He had lost one eye, which, while to some extent marring his personal

appearance, did not detract from his undoubted merits as an industrious student of surgery. He left the ranks of the army, in which he was a lieutenant, to join his distinguished uncle, who had no child. He was frank, good-natured, and popular with the students, but he had not his uncle's powers of observation, or faculty for incessant work. He was also somewhat hasty and blundering in his manner. He afterwards became one of the surgeons of Guy's Hospital, in which position he had the misfortune to incur some criticisms of the reporter of the *Lancet* upon an operation performed by him for stone. These became the subject of an action for libel, the results of which were for a time very disastrous to the private practice of Bransby Cooper.

The strict justice or truth of those criticisms is a matter of doubt. Ultimately, I think, they were regretted by their authors, and the verdict of posterity will be that he was a persecuted man. But the power of his critics (I will not say his enemies, for I believe Bransby had no personal enemies) arose from another cause, the supposed nepotism of Sir Astley, who was thought to have preferred his relations to more deserving candidates for the office of surgeon to the Borough Hospital.

I think Bransby might have outlived all this, but a rising star from the north, in the person of the celebrated Robert Liston, appeared upon the stage, whose success as a brilliant operator, no doubt interfered with all the principal operating surgeons of the metropolis; and Bransby complained to some of his friends that it specially interfered with his own. He, however, maintained a fair position as a

surgeon and an author; but he never obtained a reputation or success that could be compared with that of his uncle, Sir Astley. Bransby died of hæmorrhage in the hall of the Athenæum Club-house, when he had not long passed his prime.

Another of the surgeons of Guy's, related by marriage to Sir Astley, was one who did honour to his judgment in selecting and recommending him. He was, except Liston, the most dexterous, and, at the same time, the coolest operator I ever saw in a London operating theatre. Nature had given him a keen eye and a sure hand. At any rifle contest I expect he would have been the victor. And his presence of mind was equal to the most unexpected exigencies. This was Aston Key. He was a light, active spare man, a little below the average height, probably not more than five feet six inches. He had a long face with a sharp profile, and a high, broad, but somewhat retreating forehead. His perception, for its rapidity and general accuracy, exceeded that of most men. Good-tempered to the students and kind to the patients, he was a general favourite. Not only were the wards crowded when he went round, but his consulting-rooms, in St. Helen's Place, soon became crowded also. An instance of his presence of mind I witnessed in the theatre of Guy's. A young woman was brought in with enlarged thyroid gland. I am not sure whether Key proposed to extirpate it (a daring operation), or whether he merely proposed to ligature the arteries that supplied it on one side. But in carefully dissecting the artery from its connections with a director, he pulled a small branch from its trunk, leaving a small round hole where it had been attached.

A pool of blood filled immediately the whole of the wound, through which it was impossible to see anything. Key immediately compressed the carotid artery, and with a sponge sopped up the blood, and as soon as the little opening was perceptible, he pinched up the artery between his thumb and forefinger, called upon an assistant to pass a temporary ligature underneath the living forceps, and thus having arrested the hæmorrhage, he went on with the operation to its close. Unfortunately the patient did not long survive it, having died, it was said, from the irritation set up in the important parts which were in close vicinity to the wound; and the experiment failed in its primary object, that of ascertaining how far it might be possible to check or destroy the growth of bronchocele by cutting off the blood supply.

Key was still in the prime of life when he had already acquired a large fortune. He lost, however, a large portion of it by lending it to a brother-in-law, who was unsuccessful. He did not very long survive this loss, for his splendid career was cut short by an attack of epidemic cholera. He was prescribing for a patient in his own consulting-room when he was attacked. He immediately apologised to his patient, threw down his pen, and never returned to complete the unfinished prescription. His *confrères* came to see him, but nothing effective could be done, and in only a few hours from the attack, the leading surgeon of Guy's was no more.

In addition to the consolation that her husband still lived in the esteem of his patients, and in the pages of Guy's Hospital Reports, Mrs. Key had in

future years the great joy of seeing her son, Astley Cooper Key, as distinguished in the naval service as his father had been in the surgical profession. By his hand Commissioner Lin was captured at Canton; and his reputation for personal courage was eclipsed by his celebrity as one of the most scientific officers in Her Majesty's service. May Admiral Key long live to serve his country!

Mr. Edmund Cock, a fellow-pupil of mine, was another relative of Sir Astley; and he also became ultimately a surgeon of Guy's Hospital. Though in his youth he was an inoffensive young man, remarkable for nothing but the steady industry and care with which he finished his dissections, yet he ultimately earned a place among the distinguished operators of Guy's. He was already past middle-life, when he was suddenly called upon to relieve a patient from the most imminent danger of death, from having swallowed in his sleep a set of artificial teeth. These had passed into the œsophagus, and were out of reach of any instrument whereby they might have been drawn back into the mouth. Mr. Cock undertook the fearful risk of finding his way through the network of arteries, veins, important nerves, and muscles, by a long incision in the side of the neck, through which he drew this most irregular, pointed, and awkward of substances, without doing any injury, for the patient made a good recovery. On a second occasion Mr. Cock successfully performed this difficult operation. Mr. Cock never attained much celebrity with the public. He was a singularly unpretending, unambitious man. For a time he lived in a small street at Islington, but ultimately

took up his abode in St. Thomas's Street, until he retired from private practice into the country.

These four surgeons, Bransby Cooper, Key, Tyrrell, and Cock, were supposed to be indebted to their family connexion with Sir Astley for their position as hospital surgeons, rather than to their real superiority. Yet they were all good surgeons, and Key and Tyrrell would have distinguished themselves without any adventitious aid.

But the charge of nepotism arose probably from the passing over of other men of distinguished merit, who were thought to have had a prior claim at the hands of the authorities at Guy's Hospital. The first of these was Thomas Callaway, a man who, in my student days, was accounted a star of nearly the first magnitude. As successor to Dr. Shearman in the chair of the London Medical Society, at Bolt Court, he gave great satisfaction to all the members. Always courteous to those who were unconsciously out of order, always ready to supply any lack of matter in others, well read in medical as well as surgical literature, always brilliant, frequently humorous, and never arrogant;—I never saw any one who so well fulfilled the duties of his office.

Another case of unfair treatment by the authorities of Guy's was that of my worthy friend, Dr. Hodgkin. He was a member of the Society of Friends; and he was remarkable for the indefatigable industry and patience with which he laboured at everything committed to his hand. After working for some years, inoculating others with his spirit of calm and persevering effort, and publishing two volumes, which testify his superior powers of observation as

well as of application, he found himself passed over; and, although one of the most patient and modest of men, he could not brook the injustice, and retired from the school he had so much benefited by his example.

Dr. Hodgkin would have succeeded better in private practice had his health been good. But he was subject to periodic headaches, similar to the *migraine* of French authors. He was also unfortunate in losing a considerable portion of his property in a brickmaking speculation. Yet no one better deserved to win or, perhaps, would have made a better use of wealth; for he was a most benevolent man, full of true public spirit, and he joined in almost every philanthropic enterprise, whether for the benefit of his own countrymen or the aborigines of other lands. As a physician, Dr. Hodgkin was opposed to the *heroic* practice of his day. Once I called him in to a delicate patient of mine who was suffering from dysentery, which had been aggravated by treatment of this kind under the direction of one of the popular physicians of the day. Our patient was still further debilitated because he had had from infancy a great repugnance to animal food, and was therefore almost an exclusive vegetarian, pale, anemic, and with as little of mental as of bodily vigour. I treated him with a decoction of oak bark in milk, which I have often found of great value in the chronic diarrhœa of delicate children. "I have no objection to thy medicine, friend Mann," said Hodgkin. "I suppose we shall run no risk of converting the inside of our patient into leather. Yet, if it please thee,

I should like to try simply the *mistura cetacei composita*." This does not find a place in modern pharmacopoeias, but it was a great favourite with the old accoucheur, and with the practitioners of the beginning of this century for its supposed healing virtues. Under a regulated diet, and with little other medicine than the compound of eggs, spermaceti, and sugar, our patient lost his dysenteric symptoms. He continued in improved health for nearly two years ; when there came the visitation of cholera in 1852, which was fatal to him in two or three days.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Usual mode of passing the day—Publication of the *Lancet*—Suspicion of my shorthand notes—Mr. Wakley's mode of taking notes—Formation of our private *coterie* for study by Archer, Nicholl, and myself — Walter Raleigh — His wonderful memory.

FROM speaking of my contemporaries and teachers, men on whom I shall always look back with no small degree of interest, and to whom I owe great obligations, to whom society also is largely indebted for the improved condition both of practice and practitioners in the present day, I now turn for a while to what more nearly concerns my own autobiography.

My usual mode of passing the day was somewhat as follows. When there was no lecture to be attended in the morning, I went to the hospital, generally to St. Thomas's, to which I considered myself more especially attached, and attended the surgeon or physician in his walk round the wards. As I could not properly attend to both on the same day, I attended the surgeon on one day and the physician on another.

Of Mr. Travers, the senior surgeon, formerly apprentice of the celebrated Cline, I saw but little. He was a noble-looking man, had a high reputation

as an oculist, and had added largely to his estimation as a practical surgeon by his book on "Constitutional Irritation." But he was nervous, reserved, and distant, and seemed to move in too high a sphere to converse with students.

Joseph Henry Green was, no doubt, conscious of his own superior attainments, but he condescended to us. There was nothing vain or arrogant in the independence of his manner, and he had received me with courtesy when I first entered the class. He was always ready to answer questions; and though now and then his language was not as polished as it might have been expected to be, yet it probably arose from a wish to make himself more familiar and intelligible, that his pupil might feel that he was desirous to make him fully understand the subject that was before him. Generally, therefore, it was to me most agreeable and most profitable in visiting the surgical patients to accompany Mr. Green.

On the alternate days when the physician attended the hospital, I went round with Dr. Elliotson or Dr. Scott. Of these gentlemen I have previously written.

On the physicians' taking-in day (Thursday), when it fell to Dr. Scott's turn, I generally contrived to be present. Dr. Scott held that in going round a room he could discern which were the cases of fever by their physiognomy. He was not often mistaken. I fancy I acquired something of the same physiognomical skill, which, although I did not trust to it alone, I found of much value to me in after life. I refer especially to incipient typhoid and typhus, and also to simple continued fever.

After the hospital visit I went to dinner, following the example of Sir Astley, who always chose to take his principal daily meal about one o'clock. I always dined at an eating-house, where I obtained a plate of meat, a small plate of pudding or pastry, bread, cheese, and a glass of porter, with a penny to the waiter, for a shilling. I have heard that the worthy father of the distinguished Dr. Elliotson never exceeded sixpence, although he gave his purveyor the trouble of sending it into his shop.

Immediately after dinner it was time to go to the Anatomical Lecture at St. Thomas's Hospital, which was generally given by Mr. Green; but one part, that on the reproductive organs, Sir Astley always gave himself. This lasted until about 3 p.m., when I went into the dissecting room and there occupied myself until about 5 p.m., when I went to my lodgings to tea. Then on three days in the week I attended the midwifery class at Bartholomew's at 7 p.m., returning home at 9 p.m. to review my notes and prepare for the morrow. On Friday, and, I believe, also on Monday at 8 p.m., Sir Astley gave his lectures on surgery at St. Thomas's Anatomical Theatre, which I took down nearly at full length, in shorthand, according to the urgent advice of my friend Dr. Stenson. When an evening intervened in which there was no lecture, I generally spent it in the splendid library of the London Institution, Moorfields, to which I had at all times free admission by the ivory ticket of my good friend, Dr. Scott, of St. Thomas's Hospital.

At this time the *Lancet* was first published by

Wakley. As I wrote shorthand and Mr. Wakley did not, it was suspected that I furnished him with copy. I should have judged this to be highly ungrateful on my part without the permission and even the request of Sir Astley Cooper. I, therefore, took an early opportunity of requesting Mr. South to inform Sir Astley, that I wrote for myself alone, and furnished no notes to anyone. I have repeatedly sat at Mr. Wakley's side and watched his method of taking notes. With a reporter's book laid on the rail in front of him or on his knee, he would rapidly write a word here and a word there; and so wonderfully accurate was his verbal memory, that he was able to fill every hiatus, in writing out copy for the printer after the lecture. Nay, he could do this in the dark; for when all the lights were purposely put out at Abernethy's lecture at Bartholomew's, the report in the *Lancet* appeared just the same. One day Travers delivered a clinical lecture upon a case of operation at St. Thomas's. Wakley came without his notebook. No matter; the lecture appeared in print in the next number of the *Lancet*.

These great surgeons had far less confidence in themselves than the public had in them. They thought that these lectures, containing many things spoken on the spur of the moment, would often contain hasty opinions, or expressions inconsistent with former teaching or future experience; not duly reflecting that if we only take care to repeat the testimony of Nature, she will always be true to herself, and really uniform, even where her facts are apparently inconsistent with some of her teachings.

Perhaps, in some instances, they wished to write and publish themselves, and, where lectures were written, to be able to repeat them without the trouble of recasting them. However this might be, the Press had gained a victory, which, in the end, was highly beneficial to the lecturers, the pupils, and the public.

The practice of publishing lectures was approved by Dr. Elliotson. The result, so far as he was concerned, afterwards fully justified his judgment; for the publication of his lectures by Mr. Wakley had doubled his practice the first year, and then again nearly doubled it the second year after their appearance.

At this time (about February, 1823) I was drawn out of my solitary studies at home by the following circumstances. A female friend of Sir Astley Cooper had a nephew at St. Thomas's named Archer, who did not make any satisfactory progress in his studies; and she asked Sir Astley what he would advise. He replied, "Put him with a companion who will work." She inquired whether he could recommend one, on which he did me the honour of naming myself. Accordingly, on an evening after lecture, a smartly-dressed student, in a white hat, accosted me, soliciting the favour of a short walk with me, in which he mentioned Sir A. Cooper's recommendation, and begged me to consider whether we could agree to lodge and work together. I replied that I must take a week to think on the matter.

At the end of that time I told him that, having reflected carefully on the matter, I found that it never had been in my power to study without having the greater part of my time to myself, and I could not

therefore think of sharing my lodging with any one, but that if he was willing I would endeavour to meet his wishes in another way. If he could find another friend to join us, I proposed that we should meet at each other's lodgings to tea once a week, that we should always have some subject to study, that our first study should be the bones, when one should have a bone to demonstrate its various processes, foramina, etc., and the two others should each have a book to correct the demonstrator's mistakes, and that the demonstrator should be the chairman of the evening. Archer found a fellow-student named Nicholl, who being a plodding, industrious fellow, was happy to join in this arrangement. For a month or two it worked very well. We were punctual in observing our self-imposed regulations, and had begun to feel interested in our work. But Archer and I having joined in a dissection, he was so unfortunate as to wound himself. Inflammation of the lymphatic vessels followed, extending up to the axilla; and this was followed by abscesses, and by such an upsetting of his health that he was advised for a time to leave the hospitals, and go into the country to recruit, and so we saw no more of him for that session.

In the following winter session Archer returned to the Borough, and we resumed our meetings. These continued at intervals until near Christmas, when Archer yielded to the invitations of his inconsiderate relatives, and joined them. In this way his imperfect reformation was broken up, and we again lost sight of him, this time to return no more to our little circle, and tea-table demonstrations.

I have heard that Archer afterwards obtained his diploma and entered into practice in a neighbourhood in which his family was known. After a time, however, his health failed, he became insane, and died. Perhaps this subsequent occurrence of mental disease was but the culmination of those irregularities in study, and of that inertness, which he manifested as a pupil. I regard the following strange proposal of Archer as an evidence of the same incipient tendency to unsoundness. One day he said to me, "I am going to dine with my brother on Sunday, to meet my cousin, whom it is understood I am to marry. She has good property, and is an agreeable person, but I had rather not be under such an engagement. I wish you would go and see her, and if you can make yourself acceptable, I shall be very willing to give her up to you." I thanked him for his goodwill, and declined his invitation, because I had another engagement to dinner, and as for marriage, I did not intend to think of it for years to come.

Of Nicholl, the other member of our little *coterie*, I never heard anything from the time when I quitted London for Bourton-on-the-Water in 1824. Such are some of the friendships of youth, enjoyable while they last; but like acquaintances on board a vessel are many of the companionships of life. The voyage is ended, the passengers pass off by different routes, and they meet no more, and other friends and other associations take their place.

Another of my fellow-students at St. Thomas's Hospital was Walter Raleigh. He came from Exeter; and he knew some of the family of Rawlings, who were the children or grandchildren of my grand-

father's younger brother. He told me that he was the lineal descendant and living representative of the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh of the Court of Queen Elizabeth. He was about five feet, or somewhat less, in height; and he wore a blue frock coat, and was in other respects well dressed. He was rarely seen at the hospital until after 10 a.m., and I never once saw him in the dissecting-room, or in the company of the physician's pupils.

Raleigh was, however, tolerably punctual in his attendance at the anatomical class, and at the examinations was distinguished by the readiness and also by the general correctness of his answers. In truth, he had a wonderful memory, and as he knew beforehand what was the subject of the lecture, he could read himself up for the purpose. He once told me that by reading a page once or twice through, he could make himself master of the contents. Whether he retained his knowledge as firmly, as he acquired it easily, I cannot tell.

The Directors of the East India Company had that session offered an assistant-surgeoncy as a prize to the pupil at the Borough Schools who should, upon examination, appear to be most worthy. I did not intend to compete, because I knew my parents would never have consented to the expatriation of their only surviving child. Nor did it suit my finances to stay in town after the close of the session. Raleigh gained the prize, and went out to India with his military commission. He was stationed in Calcutta, with permission to engage in private practice, and he attended as their family and warehouse attendant on some of my friends in Calcutta.

In conversing with them about his appointment, he told them that the only rival he had feared in the competition was a gentleman named Mann, and he felt more confident on seeing that he was not present. I have heard that Raleigh made a good fortune, and returned to England.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Difficulties in the study of practical anatomy—Resurrection men—Summer session—Dr. Conquest's lectures—Henry W. Mortimer—Lodging at his house during the summer—Introduction to his sister and her family—Dr. Bull.

Brande and Faraday's Chemical Course at the Royal Institution—Sketch of Faraday, Brande's youthful assistant—Faraday's theory of the metallic constitution of nitrogen—Experiments favouring this view—Religious character and connections of Faraday.

DURING this period (1823-4), from the great difficulty experienced in England in acquiring subjects for dissection, a class of men, called Resurrection men, were employed by the principal anatomical lecturers, to procure subjects for the dissection rooms. It was generally suspected that these were stolen from various places of sepulture, but it sometimes happened that they were bodies stolen before they had been committed to the grave.

One morning, as I entered the square of St. Thomas's Hospital, I observed one of the most diligent of our students and the best of our dissectors lounging against one of the pillars. I walked up to him and said, "Why, is it you, Wright, thus letting time pass and doing nothing? What is the matter?" He said, "You know how I was dissecting with

great care the arteries of the head and neck; and on coming this morning to the dissecting room, I found all my work had been taken away." On referring to our demonstrator, he told me that the Bow Street officers had been at the Hospital with search warrants, on information that the body of a gentleman, who had died at a lodging-house at Kennington, had been stolen from the room in which it was laid out, and brought here. Our servants had conjectured that this was the body in question, and therefore they had hidden it. It turned out that this conjecture was correct, and the body was restored to the relations. Mr. Green (not knowing how it had been acquired) had given for it the large sum of sixteen guineas.

Afterwards, when the murderous practices of Burke and Hare had been brought to light, public indignation was aroused; and ultimately the House of Commons passed the Anatomy Act, for the disposal of unclaimed bodies for the purpose of dissection; which, however, does but imperfectly answer its purpose, for want of the co-operation of parochial authorities.

The winter session of 1823 having reached its close, I determined to spend a summer session in London, in order to give more attention to chemistry and midwifery. For this purpose, I entered at the Royal Institution as a pupil of Brande and Faraday; and for the lectures delivered by Dr. Conquest at his own house in Finsbury Square; and also, having attended Laurence's lectures on diseases of the eye, I attended, by the special desire of my friend Dr. Stenson, the practice at the Ophthalmic Institution, Moorfields.

At the lecture room of Dr. Conquest I met a young man who introduced himself to me as one recommended by the lecturer to cultivate my acquaintance. He said his name was Mortimer, and that, although he was a gun manufacturer, he had wished to learn some portion of medical science, as he was about to proceed to a remote part of Tasmania, where the English Government had made him a grant of five hundred acres of land. Dr. Conquest had told him that I could further his wishes, both in preparing for midwifery and for any other medical or surgical exigencies that might arise.

As I found that he was a respectable man, related to a clergyman of the same name, then officiating in Gray's Inn Road, I walked home with him, and he introduced me to his wife in Hoxton, near Hoxton Academy Chapel. The next time we met, he persuaded me to take lodgings with him for the ensuing summer session; because the walks to and fro from the Borough would improve my health, and he would have a larger opportunity of converse with me in relation to his professional studies.

He introduced me to a married sister, who became my patient when I settled in London, and my warm friend until her death. There are some persons to whom we take a fancy at first sight, and who, notwithstanding, do not afterwards lose the esteem and confidence with which we are disposed to regard them. Mrs. Blanch was one of those, and for a large portion of the fifty years that followed, we continued to be fast friends. Her father was once an apprentice of the celebrated gun-maker Manton. Her husband was an apprentice of

her father, Mr. Mortimer, when she was yet a child ; and as she grew up a lively, bright, and good-looking young lady it was quite natural for him to become attached to one constantly thrown into his company. He was somewhat older, but the disparity was not great ; and his love was one of the most intense and unchanging I ever knew. She lived to seventy, but the last ten years of her life were burdened with great infirmities. To her great satisfaction I was able to attend upon her in all her attacks until the last. Her husband lived to be more than eighty, surviving his wife by some years.

When I visited London occasionally, I made their house my home, prior to the period of my settling down in the great city. Through them I occasionally heard of my old pupil after his settlement, first in Tasmania, and then in Australia. He did not return to pay a visit to the old country until 1870, when he came to see me with Mrs. Mortimer, at my house at Hornsey Rise. Forty-six years had elapsed from the time of our first meeting in Finsbury Square. His two eldest sons had died since then ; and similar bereavements had fallen on myself. Thus we had a review that embraced periods of great interest, some of sorrow, some of joy ; but all, no doubt, made to work together for our good.

He told me that his professional studies, although very imperfect, had proved of great value to him, and sometimes to his neighbours in Tasmania ; where, at the time of his first settlement, there was no regular medical man within twelve or fourteen miles' distance. Thus he acted as physician or surgeon, as the case required, and his services were often much esteemed,

but he did not think himself entitled to take any fees. My friend returned home in peace, but without submitting to any operation for the restoration of his vision, which had become much impaired in both eyes. I sent him to my friend Critchett, one of the best operators, but I suppose he was not sufficiently encouraged by the oculist's prognosis to venture on the expense, delay, and uncertainty of the experiment.

One of the most distinguished students in Dr. Conquest's class was a son of the Rev. J. Bull, and brother of his successor at Newport Pagnell. He afterwards became known as Dr. Bull of Finsbury, and author of a popular work on Diseases of Children. He had the misfortune to lose his sight quite in the prime of life, and his life a few years later. His works, however, still outlive him.

Another was Mr. A. M. Randall, who married one of the daughters of the Rev. John Clayton, Jun. He entered into practice apparently with great advantages, in addition to the patronage of the Claytons. He was Secretary to the Apothecaries' Company and one of the Court of Examiners, and was, I believe, a good practitioner. But early in his career he became loaded with debts: and he had also great family troubles. After a long and apparently prosperous career, he retired from all his employments into private life in the country.

I believe it was during this summer session that I attended in part the lectures on chemistry at the Royal Institution, which were given in the Laboratory, precisely at 9 a.m., by Brande, assisted by Faraday. To attend these it was necessary, whilst

I was resident in the Borough, that I should rise at 7 a.m., breakfast at 7.30, and set out from Weston Street precisely at 8, the distance being about four miles to Albemarle Street. Here I pause a moment to reflect on the goodness of that Providence which gave to me so punctual and devoted a landlady, who never failed to have everything ready for me in time. She was a member of the New Jerusalem Church. Poor but honest woman, I am afraid she found but rarely an opportunity of attending their worship! I never could find her after my departure from London in 1824. She cannot now be living on earth, and I hope she has found a better home in the Jerusalem above.

I never can forget the pleasure with which on a holiday in winter, while I was still resident at Morton, and rather younger than Faraday, I first read Mrs. Marcet's "*Conversations on Chemistry*," especially the section on Electro-Chemistry, and the glorious discovery of Sir Humphry Davy of the metallic bases of potash and soda. This was the same book which filled with enthusiasm the youthful Faraday, although at that time I knew it not. But I knew that, upon the spot on which I now gazed, and at the desk where Brande was now standing, there Davy had stood, and had made known his wonderful revelations to the scientific world. Nearly half a century has passed since that time, not to destroy or falsify the discoveries of the great chemist, but to add illustrations of the truth of his generalizations in relation to the alkalies and earths. And modern chemistry has added to its means of research spectrum analysis, by which, passing through

the planetary spaces, it demonstrates in some of those bodies, even in the sun itself, the presence of elements (in an incandescent state) similar to, and identical with, those which are found in our own world.

In his researches, which had as yet hardly commenced, Faraday has shown himself greater than his master, in what Bacon called "anticipations of Nature." This was especially the case in his investigations of the nature, laws, and relations of electricity and magnetism.

And what was Faraday like at this time? I can vividly remember him, as an attractive young man, rather below the middle height, about twenty-four years of age, his hair resting in rich brown curls upon his shoulders; active, attentive, and unfailing in the experiments he performed for Mr. Brande; as unlike in person to the Faraday whom I afterwards saw when he had arrived nearly at sixty, as the portrait of Charles Dickens, by Maclise, at twenty-four, to that taken more than thirty years after.

His bodily strength and beauty, and ultimately his profoundly patient and persevering mind, fell into decay, until Faraday became the wreck of his former self. Happily for Charles Dickens, he died before his brain began to decay. But the superior favour which Providence seemed to bestow upon Faraday, was the continual progress of his mind, until the decay of his bodily machine impeded and finally arrested its movements. This is admirably developed in the publication of his "Life and Letters," by Dr. Bence Jones. It is said that

Mr. Davies Gilbert,* once talking with Sir Humphry Davy about his discoveries, stopped short and exclaimed, "But the greatest discovery you made, Davy, was the discovery of Faraday."

The proprietor of a celebrated baking powder once consulted me on a subject that gave him much concern, and caused him much loss. Many of his packages which had been sent to Australia, had been returned to him as spoiled by the climate. The baking powder was essentially a preparation of tartaric acid and carbonate of soda. When the tin canisters were opened, about one-third of their contents had disappeared, and in its place was a compound of ammonia, and ammonia in a gaseous state. I advised him that he must eliminate everything from the powder which contained nitrogen. We considered its composition and did so, but still the same accident and loss recurred. Then I remembered reading an experiment of Faraday, in which he found that he could produce ammonia without the presence of nitrogen, if there was present a portion of metal. I suggested that the powders for Australia should be packed in wood. This was done; and the ammoniacal transformation no more took place, to the great joy and advantage of the manufacturer.

Probably, from some such experiment as I have mentioned, the belief arose which Faraday held, that nitrogen has a metallic basis. This has been almost demonstrated by its action on palladium, with which it seems to form an amalgam. It has

* Then, and for some years afterwards, President of the Royal Society.

also been supposed to give peculiar properties to steel. In this transformation of the baking powder, it would therefore appear that a portion of nitrogenium from the tin case united with hydrogen derived from some hydrate in the powder, and thus formed the ammonia, which, uniting with the acid of the baking powder, entirely changed its appearance and properties.

I remember also that Sir C. Bell, when discoursing on the immense power of two long levers united by a hinge joint, stated that the impress on coins was stamped in this way, and that it might be given with such force as to cause the coin to explode and endanger the stability of the building. This strange result of a strong percussion may be easily accounted for, if we suppose a small quantity of nitrogenium to be present in many, if not all, metals; as we know that a more violent explosion of all the nitrites, such as dynamite, gun-cotton, and nitro-glycerine, may be brought about by percussion, than by the direct application of fire.

It would be a great omission to leave out of my sketch of Faraday, however slight, his sincere, unwavering religious character. Belonging to a small sect, who in the main adopted the theology of Calvin, but who added to it some peculiarities, in which they followed their leader Sandeman, he never forsook his early belief or the associations of his youth. He married a member of the same fellowship, and he was for two years one of the preaching elders (for they own no minister); and Dr. Bence Jones, in his interesting work, gives a copy of the notes of one of Faraday's sermons.

Faraday's Chapel was at the end of Jacob's Well Court, Barbican, and near to the old Barbican Chapel in which for some years I worshipped. At that time I was not aware that Faraday ever officiated, else I would have endeavoured to hear him. Very few people attended; but there was one couple who always used to dash up to the entrance of the court in a handsome old carriage and pair. The demeanour of the Sandemanians was rather repellent than inviting. The chapel door was indeed open, but you saw no one near it; and whenever I have looked in, the congregation seemed to be absent. I would not say they were indifferent to other Christians, but doubtless they were unsocial. I was told that one peculiarity was that they celebrated the Lord's Supper as an ordinary meal. This statement was confirmed by the appearance of dinner plates in a wooden rack at one of the windows.

But, whatever might be the apparent eccentricities of the outward form of religious belief to which Faraday was attached, the fruit it bore in the moral character of the man was sublime, and, humanly speaking, faultless. Admired by his countrymen, honoured by foreigners, and envied even by his own master, Davy, he was still the same plain, upright, unpretending man, not seeking fame, nor bowing before unmerited censure, and in the little circle at home finding his loved and best retreat.

He was offered a title, but he had accumulated no property to give it splendour, and he declined being encumbered with the honour. Honoured by his Sovereign, and having had the Heir-Apparent as a

pupil, he accepted from his Royal friends only a cottage in Richmond Park, in which the hoary and enfeebled philosopher might find a refuge, and in which, leaving the glory of science, he might gently pass his remaining days in looking on the beauties of nature, and leaning upon his faith in nature's God.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Brande as lecturer—His distrust of fractions in chemical equivalents — The Ophthalmic Infirmary, Moorfields — Dr. Farre—Lawrence Tyrrell—Flap operation for Cataract—Consummate dexterity of Mr. Alexander.

AFTER the warm acknowledgment of the sense I now entertain, and had even then begun to feel, of the extraordinary merits of Faraday, it is due to Mr. Brande to give some notice of him also. Brande was a practical man, but not a genius; whereas Faraday was both. Brande, however, was an excellent lecturer, regular in his arrangement of his topics, straightforward in his exposition of facts (with which, rather than with theories, he made it his business to deal), happy in his choice of illustrations, and happier still in his assistant illustrator. He was also candid and gentlemanly in his bearing towards his youthful assistant, and ready to make a full acknowledgment of his merits. Mr. Brande published "*Elements of Chemistry*," which for some years was looked on as a standard book, and also a *Manual of Pharmacy*, for which his connection with Apothecaries' Hall rendered him fully competent.

He was for some time Master of the Mint. He reached a good old age, and I think he was already

eighty, when one day I met him in Moorgate Street, and spoke of the time when I was a pupil at the Royal Institution. He was pleased with the revival of old associations. I said there was one question which I wished to ask him. He was aware that in the arrangement of chemical equivalents on the hydrogen scale, all were reckoned as simple multiples of unity, which was the basis of that scale. Now, however, fractions had been introduced. Thus, chlorine was now 35 and a fraction. Did he think we had as yet arrived at accuracy of manipulation such as to warrant these changes? He replied that he thought we had not.

From the Laboratory of the Royal Institution it was my custom to walk through Oxford Street and Holborn, Smithfield, Jewin Street, Fore Street, and Finsbury Circus, to the Ophthalmic Infirmary, Moorfields. Here Lawrence, Tyrrell and, I believe, Macmurdo were the surgeons; and the venerable Dr. Farre (whom we never saw there) was consulting physician. To the honour of a man remarkable in his day, I would, however, mention that to him Pereira, in a conversation with me, attributed the origination of the practice of giving mercury to subdue the inflammation in iritis, and to promote the absorption of the effused lymph.

Amongst the surgeons, no doubt Lawrence was *facile princeps*. He was the most dexterous operator, the most elegant and accomplished lecturer, the most rapid in his diagnoses, the most decided in his treatment. The treatment, however, of some forms of ophthalmia, which he had at first adopted upon a false theory, was so unsuccessful that he had after-

wards to revolutionise it, substituting local astringents and quinine for bold and profuse blood-letting and leeching.

Although inferior in mental power to his colleague, yet Tyrrell was esteemed a better practitioner. More slow and cautious, he seldom pushed any treatment to an extreme, and while not neglectful of local measures, he was more attentive to those which were constitutional. He was also more courteous, patient, and painstaking with the pupils. From these causes Tyrrell became both a popular and successful oculist. In his operations there was nothing brilliant, but then neither was there anything blundering.

To Lawrence, Providence granted a long life, but Tyrrell, like his brother-in-law, Key, was suddenly cut off in his prime. Meeting him in consultation about 1836, Tyrrell asked after my health. I replied that I should think I had not much reason to complain if it were not for constitutional asthma. He replied, "I wish I had asthma." I professed myself quite at a loss to discover how that could be a benefit. "It would compel me," he said, "to take care of my health, which, under present circumstances, is not in my power." Some time after this interview, possibly three or four years, Tyrrell was attending a sale by auction of a pretty residence in the country, which he had a mind to purchase for himself. In the midst of the bidding, he fell down and died. It had been suspected previously that he had heart disease, and, from the anecdote I have related, he had probably some consciousness of internal disease, that required rest and tranquillity for the postponement of its fatal issue.

Tyrrell's work on "Diseases of the Eye" was thought more practical and found more favour with the profession than the elaborate work of his colleague, Lawrence. But the invention of the ophthalmoscope and the rapid march of ophthalmic surgery have led to treatises from Critchett, Dixon, Soelberg, Wells, and Bader, which have pretty well superseded those of their predecessors.

Lawrence was at this time in the prime of life. He was an eminently successful lecturer. Familiar both with the ancient languages of Greece and Rome and the modern languages of France and Germany, and well versed in the professional literature of ancient and modern times, he stood as it were on a pedestal above all his contemporaries.

On the other hand, in the moral estimate of his character, whether in respect of the steadfastness of his friendship, his generosity, his religious consistency, his liberality to patients, his consideration for his pupils, his modest estimate of his own worth, or his demeanour towards others, I think the position of the *man* would stand in contrast with that of the *professor*.

I have seen the flap operation of cataract performed by Lawrence, Tyrrell, and Alexander of the Cork Street Infirmary, and the needle operation by Dupuytren. The first two used the lower, but the latter the upper flap. Lawrence and Tyrrell were dexterous, but their dexterity was clumsiness when compared with the magic agility of Alexander. His method was to seat the patient in a chair and place himself behind him. He stood on a stand a little higher than the floor, he relied on no assistant,

and he had no instrument to keep the eyelids open. "Now," he said to the patient, "you must count one—two—three, and go on counting one—two—three until I tell you all is done; besides that, you must not speak nor stir." The patient on this occasion was an old man from the country, sent by my friend Dr. Stenson. He had cataract in both eyes, and the operation was performed on both at the same sitting, and with complete success.

Alexander's aim was as sure as that of an expert rifleman, and his hand as true as that of a prestidigitator. As you looked on, you saw the blade of the cornea knife enter the anterior chambers, tarry a moment, and then complete the section; another little instrument then opened the capsule of the lens, which, after slight pressure, passed out, and the operation was finished.

But in order to realise success, the operator required the utmost passivity of the patient and of all in the room. A medical friend of mine had a patient, a rich old lady, on whom Alexander had been engaged to operate for a fee of two hundred pounds. In the midst of the operation, my friend, who was a loud-talking and rather restless man, made some observation. Alexander looked thunder, but did not speak while others were in the room; but after they had left, with a battery of oaths he opened upon my friend with the most severe reflections for having "spoiled the operation" with his uncalled-for babble. This, unfortunately for the patient, turned out to be the case, for the operation was quite unsuccessful.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Feelings on leaving London—Parting calls on Sir Astley Cooper and Dr. Elliotson.

It was with mixed feelings that I now contemplated a separation from my much-loved studies in London. My profession was pursued *con amore*, not only by the continuance of that *penchant* by which from the first I had been inspired, but also by catching something of the fervour and enthusiasm which so constantly shone in the instructions and example of my great teacher, Sir Astley Cooper.

I had also contracted many ties of attachment to London, in the circle of public men and of private friends.

Amongst public men, I should place first Sir Astley Cooper. He had always regarded me with kindness, and looked upon me with a sort of sympathetic approval for the constancy of my attendance upon studies, which he regarded with the fondness of a devotee. On one occasion, twenty-five years after this period, I was with a very eminent surgeon, when the latter somewhat startled me by the assertion that Sir Astley Cooper was not a *thinking* man. Probably, in

striking out bold generalizations, and in discussing the most important links in a series of concatenated phenomena, the speaker himself was gifted with a genius more original and a perception more profound; but the great eminence which Sir Astley Cooper obtained above most of his contemporaries was due to his being a *working* man and a *practical* man. His labours were incessant; and there was hardly any fact, however trivial it might appear, and hardly any individual, however inferior to himself, of whom he failed to take notice.

It appeared to me to be a part of my duty to call and take leave of him before my return to the country. He received me in the most gracious manner, he made some inquiries about the most interesting cases which had lately come under my notice, and particularly inquired after the proceedings of his most energetic colleague at St. Thomas's, Dr. Elliotson, and the results of his quinine treatment of erysipelas. *Cui bono?* was never out of Cooper's sight. When we had talked a little longer, I reminded him that there was a crowd of patients in the waiting room. "Oh, never mind," said he, "a minute or two longer will not be of much consequence." He then reached a pen and a sheet of paper, and wrote the following brief note addressed to my father.

DEAR SIR,—Your son (Mr. John Mann) has been so diligent in the pursuit of his professional studies during his stay at the Borough Hospital, that my best wishes for his success will always accompany him.—Yours truly,

ASTLEY COOPER.

Spring Gardens, May, 1824.

This he folded and gave to me, and then, with a cordial shake of the hand, bade me good morning. It should be noted that this testimonial was entirely *unsolicited*.

On returning from Spring Gardens, I called on my good friend Mr. Haddon, at 18, Cheapside (where he lived and died), and showed him the note and reported my interview with Sir Astley. The good man was delighted, and exclaimed, "Why, this is as good to you as a present of fifty pounds." In reality, at that time it was much better, for it gave me a testimony to an influential circle of friends, that I had been a worker, and not an idler.

Subsequently, I mentioned to Dr. Elliotson my approaching departure from the Borough Hospital, and begged to thank him for all the attentions, valuable instructions, and kindness I had received from him. He expressed his regret that I was about to leave them, and said that he would write a letter, expressive of his sentiments in relation to the manner in which I had fulfilled the duties of a student during my stay in London; but that he could not think of putting this into my own hands, as, in writing for my perusal, he would not be able to say all that was proper and just to be said. He would, therefore, write by post to my friend Dr. Stenson, at Bourton-on-the-Water.

When I next saw Dr. Stenson on my return to the country, he said he had received a very eulogistic letter from Dr. Elliotson concerning me, which he thought it better I should not read, lest it might "make me think too much of myself." I never heard anything more of that letter until more than

forty years, when, after Dr. Stenson's death, his son kindly enclosed it with those letters of my own which his father had preserved. I now reproduce it as a pendant to the note of Sir A. Cooper.

DEAR SIR,—The young gentleman whom you were so kind as to recommend to become our pupil (Mr. John Mann) has just left the hospital. He received the ordinary certificate given to pupils when they leave us, but I much regret that the printed form would not allow of some favourable testimony beyond what is customary.

I feel it, however, a duty owing him to acquaint you, his sincere well-wisher, and, through you, all others who may take an interest in him, or whose good opinion may be of importance to his success, that his diligence and good conduct have been beyond all praise. In my department I know his assiduity was unremitting, and I have understood it was equally so in every other. Indeed, from the conversations I continually had with him, I am satisfied he obtained all the information which the various sources at the hospital afford; and my conviction is not less certain of the excellence of his conduct.

Should it ever be in my power to serve him, I shall be happy to further his interests, for he cannot fail to do credit to his friends both as a medical practitioner and as a member of society.—Dear Sir, I remain, yours very faithfully,

J. ELLIOTSON.

St. Thomas's Hospital,
June 28, 1824.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Letters to Dr. Stenson—Sir A. Cooper's experience as to the pathology of irritable stumps—Reflections on my birthday.

The following letters were all addressed to Dr. Stenson. My letters to my parents are, unfortunately, lost.

Morton, January 10, 1823.

DEAR SIR,—I sincerely thank you for your very kind letter, and I hope that no part of my future conduct will lead you to think that your good advice has been undervalued or disregarded. On the other hand, I would feel grateful to that gracious Providence who has given me so affectionate a friend and so experienced a guide. My copy of all your lectures from my notes is complete, but I have not been able to finish Mr. Coles's* on account of an affection of the retina of the left eye, which has obliged me to indulge in some relaxation of writing by lamp-light this week. It is now better, but still I find something as if a small tuft of moss was in the air, moving as the eye moves. Pressure on the eye removes it for a short time. I feel it most in a strong light. I have felt something of the kind before, but not to continue so long. I hope it will be removed by rest.†

I intend to go to London on Wednesday next. My parents unite with me in respects to Mrs. Stenson, yourself, Mr. Coles, and his family.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

J. MANN.

* Mr. Henry Coles, son of the Rev. T. Coles, of Bourton-on-the-Water, who was afterwards my fellow student in Paris.

† This affection never entirely disappeared, but I got used to it, and suffered from it no serious inconvenience.

The following is an extract from a letter written on my first arrival in London.

As you have already testified so much concern for my welfare, I am persuaded it will give you pleasure to hear from me at the present time. It has pleased Providence to grant me the most unexpected and kind attention and respect from some eminent medical men in this city. . . .

I see more and more the truth and excellence of your parting advice, and my London medical friends entirely concur in your sentiments. They advise me to read little, to reject mere hypotheses, and to regard only matter of fact; to rely implicitly on the *ipse dixit* of no physician, without exercising my own understanding and judgment.

I shall welcome you whenever you come to town. I shall also be happy to see Mr. Wells. I ought not to omit that Mr. Procter has kindly entertained me ever since my arrival in London. I thank that Divine goodness which has given me such kind friends both in town and country, and hope that hereafter they may see that their kindness was not bestowed in vain.

The bearer of this letter was my good friend the Rev. Thomas Coles, of Bourton-on-the-Water, the successor of Benjamin Beddome, well known for his hymns, and once known well for his interesting village sermons, which were published from his notes. Mr. Beddome used to preach twice daily, every Sabbath morning, and, for the convenience of distant hearers, on alternate Sabbaths in the afternoon. My ancestors on my mother's side used to go from Morton, take their dinner with them, and stay to the afternoon service, on these alternate Sabbaths.

The strict economy I felt obliged to observe, I record for the example of those who may come after me. My great anxiety was to avoid any pressure on the very limited resources of my parents, so that no young Scotchman whom I ever knew was more careful than I; not that I thought economy always meant the saving of money, but rather the avoidance of wasting it on an inferior article. Nor did it appear to me that I suffered any real loss in a discipline that would prepare me for future years, in learning to practice self-denial; and I remembered the moral of Jane Taylor's sketch, "I can do without it."

To Dr. Stenson.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—At the beginning of this month Dr. Elliotson desired me to inform you when I next wrote that a lady whom you knew had undergone the operation for cataract, and was doing very well. Dr. E. continues to pay me very kind attention. Since my return I have inspected two bodies with him—both cases of tuberculous phthisis, one accompanied with enlargement of the mesenteric glands.

Dr. E. is now making several experiments to ascertain the virtues of iodine, but it has not yet been so extensively used as to enable him to form some decisive opinion, although in some cases it has been productive of benefit.

Acupuncturation has been tried in one case to alleviate the pain from a diseased kidney. I saw the needle passed in to the depth of about an inch and a quarter upon the loins. It seemed to afford relief to the original pain for about a day. We have not yet had a favourable opportunity for trying it in rheumatism.

A case of diabetes has lately been admitted into the hospital. It is treated by bleeding, magnesia, opium, and

animal food, and the urine has diminished in quantity from nine pints to four, but its saccharine quality is not at all lessened. I intend to take down the history of the case.

I have seen the operation of lithotomy four times performed; three cases under six years of age. All are going on well. Sir A. Cooper, Messrs. Travers, Tyrrell, and Key, were the operators. I have also seen exostosis removed from the os femoris, and cancer from the breast, by Sir A. Cooper.

As my experience in the medical profession increases, so also my satisfaction, pleasure, and, I trust, my profit also increase.

My best respects to Mrs. S., yourself, and all friends.

Yours very truly,

Hoxton, August 30, 1823.

J. MANN.

The following letter was of a somewhat earlier date preceding my removal of my lodgings from the Borough to Hoxton, addressed to Dr. Stenson.

Weston Street, March, 1823.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—It was with heartfelt pleasure I read the letter with which you so kindly favoured me in my last parcel, thereby convincing me of your undiminished regard to my interest, and unabated concern for my welfare, in that path of science which was long the object of my wishes, which is still my favourite study, and to which you were the principal means, in the hands of Providence, of introducing me. When I look back upon the gloom which enveloped my prospects and damped my expectations, and contrast it with the scenes that within the last few months presented themselves, in which I have seen my wishes not only fulfilled but far exceeded, in the most unexpected and undeserved manner, I cannot but be filled with astonishment and, I trust, with gratitude, both to those friends who so warmly interested themselves in my cause, and to that Divine goodness which at length overruled all things for

the accomplishment of His own purposes. At the same time I would wish to feel deeply and constantly my increased responsibility in the enjoyment of these valuable privileges which are now afforded me, and often fear lest I should not improve them as I ought.

I have seen the operation for popliteal aneurism performed by Mr. Travers; that for femoral hernia by Mr. Key; amputation of the arm by Mr. Green. Mr. Sutcliffe had not heard of Mr. Stewart's plan of curing consumption, and was not inclined to approve it. He would rather prefer a warm air and confinement within doors, except in the summer season. He is not able to determine, from his own experience, whether colchicum be so valuable a remedy in gout and rheumatism, but in small doses he has found it useful as an antispasmodic.

Dr. Conquest is so much engaged that I have not much opportunity of conversing with him alone. The last time I called he had several patients in waiting while I remained with him. Mr. Sutcliffe has invited me in future to drink tea with him every Monday, that he may spend more time with me.

I have not seen Mr. Henry Coles lately, but when I last heard from him he was very well. I have enjoyed better health lately. Shall be exceedingly happy to see you in town. Many thanks for your unwearied attention.—I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

J. M.

P.S.—I have written to Mr. Wells. Dr. Gregory's work is not yet published.*

From a letter to Dr. Stenson, dated November 20th, I make the following extract.

I exceedingly regret the present scarcity of subjects for dissection. My name has been down, I believe, for more than a month, and my subject has not yet come in. I have not, therefore, been able to begin dissecting.

* I do not now recollect what work this was; Dr. S. had requested me to inquire after it.

I saw the operation for making a new nose performed by Mr. Travers at St. Thomas's Hospital, and I believe at present it is going on well. Last Friday week Sir A. Cooper performed the operation of lithotomy in ninety seconds. The patient died the following week (I was told) by hæmorrhage from the internal pubic artery. A few weeks since Sir Astley was obliged to amputate below the knee a second time, on account of excessive irritability of the stump, the patient shrinking from a touch as from an electrical shock.

Sir Astley, having met with two or three cases of the foregoing kind, conjectured that the cause was a preternatural enlargement of the nerves, more especially at their extremities, that diseased condition being discovered in his former cases. He therefore offered to take out the anterior and posterior tibial nerves, but the patient chose to submit to amputation. On dissection of the stump, it appeared that the anterior tibial nerve was enlarged, and that it terminated in a bulbous extremity of nearly the size of a large hazel nut. In a former case the nerves of the axillary plexus had formed a similar tumour, as large as a walnut. Our diabetic patient remained in the hospital nearly two months. He was treated by venesection, opium, carbonate of magnesia, and the animal food diet until the last fortnight, when he became disgusted with animal food only, and was allowed the house diet. He in that time regained his strength, and became more cheerful. He also lost his excessive thirst and voracious appetite. At length, he suddenly left the hospital, and we have not seen or heard of him since. Since he left we have admitted another case of diabetes, but the patient would not stay in the hospital. One circumstance I thought remarkable in both cases. It was that both these diabetic patients said they felt stronger after bleeding, even when it was carried to fifteen and twenty ounces.

My health is now as perfect as ever it was when I breathed the country air.

This day is the day of my birth; and it is with feelings that I know not how to describe that I review the events which have transpired during the past year, which, I think, will be ever considered by me as the most remarkable and the most interesting of my past life. I hope I feel gratitude to that Divine Goodness which has blessed and prospered me in a manner so extraordinary. At length my wishes are satisfied, in that I am likely to spend my future days in those scientific pursuits which are so pleasing to my taste. Launched as I am on an ocean of danger and uncertainty, I do thank that Providence which appointed that in you I should meet a kind friend and a faithful guide, who has travelled the same road, and who can, therefore, point out many things which the ardour and inexperience of youth might overlook, and teach me to avoid many errors into which I might otherwise fall. On this ground I feel no less obliged to you for your faithful admonitions and cautions than for your kind wishes. I am sorry your letter has remained unanswered until now, but one sentence of it had unfortunately escaped my recollection; and the present time with me flies so quickly that days, and even weeks, slip by almost unobserved. I shall endeavour to take a full copy of Sir A. Cooper's Lectures. My MS. at present contains twelve lectures and 108 quarto pages.

My best respects to Mrs. S. and yourself, Mr. and Mrs. Coles, and Mr. Wells. May your kindness to me be rewarded, although it may not be in my power to make any adequate return; and may He who bestows every blessing that His creatures enjoy, grant that to you and yours grace and peace may be multiplied.

I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN MANN.

P.S.—This afternoon Mr. Green could not lecture on the viscera for want of a subject, although he had offered £10 10s. for every one the men would bring. He therefore lectured on the art of making anatomical preparations.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Description of Baron Larrey at a later period (1829)—His rare and incorruptible integrity—My fellow-student Wright, afterwards discoverer of the Electro-plating process of Elkington—His premature death from metallic vapours—Retrospective glance at the last fifty years—Letters to Dr. Stenson—Note on my gifted young friend Walter Kyte Coles, and his premature death.

I AM reminded by Sir Astley Cooper's cases of Baron Larrey's treatment of irritable stumps. In 1829, six years from the date of the preceding letter, I was introduced to Baron Larrey by his son Hippolyte, one of my fellow-students at the *École de Médecine*. He was then going round a small military hospital which had been placed under his care by the government of Charles X. Larrey received me with frankness, and with the plain honesty of an English farmer, not appearing to entertain any prejudices against me as an Englishman, although his fall from his high station in the army, as well as that of his late master Napoleon, was owing chiefly to England. I walked by his side and was struck by the confidence and veneration with which he was regarded by the old army

invalids. The moxa was then in fashion as a means of counter-irritation. I saw Larrey apply it in three cases, for the relief of chronically inflamed joints. Intensely painful as this must have been, not a sigh, groan, or cry was uttered by either of the patients.

After having finished our round through the wards, Larrey took me into a small room, used as a surgery for the smaller operations. There was waiting for him a veteran of the Imperial Army, wasted to a skeleton. In one of the battles of Napoleon he had received a ball in the external condyle of the right humerus, which had become impacted in the bone, resisting all efforts to dislodge it; and hitherto he had been reluctant to submit to amputation. In the mean time the pain occasioned by this foreign body so interrupted his rest by night, and his ordinary enjoyment by day, that the general health had been destroyed, and the body was wasting under the pressure of almost continual pain. At length, however, he submitted to the advice of Larrey and consented to amputation at Larrey's hands.

Baron Larrey was rather below the middle height, of nearly the same stature as his distinguished master, in whose tent and under whose military cloak he had often slept on the eve of a battle. He was of the greatest value to the army and Napoleon, not only for his surgical skill, but for his fidelity as an army purveyor. Thus Larrey was as essential for the preservation of those who were well as for the restoration of those who were wounded; and the army trusted in him to save them from fraud on the part of the commissariat department and the knavery of contractors,—him

whom no bribe could tempt and no threat could intimidate, and whom his master entitled in his will the most honest of all men he had ever known.

In these shameful frauds the military commanders were not unfrequently the sharers of the plunder. One of the most notorious of these was the celebrated Massena. Napoleon, on the detection of enormous frauds of this kind in the army of Italy with the connivance and aid of Massena, drew a cheque for fifty thousand francs on the general's bankers, for payment into the public treasury. Some one inquired, "Will the bankers pay it?" "Let them refuse if they dare," was the reply of the conqueror of Italy.

I was introduced to Hippolyte Larrey, who was about my age, by an amiable fellow-student, named Wright, who was an adept in French conversation, and of lively disposition, like a Frenchman. I may remark that I observed little of that vivacity and joyousness which is supposed to be a national characteristic; and I fancied that the spirits of the French seemed broken under the misfortunes that had attended the reverses of Napoleon.

Wright was intimate with Larrey, and a frequent associate with our circle in Paris. He was a son of one of the deacons at Rotherham, when Dr. James Bennett was one of the tutors at Rotherham College. He afterwards perfected the electro-plating process, and laid the foundations of the splendid success afterwards realised by Messrs. Elkington. In inhaling the poisonous metallic vapours given off by the process, the unfortunate Wright lost his health, and

ultimately died in the prime of life. Thus others reaped the pecuniary benefit of his labours, for he had little reaping time allowed him in this world. To the honour of Messrs. Elkington, however, I would record that they presented a handsome life annuity to his widow.

Hippolyte Larrey is still living (1873), and holding a high rank among French military surgeons. I am told that he has grown strongly to resemble his father in person. I shall probably never see his face again, and no circumstances have occurred since our youthful days to bring us again into correspondence with each other. Thus it is with many of the associations of youth, pleasant while they last, and perhaps permanent in some of their results, but fleeting away and no more returning, like the roseate clouds upon which we gaze with pleasure in the early dawning of a summer's day.

And now, leaving these Parisian recollections, which are an anachronism in this place, although a fitting illustration of the surgical accident which had been the theme of Sir Astley Cooper in the clinical lecture referred to, I return to the year 1823 and the Borough Hospitals.

To Dr. Stenson.

17, Weston Street,
December 13, 1823.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—Mr. Green has redeemed a promise he made that, if we would have patience, we should after a while be plentifully supplied with *subjects*. Lately we have had as many brought in as were wanted. I have dissected an upper extremity, and as soon as that was finished, I had an opportunity of getting a lower, which

I purchased, and have begun to dissect. After dissecting the muscles and observing the course of the principal blood-vessels, I dissected the ligaments of the upper extremity, according to the advice I received from you; and, as I keep my knives as keen as razors, was able to do this without previous maceration, whereby I saw more of their natural appearance. It is not a common thing among us to dissect the ligaments, but some of the pupils seeing me doing so, and hearing the practice warmly recommended by Sir A. Cooper in his lectures on the ligaments, followed my example. I punctured my finger on the 20th ult., but it healed very well, and on Saturday I happened to cut it; a little matter formed, but unaccompanied by inflammation of the absorbents—so that it is going on well, only it hinders me from proceeding in my work until it is healed.

As the abdomen of my subject had been opened, and was therefore unsaleable, I had an opportunity of seeing the parts concerned in inguinal hernia, which Mr. Bransby Cooper dissected for me. The parts were more clear and distinct than any in the room; and, in accordance with Mr. Cooper's advice, I took a rough sketch, the more to impress them on my mind. The fascia transversalis* was so strong that I was able to dissect it both from the peritoneum and from the transversalis muscle, thus demonstrating for myself its separate existence. Afterwards I dissected the parts concerned in femoral hernia. I have felt considerable pleasure in seeing these structures really dissected in the lecture rooms, but I feel a greater when dissecting them myself. Dissection, indeed, seems to be the key that easily unlocks the mysteries of anatomy. Sir A. Cooper lately said that the ligaments of the wrist and the formation of the joints at that part were a sort of "*pons asinorum*."

This week I called on Mr. G. Stevenson. He was so kind as to show me his match-box. His matches are lighted

* A structure discovered by Sir A. Cooper.

by phosphorus, which is contained in a tin box, adhering to its inner side. This is probably a phosphuret of sulphur—a substance more easily fired by friction than phosphorus itself.* By an experiment lately made, a very curious fact has been discovered—namely, that a stream of hydrogen gas brought into contact with platina finely divided, or with a coil of fine platinum wire, immediately inflames. This has been used for the purpose of lighting matches. Dr. Elliotson says it is a most beautiful experiment, and he wished me, when I went to the West End of the town, to call on a chemist of his acquaintance, who would show it to me.† Being much engaged in the dissecting-room, I have not seen much of the hospital practice lately, and therefore have nothing of special interest to communicate.

The dealings of Providence in the past year I review with pleasure. The future is a sealed book; but whatever scenes it may unfold, may I be strengthened from above to do my duty. Then I shall look on it with satisfaction; otherwise I know the retrospect will be gloomy when I shall arrive at its close. I do not repent that I have entered on the study of a science which admits of the exertion of all the powers of the human mind. I only regret that my mind is so unequal to the task.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson desire their respects. Mrs. S. received your letter and its contents, and intends to write shortly. My best respects to Mrs. Stenson, yourself and family; also, to Mr. and Mrs. Coles, and love to

* These phosphorus matches are now superseded. Their danger was most painfully evidenced in the case of the Archduchess of Austria, then of the eve of her marriage, stepping upon one which had been left carelessly on the floor, which set fire to her muslin dress and caused her death.

† This was Mr. Gardner, of Oxford Street, who most politely received me and showed me his ingenious and elegant apparatus.

Walter.* I have written a line to Mr. Wells. May health, prosperity, and peace attend you.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

J. MANN.

It seems to me strangely interesting to look back nearly fifty years to the time when this letter was written. The scenes through which I have passed ; the contrast, in so many respects, between *then* and *now* ; the new relations into which I have

* Walter Kyte Coles, the third son of the Rev. T. Coles, of Bourton-on-the-Water, was then about fifteen years of age. From about six or seven years he had been occasionally my pupil. I taught him his first Latin lesson, and I also taught him how to read vocal music. He was the only pupil whom I ever felt a real pleasure in teaching, because of his great delight in learning. He afterwards became so well known to some of the literary characters of the day, that the late Dr. Richard, of Bristol, when he heard of his candidature for a vacancy in Bishop's College, Calcutta, ventured to predict that if he lived, he would become a second Sir William Jones. Alas ! he did not live, and, therefore the prediction could not be verified. He caught measles when going out to India, and it led to the development of the fatal disease of his family. For a time he stayed at the Cape, but Dr. Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, did not think him sufficiently recovered to face the climate of India, and therefore recommended him to take another voyage. He went on to Singapore, but gaining no important improvement, with the Bishop's concurrence he set out on his return to England. It was not, however, permitted him to reach the English shores ; for about three or four days before the termination of the voyage he died, and was buried at sea.

The moral qualities of this young man were of the highest order. With these Dr. Wilson was so struck during the short period of their intercourse, that he said he was more of an angel than a man. I had no brother, but I accounted him an adopted brother, and my short acquaintance (for short it seemed,

entered; the friends who have been raised up to cheer and aid my way; the friends, numerous and once precious, then little known or entirely unknown—then for a while lovely, wise, or valuable—now no more. Such a retrospect of the past has uses too numerous and relations too valuable to admit more than a rapid glance at it now. Like that rapid picture of past life which is said to present itself to drowning persons, it cannot be written, and, if written, could not be again realised. Only the mercies of the past may be taken as a pledge that there are mercies yet reserved for the future; and that when *here* flesh and heart fail, He who has been my Shepherd will be the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.

although extending over more than a quarter of a century) one of those fragrant remembrances which tend to improve our estimate of human nature.

The following lines, written on the fly leaf of a small treatise (Lectures on Logic, delivered at Bristol College by Professor F. W. Newman in 1836), will give an expression of the feelings I entertained towards Walter Coles:

Friend of my boyhood, friend of riper years,
 Friend of my friends, son of my father's friend,
 Friend more than brother, oh, to think on thee,
 And in my retrospective memory live
 With feelings, scenes, and themes of former days,
 When thy sweet friendship shed its soothing influence,
 Like aromatic gales of purest fragrance,
 From Araby the blest. This is more than aught
 Of present life can furnish, till that closing hour
 When I shall follow thee, and leave these day-dreams;
 With later and less favoured footsteps join thee
 Where all is peace and holiness. There again
 May we in friendship meet and part no more!

CHAPTER XXIX.

Letters to Dr. Stenson—Dissection—High price of Iodine—
Efficacy in bronchocele—Large doses by a patient of Dr.
Elliotson—The *pons asinorum* of anatomists.

From this digression I return to the next letter
addressed to Dr. Stenson.

17, Weston Street,
January 13, 1824.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—The kind and valuable
letter with which you favoured me through Mr. Coles
demands my most grateful acknowledgments. I am highly
pleased that my proceedings have met with your approba-
tion, and feel much satisfaction in the assurance that you
will still keep a watchful eye over me to warn against the
dangers that may encompass my path, and to direct in the
way which will most surely lead to success, honour, and
happiness.

I have preserved most of the ligaments as well as I was
able, both of the upper and lower extremity ; but they lose
much of their natural appearance and distinctness by keep-
ing. Lately I have dissected the abdomen, with its viscera
and vessels. I had a most beautiful subject, but indisposi-
tion prevented me from dissecting the vessels and nerves
of the lower extremity, and obliged me, much against my
will, to give it up to another person. And, after having
attended the dissecting-room daily for nearly three months,
I thought it most prudent for a few days to absent myself

until I regained perfect health, when my attention to the subject will be renewed.

Iodine is rather a dear article—£1 1s. per ounce. Perhaps I might get it cheaper if Mr. Wells gave me an order on his druggist. A little before Christmas I went to the house of a friend in the City. I was requested to look at a swelling in the neck of their servant, respecting which a surgeon had said that it originated from a strain, and could not be relieved. On examination, I found it was a case of bronchocele. I then engaged that she should meet Dr. Elliotson at the hospital, when I proposed a trial of iodine. She attended at the hospital. Dr. Elliotson said it was bronchocele, and provided the girl with a quantity of the tincture of iodine and some tinct. potassæ hydriodat. She was directed to begin with ten drops, increasing a drop at each dose, until she experienced any unpleasant effect on the stomach, when it was to be diminished. She reached the very large dose of ninety drops, three times a day, without experiencing any inconvenience. A month afterwards the swelling had evidently diminished. I saw her again on Wednesday last, and found that it continued to decrease.

Sir A. Cooper performed the operation of amputation at the hip joint about a fortnight since. The case is going on very well. The week following, Mr. Key tied the carotid artery for aneurism. That patient also appears likely to do well. Last Wednesday evening I was called at half-past ten to see a compound dislocation of the ankle joint, with fracture of the fibula. It afforded me a proof of the importance of that direction I received from you—namely, *to attend to the form of the ends of the joints*, the dresser having mistaken the projecting inner malleolus for a sign of fractured tibia.

My respectful regards to yourself, Mrs. S., Mr. and Mrs. Coles, Mr. Wells, and my friends at Bourton.

I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

JOHN MANN.

London, March 23, 1824.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I thank you for the renewed proof of regard given me by your last letter. I trust that I shall properly appreciate the value of your kind instructions, and remember with gratitude the hand from which I received them when, in the course of my future experience, I realise their beneficial effects. . . .

There is one thing which displeases me. It is that one employment interferes with another. Sometimes I wish to be present at the Eye Infirmary, the hospital practice, and the lecture-room at one and the same time, for they occupy about the same hours of the day. My pupilage of six months to the physicians' practice of St. Thomas's Hospital expired in December last, but Dr. Elliotson told me that he still wished me to continue my attendance on his practice as before, whenever it suited my inclination or convenience. Dr. Scott, on another occasion, said that, although my term had expired, yet he should at all times be happy to see me when he went round. He wished me to feel myself at liberty to visit his hospital patients at my own convenience, and to ask any questions of him relative to the medical treatment. Thus, by the generous conduct of these physicians, I am favoured with all the advantages of a perpetual pupil, as long as I like to remain in town.

I had the pleasure of walking over the *pons asinorum* of anatomists, *i.e.*, the processes, fossæ, foramina, etc., with their contents, of the internal basis of the cranium, before Sir A. Cooper and the class, without making any error. Two other pupils also went through it. This, however, is but a trifling acquirement considered in its relation to surgical practice. I should much like to possess a well-assorted case of instruments, and am much obliged by your kind offer of advice respecting what to purchase. If you will please to forward the case as a pattern to Morton before the 8th of April, I shall conveniently receive it the same week.

It is probable the present season will not close so early as the 1st of May. If, therefore, Mr. Wells can allow me to stay in town three or four weeks longer than the time stipulated for, I shall receive it as a favour, and I hope it may be no loss to him, nor any serious inconvenience; and if it should afterwards appear to me that no important benefit is likely to accrue from staying, I shall not make any use of his permission, but immediately, as my term of harvest is expired, return to the country.

I have both bled and cupped, but at the hospital I have no opportunities of bleeding, and but few of cupping, not sufficient to gain dexterity in the practice. I take much pleasure in the *post-mortem* of those cases which I have watched to their fatal termination, and have had several opportunities of doing this in our physicians' practice. If I can in any way serve you by calling upon any one, or by purchasing anything you want, it will give me pleasure. My sincere regards to Mrs. Stenson, yourself and family, and to my usually-named friends. May you and yours be among those to whom the Lord giveth peace, and to whom none can give trouble, being constantly surrounded with His gracious presence, and walking in the light of His countenance.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

JOHN MANN.

The following may be regarded as a continuation of the letter of March 23rd.

London, March 30, 1824.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I intended to have said a little more in my last, and, to supply what was then omitted, am induced to write again. The man on whom Mr. Key operated died in about a fortnight afterwards with symptoms of irritative fever. On examination of the body, it appeared that on the same side with

the aneurism of the carotid was another aneurism of the innominata, and there was a space of only a quarter of an inch of the artery between the two aneurisms that was not in a diseased state. On that space Mr. Key happened to fix the ligature, which had before the death of the patient succeeded in obliterating the artery above. I thought it right to give the sequel of these cases. The latter affords a practical illustration of the importance of that caution which Sir Astley gives respecting operating on aneurism, especially carotid and sub-clavian; "lest," says he, "there should exist in the same artery another aneurism, by which you may be in danger of opening one, and thus see the dreadful event of the death of your patient under your hands; or by which the artery is rendered incapable of undergoing the adhesive process, and the patient afterwards dies of hemorrhage." Mr. Key is the only surgeon in London who has tied the sub-clavian artery in aneurism with success, which, perhaps, led him to be more sanguine in his last case, in which he would have trembled had he known the state of the artery upon which he was operating.

Wounds received in the dissecting-room, as far as I can learn, may produce three different effects—inflammation of the absorbents, inflammation of the thecæ of the flexor tendons and phrenitis. I can conceive why the first two of these should be produced, but the production of the latter is to me quite incomprehensible. In the early part of the season a companion of mine, in dissecting, punctured himself. After a few days, a small abscess* followed at the part. He opened it, simply poulticed it and took little further notice of it. Three or four days afterwards inflammation of the absorbents followed, extending rapidly through the axilla, and it was only by anti-

* Perhaps the word *pustule* would convey a more accurate notion than abscess in the commencement of these cases. I hope my relation may not have been tedious, but I have been more particular because these facts seem to accord with the opinions I have heard you express.

phlogistic treatment, and the constant use of an evaporating lotion that the formation of abscesses in the axillary glands was prevented. I had a similar abscess following a wound which some time afterwards I received in the same manner. Now, I knew from the preceding case that if I opened it by a simple incision the skin would speedily adhere, and a cyst of matter again be formed. To prevent this, I removed the whole of the detached cuticle with scissors, and then applied dry lint to absorb such matter as might be formed. The plan was successful, suppuration ceased, and all went well. Since that time another companion of mine had a similar abscess. He showed it to Mr. Green, who by a simple incision opened it, advised him to poultice it, and said it might be well in the morning; but by that time the little abscess had formed again. It was again opened, but before the evening it was again produced. Then, by my advice, he removed the whole of the cuticle and applied dry lint. The result in this case also was that no more matter in the shape of abscess was formed, and the wound healed very well.

Please to say whether you wish me to return your instruments speedily. My case of bronchocele, under the administration of iodine, is going on well. The time for my return is speedily approaching, and though I do not feel anxious or appalled, yet I could sometimes wish to be exempted from the awful responsibility devolving on him who takes charge of human life.

My best respects to Mrs. Stenson as well as to yourself.

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

J. MANN.

To Dr. Stenson.

CHAPTER XXX.

Letter to Dr. Stenson—Approaching termination of my hospital studies—My London friends.

17, Weston Street,
May 12th, 1824.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I thank you for the repeated testimonials you have given me of your ardent wishes for my prosperity. I would have written at the latter end of April, but I waited to obtain some more precise information as to the time when I should be at liberty to return to the country.

I thank you for the letter of introduction to Mr. Alexander, and for a sight of the most delightful operation I ever witnessed, whether as respects its dexterous performance, or its immediately successful result. It was the extraction of a hard lenticular cataract from each of the eyes of an old man. There was no wounding of the iris, no prolapsus, no escape of the vitreous humour—the pupil was left clear and circular, and the sight was returned as soon as the operation was finished. On another patient Mr. Alexander operated for an artificial pupil far more dexterously than I had ever seen the operation performed on any other occasion. For this operation he used the iris scalpel, and the man in this case was immediately restored to a considerable degree of vision.

Dr. Elliotson thinks that Dr. Baron's hypotheses respecting the hydatid origin of tubercles may be in some instances correct. Dissections he has seen lead him to believe this; but though some may be thus formed, Dr. Elliotson thinks that Dr. Baron generalises too much when he says that all tubercles are of hydatid formation. With respect to iodine, Dr. Elliotson has found it useful in some of his cases, but in some others productive of little or no benefit. I have certainly seen unnatural formation as well as enlarged glands greatly lessened under its long-continued internal and external use. Still I think we shall take the friction used into the account, as that alone may have a considerable influence in promoting absorption. In a case of every symptom of phthisis from tubercles, from which recovery appeared impossible, under the long-continued administration of the hydriodate of potass the patient in a great measure recovered his health. Another case of the scirrhus of the pylorus appeared to be greatly benefited by it. Dr. Elliotson has not yet had sufficient experience to enable him to decide what is the best form of its administration.

It was an unfortunate circumstance for me that subjects were so scarce at the commencement of the present season, because when I had most time for dissecting I had nothing to dissect. Since that, although I have dissected almost every muscle, artery, vein, and nerve in the body, I have not been able to make one dry preparation of the injected arteries. I shall still look out for a part that will answer that purpose; if I should not succeed, one of my fellow-students promises to send me anything I may want next session. A preparation of the ligaments of the upper and lower extremities I shall bring with me when I return. On the day of examination I shall at least have one powerful opponent in the person of Mr. Walter Raleigh, a descendant in the right line of the celebrated Sir Walter of Queen Elizabeth's time; who is a young man of extraordinary talents. On that point, however, I am neither sanguine nor desponding. It will be more honourable to contend with a

man of genius and ability, and a greater honour to be conquered by him than to vanquish a company of Lilliputians.

My past career in town has on the whole been a prosperous one, and it would be very wrong with such a bright recollection of the past in my mind to draw any gloomy conjectures concerning the future. Yet I would also beware of forming any brilliant or dazzling prospects, for though the sun has shone to-day, I cannot from thence certainly infer that his rays will be unclouded to-morrow; rather I may expect that some clouds may occasionally intervene, and cast at least a temporary gloom over my path. Even amidst the highest terrestrial enjoyment I would ever remember its uncertainty; and thus be better prepared for the most painful reverses. I hope God will give me ability and inclination to do my duty before Him, and then may He enable me to act as independent of the censure or applause of men, and to value the rewards I may receive from them, whether it be the tribute of gratitude or of gold,* as only the

* It is now (1874) fifty years since I wrote this sentence. All my past experience would go to confirm the justice of this sentiment. In one instance a noble-minded and generous Scotchman, in the warmth of his heart for the attentions I rendered to his wife and infant, to whom, notwithstanding, the result of the attack of scarlet fever was fatal, paid me in gold *four times* the amount of my account. In another instance, where my services had been far more arduous and at length successful, although with serious injury to my own health (disabling me for the exercise of my profession for nearly three months), some acknowledgment was made by the present of a silver waiter in addition to the bill. But these instances stand alone.

I have not mentioned in the preceding letter a tribute more gratifying than that of gold or of ordinary gratitude, namely, that of *confidence*. Of this I have had several instances which were the more gratifying, because they were unexpected. Two of these were among my medical brethren. Others have occurred amongst those who were not connected by similarity of religious profession, but by a confidence the growth of years in silence, and unsuspected by me until the time came for its manifestation.

extrinsic superfluities, and adherent trappings of my happiness, but not as its essence.

My respects to Mrs. S., yourself, and my Bourton friends. May the Lord reward your kindness, and ever bless you and yours with prosperity and peace.

I remain, yours sincerely,

J. MANN.

To Dr. Stenson.

Morton-in-Marsh,

June 22, 1824.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I thank you for your last kind letter, the perusal of which afforded me much pleasure.

I am aware that a very important period of my life has arrived. The present time may be regarded as that in which I am about to begin a course in which character and reputation are of the highest consequence, and in which both will very much depend on the manner in which I may conduct myself at the outset. It is, however, no small consolation to reflect (young and inexperienced as I am) that I have near at hand* so sincere a friend, to correct my errors and reclaim my wanderings. I know that your attachment to me will lead you to do what you can to prepare my way, and to remove as many difficulties as may be from *without*; but still there is a difficulty *within* of no small magnitude, in the fallibility of our reasoning powers in youth, and our consequent proneness to commit errors which can be corrected only by the unwelcome hand of painful experience. And, as you say, I have a great collection of undigested knowledge. This I now wish to digest, arrange, and systematize; and for this purpose it may be better that,

* To explain this expression of "having a friend near at hand" it is requisite to bear in mind that I had the expectation of living for the next three years in the same place with Dr. Stenson, and in frequent communication with him.

for the present, I should keep in the shade, where I can attentively observe, and patiently consider. I am fearful of beginning to fly before my wings are grown, lest I soar too high, and, like him whose waxen pinions were melted by the heat of the sun, have a fall from which I might not again recover. I would not, however, wish you to think that I am despairing. I am not; but I love to cherish such considerations as may repress that youthful ardour which is oftentimes ready to carry me too far beyond the limits of propriety and prudence.

There will be a public service at Morton on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Procter, of London, and their family will be present, and my parents will be happy if they can be favoured with the company of Mrs. S. and yourself to dinner on that day. My boxes have not yet arrived, and, as it will require a little time to arrange matters at home, and will be pleasant to spend a day or two with my friends, I hope it will be convenient and agreeable to Mr. Wells that I should stay here until the beginning of next week. I hope I do not impose on his good-nature, by asking favour after favour. I shall write a line to him this morning. Excuse my haste, as the postman is almost ready to start. My parents unite with me in respects to yourself and Mrs. Stenson. May you be richly rewarded for your kind and ardent labours in my cause, and long live to enjoy health of body and happiness of mind.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

JOHN MANN.

To Dr. Stenson.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mr. Haddon—The family of Mr. Alderman Brown—Mr. and Mrs. Cannon—African John Campbell—Mr. Hill of Westminster—Mr. Clark of Meux's Brewery—Miss Cecil at the organ.

OF my social and friendly acquaintances during my London hospital life, so pleasing in the retrospect, first in interest and importance I should place my acquaintance with Mr. Haddon. He was resident at Fleet Street, as manager of the business of Messrs. Procter and Brownlow.

With Mr. Haddon, at first, I did not get on well. I expect he had heard some exaggerated accounts of my past life and studies in the country, which led him to believe I should think too much of myself. He was therefore distant, ironical, and sometimes sarcastic in his conversation. Then he was a Churchman, and I was the son of a Dissenting Minister. Yet, as he belonged to the school of Cecil, devoted in all his heart and soul to the doctrines of the evangelical school, as they were then taught by Cecil, Newton, and George Burder; as he had been the warm friend and even the master of the most popular young aspirants among the preachers of that day, the youthful Spencer, whose premature death, by drowning in the Mersey, had awakened a national

chord of sympathy ; and as I delighted in hearing his enthusiastic accounts of personal experience with these men, but specially the *last*, who was about my age at the time of his death, he soon began to feel a great interest in my proceedings, and conceived for me a warm friendship, which was terminated only by his death at a very advanced age.

He encouraged me to consult with him on any subject relating to dress, or to my little economies. In return, I used to advise him in any little matters connected with his health. From his long acquaintance with London, he could direct me in going to see any public place, and he devoted an afternoon with me in going over St. Paul's Cathedral, in which he had a special interest, from a personal acquaintance with Horner, an ingenious and accomplished man, who constructed for himself a "crow's nest" on the top of the cross, from which to take a series of sketches for a panoramic view of London, to be exhibited at a building in the Regent's Park, called "the Colosseum." All this the artist admirably accomplished, although not without undergoing great personal risk from the gales, which at that height shook his little observatory, and which, on one occasion, turned it over on one side, that side, too, on which the door opened, so that he was obliged to use his hammer to make his way out. On that occasion, he would have been blown upon the dome, and perhaps into the churchyard, but that his progress was intercepted by one of the powerful and massive upright timbers, by which, at its four corners, his observatory was sustained.

On the Sabbath there was always a place for me

at Mr. Haddon's dinner table. In the morning, after hearing Mr. John Clayton, it was very convenient to go there, and still more so when the firm removed the business to 18, Cheapside, under the new partners, Messrs. Curlings and Procter. In the afternoon, we frequently visited Mr. Hill of Westminster, and after tea with him, we used to finish the day at the church of St. Swithin, in Cannon Street. Mr. Haddon was a constant attendant, being in almost all things in entire sympathy with the good, simple-minded incumbent, the Rev. H. G. Watkins. He was the author of a very useful practical series of tracts, something in the common-sense acute style of old Thomas Fuller.

One of the pleasantest of my recollections in connection with Mr. Haddon, was of our partnership visits to Mr. Alderman Brown. I have so denominated them, because I never went alone. It was a free opening to a courteous, cheerful, pleasant, circle. Mr. Brown was a Churchman, but he married a niece of Mr. Procter, and he generally accompanied his wife to the Weigh House Chapel. There were two daughters by the former marriage, who lived in great harmony with the other members of the family circle. By the second marriage, there were at the time I first knew them, two sons and one daughter. One daughter of the second marriage had died young. Anthony, the eldest son, was gifted with unusual powers of conversation, and was fairly intimate with all the political and commercial relations of his country. He was, perhaps, now and then a little presuming, but on the whole, good-natured, witty, and humorous. If he had lived, he would

probably have made a distinguished member of the Corporation of London, and, possibly, one day, of the Legislature. But he was of feeble bodily constitution, and was early in life attacked with hip-joint disease. For a time he seemed to have recovered only with lameness, but a few years afterwards it returned, and ultimately wore him out. The other son, William, was then quite young. I think he had hardly left school. He became the head of a flourishing stationery business in Old Broad Street. The two eldest daughters were very pleasing women. The younger, Sarah, was a merry girl, and is now the mother of a numerous family.

Our meetings took place after the evening service. They commenced with family worship, which was conducted in a stately and devotional manner by the good old Alderman. Then followed the reading of some interesting modern book—at this time Pollok's "Course of Time," which had recently appeared to delight and astonish the religious world, and which the editor of the "Eclectic Review," in the outburst of his first raptures, pronounced to be a second Milton's epic.

The Alderman was a great reader, his voice was sonorous and his accent emphatic, and then he had such a *presence*, as if, *pro occasione*, speaking with official dignity. I remember even now, the solemnity with which he used to pronounce Pollok's favourite invocation,

"Harp, lift thy voice on high!"

After the reading we went into the next room to supper. Then came a general and free conversation.

If this flagged, Mr. Haddon used to repeat some quotation from his shorthand notes of Cecil's sermons, which he had previously studied.* These were generally well-chosen, devotional and yet common-sense observations, not in what Foster would have denominated the *theological dialect*. After this conversation, some time before the clock struck ten, Mr. Haddon would rise, that he might return to Cheapside to conduct the family devotions of the evening, and I sometimes accompanied him, but more frequently went home to my lodgings in the Borough.

A very quiet pleasant resort on the Sunday, and quite in accord with the traditions of the day, was the abode of my old friends, now long departed from this world, Mr. and Mrs. Cannon of Kingsland. Their daughter and only child married Mr. James Smith, of Blockley, one of the sons of that old friend of my father, the Rev. Elisha Smith. These, too, have long been joined to those in the better land. It was natural that Mr. and Mrs. James Smith should wish me to call occasionally upon their parents to tell them of the news from Blockley and Morton. It was pleasant to me thus to renew my acquaintance to those who were so closely related to my home circle; gratifying to go with them to hear the Rev. John Campbell, of African celebrity.

* For what we possess of the sermons of Cecil, we are indebted to three of his hearers, Mr. Haddon, Mr. Hodson, and Mrs. Hawkes. Mr. Haddon wrote and read shorthand very fluently. Mrs. Hawkes had a good verbal memory, she resided for some years under Cecil's roof, and looked upon him as one of the sons of the prophets might have looked upon Elisha. She was accustomed to write out her notes after the sermon.

I had been accustomed to read to the friends at Morton the visits of the Rev. John Campbell to the African Missionary stations, more especially his visit to Lattakoo (then an almost unknown town of the interior), and his interview with the king Mateabe, of his consent to receive missionaries, and of his promise, "Send them, and I will be a father to them." This promise, Mr. Moffat informed me, was very ill-kept.

Mr. Campbell used to preach at a building, which now accommodates the schools connected with the present chapel, a handsome ecclesiastical building on the opposite side of the way, which was once mistaken by Bishop Blomfield for one of the new churches of the Establishment. The congregation at that time was respectable but not very numerous. After the evening service I returned to sup with the good old couple, and then walked home.

Some years afterwards, I was permitted to render an important service to Mrs. Cannon. She had been attacked by fever (probably typhoid) attended with delirium. This was mistaken for insanity, and it was proposed to remove her to a lunatic asylum. Her daughter peremptorily refused, unless I advised it, and sent her husband from Blockley to consult with me, and request me to see her. Finding it was a case of fever, and remembering a somewhat similar case, in which the removal of the patient was attended by her death in the journey, I recommended that she should remain at home in the care of a nurse, that she should be kept quiet, and that stimulants, with mild nourishment, should be given at short intervals. Under this treatment the delirium

soon subsided, and all serious symptoms disappeared in about a fortnight. Mr. Cannon had been a glover in Cheapside, in high repute. When the celebrated Erskine was in practice, he was in the habit of calling, or sending, for a new pair of gloves every day when he was engaged in a case.* Mrs. Cannon ultimately went into the country to be near her daughter (whom, I think, she survived), living to eighty-three or eighty-four years of age.

Another whom I was in the habit of visiting, was a superintendent of some prosperous Sunday schools at the west end of London. His family connections were from the vicinity of my native place, of which his wife was a native. He was a young man of good abilities and very pleasing manners, of easy address and with great power of commanding attention. I used to think him a model teacher and superintendent. My day was always pleasantly spent at his house and the school. Over his subsequent career I must draw the curtain of oblivion. Alas! alas! "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

One old gentleman, a Mr. Hill, of Westminster, a mutual friend of Mr. Procter and of my father, I would not forget. He was accustomed sometimes to pay us a visit at Morton. He was an intimate friend of Mr. Haddon, whom I met at his house not unfrequently in my visits on Sunday afternoon. I generally went to breakfast with the old gentleman,

* Sir James Scarlett (afterwards Lord Abinger) had a similar habit of using (or rather splitting) up a pair of new gloves, by the energy with which he clasped his hands together in pressing home the arguments he addressed to the gentlemen of the jury.

having to arrive there early in the morning, after which I went with him to hear a clergyman, then pretty well known, Rev. R. H. Shepherd* of Ranelagh Chapel. This was a very sober, quiet, service, not very well attended, but as numerous as the congregation who attended Scott the commentator in the Sunday morning service at Founder's Hall, Lothbury. After service I returned to the house of the old gentleman to dinner. After dinner he was in the habit of holding a prayer-meeting with some of his neighbours and relations, in his little dining-room. There, about four p.m., Mr. Haddon frequently made his entry with a MS. of Cecil's sermons, and was always welcome, as it was a new element introduced into our somewhat monotonous devotions. In Cecil, we had condensed common sense with experimental wisdom, to which were now and then added Mr. Haddon's piquant comments. At five p.m. tea came up punctually, after which Mr. Haddon and I took our departure for St. Swithin's. Very peaceful were those Sabbath evenings, reminding one of the peace and rest and joy described in the hundred and twenty-second Psalm, as the lot of the dwellers in Sion.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark, an aged couple, who made a country tour every summer, were in the habit of staying at Morton for a week or two, and of visiting us. The old gentleman travelled with a horse and gig, or gig-cart, accompanied by a little page and groom, for he filled both capacities. He was the

* Mr. Shepherd was Secretary to the Widows' Fund for several years. When he became an old man, he published a small scrap book entitled "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," in verse.

senior clerk in Meux's Brewery, Laystall Street, and he was one of the hearers (at St. John's, Bedford Row) of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta. When visiting Morton, he and his wife attended the church in the morning, and the chapel in the evening. Mr. Clark had a granddaughter by his first wife, who, when she grew up, used to be their companion. Her name was Moore. Her mother had died in her infancy, and her father had married again. Mr. Clark had also been married again to an amiable woman who became a mother to his grand-daughter. When in London, they lived in a pretty little house with stabling attached, in Laystall Street, Leather Lane. The situation, however, was one of the least attractive in London, for being near the Brewery in Liqueurpond Street volumes of dense smoke, when the wind blew from that quarter, eclipsed the sun, and frequently made it dark at noon; as there was then no law compelling these large chimneys to consume their own smoke.

On a Sunday, as there was less done at the Brewery, the house in Laystall Street was nearly free from this nuisance. Mr. and Mrs. Clark took in the *Evangelical Magazine*, which reminded me of my Sunday readings with grandfather; and I was frequently much interested in the missionary intelligence, particularly that from South Africa, in the field of labour which was occupied by the good but eccentric missionary, Dr. Van der Kemp. In the evening we used to attend the Episcopalian Chapel in Bedford Row; where Miss Cecil played the organ in the place which had been so long favoured by the ministry of her father. Her execution

probably was superior; but it seemed to me too much ornamented by variations, which disguised and almost concealed the original air. I remember on one or two occasions, I was for a minute or two puzzled to recognise the Old Hundredth. Otherwise the service was very pleasing: although on the whole less so than that at St. Swithin's, which was more plain and simple.

I kept up an acquaintance with these good people until the death of Mr. Clark. At Morton my friends and their acquaintances were inclined to speculate upon the suitableness of the grand-daughter to be my companion for life; but everything of that kind seemed to me exceedingly premature, as, personally, we hardly knew each other. An incident occurred, however, during the old gentleman's illness, which I never forgot, and which, even in case of a marked preference on the part of the young lady, would have prevented me from going a step beyond friendship. I had called one week evening to inquire after him, and was invited by the invalid to go up into his bedroom. He had just made some request to his grand-daughter for a different adjustment of his pillows, or for some such trivial service; which she rendered with so ill a grace and with an ill-tempered expression of countenance so decided, that I was shocked to see such ingratitude manifested towards one who was her nearest and best friend.

Mrs. Clark long survived not only her husband, but his grand-daughter, who died insane, I believe, of consumption, which was probably the cause of her mother's death.* After Mrs. Clark's death, at

* She bequeathed a legacy of £200 to the London City Mission.

the age of ninety-three, I visited the house as the furniture was about to be sold, and then I found that the best room in it I now entered for the first time. I understood that it had never been used and rarely opened during the many years which had elapsed since the death of Mr. Clark.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Rev. Thomas Jackson—His bonhomie—Mistaken identity—Union Chapel—Poultry Chapel—Rev. John Clayton—His introductory prayer before the sermon—Retrospective view in metre.

At the house of the brother-in-law of my friend Mortimer, in Gracechurch Street, I was first introduced to the late Rev. Thomas Jackson, who, after twice filling the office of President of Conference, became the father of the Wesleyan denomination by his venerable age and his unremitting and consistent labours in the pulpit, the Press, and the council. He was for some years intimate with the family of Mr. Blanch, and I have often met him there. He was an amiable, genial man, very like my good friend the Rev. T. Coles, of Bourton-on-the-Water, and like him also abounding in humour and anecdote. One of these anecdotes I remember. I had been speaking of a clergyman near London, who preached a portion of Jeremy Taylor's sermon on the "Last Judgment," nearly *verbatim*, and allowed it to be reported as his own in the *Pulpit* of a succeeding week. "It is to be hoped," said Mr. Jackson, "he did not make the same mistake in reading it, as another I have heard of. He was reading with sonorous solemnity the passage which, speaking

of the noise, the outcries and the confusion, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, compared with which all the most terrible tumults on earth in ages past would seem but as the buzzing of a bee in a battle—and he read it, ‘a bee in a *bottle*.’ ”

Mrs. Jackson, the preacher’s wife, was an estimable, unaffected woman. Their daughter had some claims to beauty, and I think she was a poetess. She became the wife of the Rev. S. Marzials, of the French Protestant Church. Their son became a private tutor in the family of Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, and was afterwards presented to the Rectory of Stoke Newington.

Perhaps there was something in my appearance which resembled that of the good old preacher ; for, as I was walking one day along Cheapside (about 1862), I was suddenly checked by the salutation of an elderly lady, in that Quaker-like costume which was then commonly worn by the Wesleyans. A little grandson was holding her by the hand. “ Oh ! sir, how glad I am to see you ; this, sir, is the grandson of the Rev. ——. Now, Joseph, ask the minister’s blessing. I didn’t think your friends would have left you to walk alone in this crowd.” “ Who, then, do you think I am ? ” said I. “ The Rev. Thomas Jackson, I thought,” said she. I replied that I had not the honour of being Mr. Jackson, although I had known him as my old friend.

At the house of my most valuable friend, Mr. Procter, and his excellent partner, my never-failing friend, I visited less frequently on the Sunday, because I sometimes had occasion to go there in the week, to

communicate messages and news from Morton. The family generally attended the Weigh House Chapel in the morning, where the Rev. John Clayton, sen., was then the minister—"Old Glory," as he was sometimes called by his successor. As their residence was next door to Union Chapel, Islington, they attended there in the evening, and sometimes in the afternoon.

At that time there were three services on the Sunday in Union Chapel, but they were not all conducted by the same preacher. Some of the afternoon services which I attended were conducted by Mr. Thomas,* of Highgate. The Rev. Thomas Lewis generally preached morning and evening. The partial use of the Liturgy of the Church was continued at least once in the day during the time that Mr. Lewis was minister.

An extraordinary deviation from the usual mode of engraving the Decalogue and the Lord's Prayer in the chancel of churches was adopted here. These, with sundry other texts from Scripture, were inscribed upon the panels of the galleries, which extended along three sides of the chapel.

On those Sundays when I visited Mr. Procter, and generally on the Sunday mornings all through the year, I was accustomed to go to the Poultry Chapel to hear the Rev. John Clayton, jun. His sermons were plain and instructive, on the plan adopted in Hannam's "*Analytical Compendium*," which

* Mr. Thomas was a good man, whose exertions were out of proportion to his strength. He died rather early in life, from consumption.

rendered it easy to take down the analysis or even to commit it to memory. But the most extraordinary and attractive part of the service was the prayer before the sermon, commonly known as the "long prayer."

Mr. John Clayton was orderly, diligent, and exemplary in his attention to ministerial and pastoral duties. He had a numerous church, and he considered his duty required him to visit every member at least once in the year. Of course, in cases of illness the frequency of his visits was proportioned to the gravity of the occasion. He thus became the confidant and the faithful adviser of his people; and no change took place in their circumstances or domestic histories which was not known to him, and made a special subject of prayer in which the congregation might join. Of all these points of interest he had notes, some previously prepared by himself, and also many that were left for him in the vestry before service. All these he carried into the pulpit, arranged them on the cushion, and looked at them in succession during the utterance of his supplications, which were thus adapted to the special needs which had been laid open before him. In this way, that which I had often felt in other chapels a tedious and fatiguing exercise became the most interesting part of the service, and those who were especially interested in those supplications felt that each one of them, though member of a large family, was cared for by all the rest.

On the last Sunday of my stay in London, I wrote a few lines requesting Mr. Clayton to give thanks publicly to the Author of all mercies for the numerous

blessings with which I had been favoured during my temporary stay in the great city. I did not add any name or description, save that I was a medical student. That morning the pulpit was occupied by Mr. John Clayton, sen. He fulfilled my request in a very appropriate manner, associating with it supplications for my future welfare and happiness. He knew nothing of me personally, but he showed the note to Dr. Conquest, who was one of his deacons, and who recognised my handwriting.

Having thus arrived at the end of an important portion of my life, which was to be in some sense the seed-time of all the years that would follow, it was not without some mingled feelings of regret, of pleasure, of apprehensions concerning the future, yet of confidence founded upon grateful recollections of the past, that I wrote the following verses, which are an unaltered transcript of my thoughts on that occasion :

WRITTEN ON LEAVING LONDON.

I love my friends, I love my home,
I love my native scenes,
I love about the fields to roam
Among the evergreens.

I love thee still, meand'ring brook *
By which I used to stray,
To pore upon a fav'rite book
Or see the lambkins play.

These peaceful scenes again to view,
These friends again to see
I long : to them my heart is true,
And they are true to me.

* At Morton and Bourton-on-the-Water.

The crystal stream, the sporting fish *
I wish to see them still,
And yet I have another wish,
I have another will.

For other views and other scenes
Possess my harass'd mind,
And when I see the evergreens, †
These I must leave behind.

Temples of science, seats of art, ‡
And friends whom I must love,
These claim a place within my heart,
To which my passions move.

With these I cannot, cannot part—
Such lov'd and valu'd treasure ;
But I must feel a painful smart
Will mingle with my pleasure.

And when in lonely solitude
Upon my life I ponder,
Oh, then, in many a pensive mood,
Away my thoughts will wander—

To bring these scenes before my eyes
In contemplation's hour,
And when the pleasing shadow flies,
Lament its faded flower.

But stay--and hush this piteous sound,
It must, it must be so,
That always where a sweet is found,
The bitter, too, will grow.

* The stream running through Upper Slaughter.

† On each side of the road on the south-west side of Stow Hill, on the road leading to Bourton-on-the-Water.

‡ The Borough Hospital and the London Institution.

Hast thou, my wand'ring soul, forgot
Who was thy constant Guide,
Who kept thy feet and blest thy lot,
And every want supplied ?

He is thy sun, He is thy star,
He will thy light supply ;
He is not gone, He is not far,
Thy God is ever nigh.

He is the fountain of my joy,
From which those rivers roll—
Rivers of bliss without alloy,
Which satisfy the soul.

From fading joys and fleeting things,
Then help me, Lord, to flee,
And find my never-failing springs
Of happiness in Thee.

London, June 15, 1824.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Return to Morton—Life at Bourton-on-the-Water—Mr. Wells sen.—His attachment to myself—Mrs. Wells, sen., an admirable assistant to her husband—Her relation to the Halfords, of Leicestershire—Neglect of the accounts—A promised legacy—Mr. Wells, jun.—His *laissez faire* nature—His kindness to the poor patients—Their attendance at his funeral.

I HAD now closed my hospital life in London. In the midst of summer I set out for the country, where, after a short stay at my native town, I was about to enter upon my career, over the Cotswold Hills. My good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Procter, proposed to meet me at Morton, and spend a few days with my parents, and at the same time to renew the acquaintance of their distant relatives and the members of that congregation and church, in which Mr. Procter was interested, and to the expenses of which he was the chief contributor.

It happened that the Messrs. Wells had a patient at Lower Slaughter (a small village on the Windrusk, about six miles from Morton) who was the subject of a painful and incurable disease. Mrs. Reynolds had heard some accounts of me (probably much exaggerated) during my stay in

London, which led her to think that perhaps I had learnt some new mode of treatment from which she might obtain relief. There is probably no class of patients so eager and credulous as those who suffer from incurable disease, to whom their honest and truth-speaking attendants cannot promise recovery. Mrs. Reynolds accordingly, as soon as she knew of my arrival at Morton, requested that I would go over and see her. I told the messengers that I was sorry that it would not be in my power immediately to gratify her wishes; for as I was in truth a servant of Messrs. Wells, I could not act without them. No doubt if the request were made to them they would send me to see the patient. The reasonableness of this plea was admitted, and in a day or two afterwards I went over to see her, and was introduced by Mr. Wells, jun.

But in a week or two later a very urgent message was sent to the surgery for me. Mrs. Reynolds had been losing blood from the wound all day and part of the preceding night, and the attendants had no means which availed anything in checking it. I went over, and on removing the dressings, found the blood flowing copiously from an open vessel in the centre and from two or three other points.

Now, what was I, a young man of twenty-two years of age, to do? Ride back again for advice? Who could have given me more competent advice than that I had heard from Sir Astley Cooper? As the patient and her friends had confidence in me, I was able to carry out that advice; and to satisfy them

as well as myself I remained at the house until between two and three a.m., when I rode home.

In the meantime great surprise and almost consternation arose at both houses (Mr. Wells's and Dr. Stenson's) at my staying out so long without any reference to either. Mr. Wells, however, said nothing, but left all expostulation with me to Dr. Stenson. I was soon able to convince the doctor and his worthy wife, who had a great and well-deserved influence in their circle, that I could have taken no other course without involving my patient in immediate danger, and myself and those for whom I acted in great blame, perhaps disgrace.

There was no return of hemorrhage to any extent. The patient lived some weeks afterwards, and died exhausted by the original disease. She left me a small sum in token of her regard.

The house into which I had now entered belonged to Mr. W. Wells, sen., who had succeeded his uncle, Mr. Paxford, in the medical practice, and by whom alone he had been instructed in the art of the profession. Medicine, as a science, was then little studied.

Mr. Wells, sen., then between fifty-five and sixty years of age, was below the medium height. His face was broad, and his expression kindly; his hair, almost entirely grey, was combed back from his forehead, according to a prevailing fashion of his time; and his physiognomy was pleasing, and a faithful mirror of his habitual good nature. Generally speaking, he was a happy man, disposed to be content with the things and the persons around him. I never remember seeing him much

disturbed, except when someone had over-ridden his favourite mare; and as I never did over-ride her if I could possibly help it that gave me a special place in his favour. He was himself unable to mount her, because his left instep had been rendered quite rigid by gout; but he used to make his visits in a donkey chaise. By his habitual kindness and gentleness he had made his donkey as tractable and obedient as a dog, so that it was never necessary to use the whip.

Our roads were very bad, up or down steep hills, and the slow rate of the old gentleman's vehicle became very inconvenient when we were obliged to keep his pace. I remember one winter's morning, about two to three a.m., when my legs and feet seemed to me almost as if they had been immersed in a freezing mixture.

Mr. Wells was of a very easy nature. He would certainly ask patients to pay their bills, but frequently not until his own creditors applied to him for payment. In this way accounts were suffered to run on three, five, seven, twenty, and in one instance I knew of even forty years. This was a flagrant case, that of a bachelor gentleman of good property, who had a small farm, and two houses of his own which he had built. Mr. Wells, strange to say, used to make up cattle and horse medicines, following the example of old Mr. Paxford. The farmer wanted more medicine for his animals than for himself; but he never paid for it except by an occasional present of game, and a promise of a handsome legacy (a thousand pounds, I believe) to William Wells, jun. I made out a full account

before I left Bourton ; but I fear it was never sent in, perhaps for fear of losing the legacy. It never was paid but in part, for, the debtor dying intestate, the administrators demurred to any further payment than what was permitted by the Statute of Limitations ; and, of course, William Wells had no legacy.

I could narrate other flagrant instances like the above, of Mr. Wells's good nature and want of business habits—which were mischievous to his son, and his descendants, and also to his patients, who were thus taught to suspect that services for which they were not called on to pay anything were worth nothing.

The items I found were entered in two or three different waste books, and in as many different ledgers ; so that to make all the references correct, I had to construct a large index on the plan of Locke's Common Place Book. All this required time and labour, as the whole work fell upon me, but before I left them the whole was finished. As a medical practitioner, Mr. Wells, sen., was guided almost entirely by his own experience and that of Mr. Paxford, but when these failed him he was always very ready to call in the aid of Dr. Stenson.

I was always on good terms with Mr. Wells, who said I was like a son to him. He was anxious for me to marry his son's wife's sister, who was a young lady of considerable attractions and fortune ; perhaps, in order to secure my stay at Bourton, that I might keep the practice together and attend to the accounts. I believe this was also the wish of Mrs. Wells, sen., although she doubted whether I should be content anywhere but in London. Mrs. Wells,

was an important personage in our establishment, and her husband very wisely made her his treasurer. She was an excellent cook, and constantly superintended every part of the household economy. She had no child except William, who was about two years my senior. She long survived her husband, who died, between sixty and seventy, of dropsy, arising probably from gout.

I called to see the old gentleman after my return from Paris, and found him sitting up in his bed reading the New Testament.

Mrs. Wells was short of stature, and her complexion was pale. She was related to the Halfords, of Leicestershire, and, as she suspected, entitled to that property, or at least a portion of it. This property gave the title of Sir Henry Halford to the courtly Dr. Vaughan, who, by his unfailing courtesy and skilful application of his knowledge of human nature, made himself the Court physician of four successive English sovereigns, and almost autocrat of the London College of Physicians. Mr. William Wells, during my stay at Bourton made a journey of investigation into Leicestershire, but it was attended with no successful results.

Mrs. Wells was remarkable for placidity of demeanour; in which she even excelled her husband. I never saw her ruffled but once, and that was about a question of cookery, in which her assertion had been doubted. She was very industrious, whether in the house or in the shop; and she would generally save her husband the trouble of answering the bell at night, often answering from the bedroom window. She was thus a most valuable wife to her husband.

She became deaf and almost blind in her old age, living to eighty-four. At this time she had removed from the house of business, and lived in great isolation in a house, pleasantly situated on the bank of the river which ran through Bourton, which had been built by her husband in his favourite retirement, his garden.

Mr. William Wells, jun., was like his mother in feature and in disposition ; but, unlike her, he might have been born and brought up in Thomson's Castle of Indolence, so averse was he to exertion of any kind, especially such as required *brain* as well as *muscles*. His disposition was to do daily that which must be got through, and nothing more. I have known him to go on paying visits and sending out medicines day after day, without making a single entry in the Day Book. *Laissez faire* seemed to be his leading maxim. Everything he could he put off until *to-morrow*. Thus mistakes occurred in his entries, which were filled up from memory, and disputes arose with his patients. However, he was a handsome, courteous, gentlemanly man ; very attentive to his patients, and appearing to feel a great interest in them. And amongst the poor (for we had many poor from the eighteen parishes which were under our care) he was very popular, showing to them as much kindness and sympathy as to the rich. At his funeral—he died at a comparatively early age, not reaching by many years to that of his father or mother—he was followed to his grave by hundreds of his poor patients. His deficiencies were forgotten in the remembrance of his kindness and attention in the hour of affliction. Often as I

have been astonished at the ingratitude of patients who have received great benefits, it has cheered me to think of the respect of these poor people for kindness and sympathy merely, unassociated with superior skill.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Folly of delaying to deliver professional accounts—Instance in a firm of London solicitors—Example of the risk of refusing a fee when offered—Irish gratitude—The Seven Springs, near Bourton-on-the-Water—Scarlet fever—Night ride to Hazelton—My discovery of Bacon's Essays—The clergyman and the farmer good friends to the labourer in times of illness—An illustration of the above.

ALREADY allusion has been made to the evil custom of professional men in not promptly sending in their accounts at fixed periods—a custom which is not entirely confined to medical men. I knew a surviving partner of one of the most respectable firms in the City, who one day incidentally remarked that he had begun clearing up the accounts of their house. Amongst these was one of twenty years' standing with one of the large mercantile houses, amounting to £1,200. They instructed their solicitor to plead the Statute of Limitations, by which every claim beyond the last six years was disallowed. My friend seemed both disappointed and disgusted with the conduct of the house, with whom he had been accustomed to deal as gentlemen.

In the early part of my practice in London I had

a lesson from a stranger which was very coolly given. After I had prescribed, he asked me what was the fee. I answered, that he might pay me when he called again. His reply was, "You are a young man; perhaps I may never call again." He never did call again.

Amongst some other good maxims which Dr. Stenson taught was this, *Accipe dum dolet*.^{*} Thus, an Irish clergyman, whom I once attended in London, advised me if I should go to Ireland to be paid at every visit. "If you leave it until to-morrow and the pain is gone, the patient will have forgotten it, and at the end of a fortnight it will be past recovery." Severe as was this censure on his countrymen, my experience afforded me much reason to believe it was founded on truth.

The following is an illustration which occurred to me many years since, in my early practice. I was sent for one evening in great haste to see a gentleman at the Castle and Falcon Inn in Aldersgate Street. His name was Nevins, and his father lived at Drogheda. He had come home from Lima without his father's permission, because he had become so ill that he could not perform his duties. Indeed, he was far gone in phthisis. I was obliged to keep him in bed for several days, during which his funds became exhausted. This he told me, and requested me to apply to Messrs. Gibbs, the well-known shipowners, and ask them for a loan on his father's account. I saw Mr. Gibbs, the senior partner, who drew a bill on Mr. Nevins, senior, which

^{*} Take your fee while the pain lasts.

he sent for the young man to get discounted. On the next day, he told me he had settled the hotel account, and he would now pay me if I wished it; but at the same time he intimated that he feared the balance would not enable him to meet his travelling expenses, and if I would add to my great kindness towards him the further favour of trusting him until he got home, his family would gladly remit the amount. As I did not wish that he should get into any further trouble in his shattered state of health, I assented to this arrangement. Not hearing for some days, I wrote to the address given me by the patient, and received a letter profuse in its expressions of gratitude, but not saying one word about the payment of my claim. I then called on Mr. Gibbs, who told me that he had perhaps more reason than myself to be surprised at the conduct of Mr. Nevins, senior, who had dishonoured his bill. I offered to give evidence in court, if it were required, to support their claim on Mr. Nevins, but Mr. Gibbs said it was a matter beneath their notice.

The young man died of consumption soon after his return home. His father, in addition to his expressions of gratitude to me on behalf of his family and his son, said he should be very happy if he could do anything for me in Parliament, as he was an intimate friend of Mr. O'Connell, the Great Liberator; but after all these professions he never paid me a shilling.

Every day that passes without the putting in of a legitimate claim lessens its chances of being ever realised. Indeed, as a medical claim (although

legal) is practically treated as a claim *in foro conscientie*, there is no reason why the barrister should be paid before his services have been rendered, and the medical man paid long afterwards, and perhaps not at all.

From the neglect of Messrs. Wells' accounts very lamentable results followed to the family. Mr. Wells, jun., could not afford to have his sons properly educated for his profession, which barred them from entering on a field in which no rival had for half a century put in a claim. As it was, the best part of the practice passed into the hands of a stranger, even before the somewhat premature death of the younger Mr. Wells, which had soon followed that of his father.

Soon after my arrival at Bourton, in 1824, I was sent to see a patient at Naunton, an agricultural village about three and a half miles distant, situated in a deep ravine among the Cotswold Hills. I had never been in the place, and was unacquainted with the road, which, like most of those in Mr. Wells's practice, was a cross-country road through fields, with gates to keep the cattle and sheep from trespassing upon other grounds not intended for them. I followed my directions as far as I was able, and then finding myself in a spot where there was no further road, I left the rein loose on the neck of Bess, Mr. Wells's favourite mare, who had been accustomed to the country with all its cross-roads for so many years that I had confidence she would take me somewhere near to Naunton. Bess, however, preferred to find the way home; and as I could get sight of no one to direct me, I allowed her to

take her own course, to the disappointment of the patient, and to my own vexation.

Yet it was a beautiful wandering out of the way ; for Bess had taken me to the spot called the Seven Springs, which are in fact the head springs of the Thame. This stream, flowing on to Oxford, joins the Isis, and becomes the Thames ; and continuing its course to London, bears from thence to the sea the commercial navy and the war ships of the greatest maritime nation of the world. Once afterwards I visited this romantic spot, in company with the Rev. Thomas Coles, of Bourton, and two of his sons, who bathed in the principal spring, and one of whom afterwards climbed a tree without putting on his clothes. I said it reminded one of the earliest days of the human race, and made the scene more *romantic*.^{*} “Rather call it,” remarked his father, “a *rum antic*.”

This good, although not great man (for that epithet rather belonged to his neighbour John Foster), was disposed in his social moments to be facetious. I have never seen him so happy as when in a small circle of friends he used to retail to them his budget of anecdotes, instructive or amusing. He was an intimate friend of my father all his life, and he would sometimes stay all night at our house, on one of which occasions my sister and I were allowed the great treat of sitting up until after ten o'clock, that we might enjoy Mr. Coles's company.

* The epithet romantic was then in more frequent use at Bourton, from our familiarity with the interesting essays of our friend Foster.

On the morning following my getting lost among the Seven Springs, Mr. William Wells accompanied me on his own mare to Naunton. Our patient had been attacked by scarlatina in a mild form, and no symptoms had arisen to excite any anxiety, and therefore no harm came from the delay.

At that time (1824), and for some years afterwards, no severe cases of scarlet fever occurred in that neighbourhood. The only case I had known occurred to my sister, about 1817, which for a few days seemed to put her life in peril, from the state of the throat. I caught the infection; but upon me it produced so little effect that I was not confined to my bed, but was able to walk about as usual. Only one severe case occurred before my removal from Bourton, in 1828, and this was not fatal in its issue.

From three to four years after my settlement in London, and after the first appearance of cholera (in 1832), scarlet fever, as an epidemic, broke out in its severe and malignant forms; so that I have felt myself more helpless in its presence than even in the presence of cholera. Here I am reminded of an impressive description of scarlet fever, whether in its sporadic or in its epidemic forms, in especial reference to its varying severity, namely, that it may be either the *sting of a gnat* or the *rush of an elephant*.

Sydenham seems never to have met with a severe case of scarlet fever. In his day it appears to have been a disease of small consequence. On the other hand, Dr. Fothergill, in his history of malignant ulcerated sore throat, gives an impressive sketch of a scarlatina epidemic of very fatal character. Dr. George Gregory, in his lectures on Eruptive

Fevers, relates the death of his own wife from this disease (p. 130), with the prefatory words "Infandum renovare dolorem."

In my own practice, one of the first severe cases was the son of the Rev. James Stratten, of Paddington, who was visiting his grandfather, the well-known Thomas Wilson, cousin of the future Bishop of Calcutta. It was the more afflicting because I could not permit his mother to come near him, as she was in delicate health.

But those forms, which we should hardly venture to call malignant scarlet fever, are often fatal. I have seen three deaths in one family, within as many weeks. And the very mildest are often followed by the most formidable *sequelæ* in the shape of convulsions, disease of the heart or of the kidney, rheumatism, and deafness, arising from the extension of the disease of the throat to the Eustachian tube.

Late one winter's evening I was required to go to Hazelton, a village near to Northleach, and, I suppose, about five miles from Bourton. The night was so dark that at first when I got on horseback I could not see the horse's head. The messenger brought a lanthorn with him, as we had no turnpike road after leaving Bourton about a quarter of a mile behind us. To shorten the distance the farmer led me across several ploughed fields, for by this time a few stars were visible. When we got near the end of our journey he led me near a spreading oak, and, as I could not see distinctly, I went under one of the branches so closely that it pulled off my hat, which fell upon the earth. Immediately I stopped my horse, got off, and feeling about with my hands,

very fortunately recovered it, for I could not see it. If there had been any wind to have blown it a little distance, I must have gone without it until daylight. At length, however, we arrived without any further accident.

Mr. William Wells, jun., had been attending a case in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Perry's family had sent a messenger to him, in consequence of which he rode over at once from the house of his patient, and arrived at Hazelton some half hour or more before we got there, and had taken charge of the patient, who belonged to him.

The farmer went to look after his horses, Mr. Wells was upstairs, and I was left alone in a large kitchen by the side of a great fire of faggots. Looking round to see if there were any books, I espied some hanging shelves on the side opposite the fire-place, and taking the candle to read the titles, I found "Fordyce's Lectures to Women," and in another volume "Bacon's Essays" with his "Wisdom of the Ancients" bound in one pocket volume. This I had never met with before, and I looked upon it with great interest. Fordyce also, I thought, might be a good book. These two I reached down, and had placed them on the table before me when the farmer again returned. "Well," said he, "I hope you have got something that will amuse you." I told him I was much interested in both volumes, but especially in Bacon's Essays. "Are you?" said he, "then take them both back with you and keep them. I bought them the other day as a part of a lot of odds and ends at a sale at Northleach, not thinking they could be any value

to me, and I shall therefore be glad if you can find them useful." I gladly accepted his offer. It is remarkable that all my most difficult and extraordinary cases in midwifery, and some of those in surgery, occurred in quite the early part of my professional life.

The vicar of Naunton at that time was Mr. Hurd, aged about fifty, and unmarried. He was, I think, not much of a theologian, but he was a very kind man and a good neighbour. On the occasion of one of my late visits in the village, he insisted on my staying all night at his house.

Here was I lodged in the house of a good Samaritan, and my horse cared for in his stable, and fed by his groom. Mr. Hurd was wonderfully interested in hearing all the details of the case, and was anxious to provide everything that might add to the comfort of the patient. It is only fair to state that I almost invariably found the clergyman the best friend of the agricultural labourer. As we attended eighteen rural parishes my position gave me abundant opportunities of observation. If it were ever necessary or desirable to order extras that were not within the reach of the poor patient, I had only to call on the clergyman, and, on my representation, they would immediately be supplied, either from his own house, or from the overseer's fund. In some instances I found it unnecessary to enlist the clergyman, as the overseer was disposed to place perfect faith in my statements. The following is an apt illustration.

A hedger and ditcher, in laying down a hedge, missed his blow and struck the bill deeply into his

leg, between the tibia and fibula, and near the middle of the length between the knee and the ankle. I suppose the anterior tibial artery escaped wounding, for there was no considerable hæmorrhage. I put up the wound in the regular way, with adhesive straps at first, and afterwards with a bandage, expecting union by adhesion in a few days.

Now this man had lived chiefly on potatoes and bread, with a little bacon, and his opportunities of tasting butcher's meat were few and far between. He had a wife and a family of several children, and at night they had only one bedroom, and another room on the ground floor. At the end of six weeks the man was still confined to his bed. The wound was not healed, and was not promising to heal. He was melancholy from being confined to this wretched dwelling, without proper food, good air, or hope. Moreover, his joints, his knee especially, had become stiff, and when lifted out of bed he could not walk.

I waited upon the overseer, and represented to him that this man wanted three things—good food, good air, and change. Without these he would make no progress, but become a cripple and a burden to his parish, and his family would share the same fate. I proposed that he should have about six ounces of butcher's meat sent daily from the overseer's, that he should as soon as possible leave his bed and sit on a chair in the open air, and that he should ride down to our surgery at Bourton on a donkey, attended by one of his family, twice or thrice a week, that we might see to the proper management of his wound. The overseer had full confidence in me, therefore all these arrangements were fully carried out. In a week

a great change had taken place : the moral depression and despondency were almost gone, his appetite had become craving, and his new food he took with great relish ; and the wound had assumed a new aspect, and had begun to heal from each side. In a fortnight he began to use his stiff joints, and in about another week he was nearly well ; but, in order to make the cure more permanent, I advised him to attend at Bourton until he was able to walk fairly and do a little easy work out of doors.

This case was at Notgrove. The overseer was the principal farmer in the place, and his name was Comely. Several members of the Comely family still remain in that neighbourhood, and one of the female descendants was married the other day (September, 1874) from Oddington.

The good effects of treatment in this case was partly due to the physical agency of good fresh meat, and the fresh air of the hills inhaled without fatigue ; but still more to the moral effect of change in all the surroundings, and to the exhilarating influence of hope.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Rheumatism—Sulphur treatment—Rheumatic fever and its effects—Pericarditis and Endocarditis—Both occasional sequelæ of scarlatina—Influence of rheumatism on the affections and moral character—An illustration—Mental delusions in a case of gout.

RHEUMATISM was common in its chronic and milder forms. Many of the agricultural labourers, and some of their masters, had joints that were more or less crippled by it, chiefly the shoulders, the knee, and the hip. With them sulphur was a frequent remedy, not taken internally; but a roll of sulphur was worn in one breeches pocket until it tarnished the silver coins in the other. Instinctively, perhaps, they took it internally, in the quantity of greens, onions, and especially garlic, they were so fond of consuming with their ordinary food.

Acute rheumatism (or, as it is called, rheumatic fever) was not infrequent, especially at the earlier periods of life, and in numerous instances the disease attacked the envelope and lining membranes of the heart. More rarely it attacked the pleura, producing effusion of serum or pus into the cavity of the chest. The true pathology of the pain and dyspnœa which attended these changes was hardly at all known at that time.

It was during my residence in Bourton that I saw, in a child of about eight years, at Lower Slaughter, a case of hypertrophy of the heart, which had not been preceded by any attack of rheumatic fever. The rheumatism had been chronic and mild in its character. Nine years afterwards I was called to see this patient—now grown to be rather a tall woman—who was suffering from dropsy, the result of the heart affection. The case terminated fatally. In like manner I have seen pericardial mischief and enlargement of the heart insidiously produced by scarlatina in a child, in whom the attack was so mild that he was never kept in bed during the existence of the slight scarlatina symptoms, and where the state of the heart had excited no attention; indeed, up to the day of his death he was accustomed to go out and play in the street. One day he came in, and said to his mother, “I am so tired, let me sit on your lap.” He sat down, threw his arms around her neck, and died. I went down into the country between thirty and forty miles to see him some months before the fatal close.

In another case of pericardial, and probably endocardial mischief, which Dr. Stenson attended with me at Little Ressington, in which I was much interested, relief and apparent recovery were obtained for a time, and some ten years afterwards the young lady married; but after a few years the original disease returned, and terminated in fatal dropsy.

Occasionally some moral effects associate themselves with the affections of the heart connected with rheumatism. Dr. J. Begbie, of Edinburgh, was

one of the first to point out the relationship between rheumatism and chorea, in which the disease in some way affects the spinal cord. We also know that, probably from some similar affection of the cerebrum, delirium not infrequently supervenes, and runs on to a formidable and fatal extent—as in those forms of cerebral rheumatism which have been described so well by Trousseau. But in those cases which show perversions of the moral sentiments, neither the intellectual nor the muscular systems appear to suffer, only the joints and the heart. Thus attachment has been altered into coldness and even aversion, courtesy into incivility, thankfulness into ingratitude, tractableness into perverseness, patient endurance into restless impatience; in fact, there is an approach towards a mild form of moral mania.

As an example, by no means unique, a young servant of a poor family, who had been taken into the household of a wealthy and generous man, and who had a kind mistress, was attacked with acute rheumatism, followed by pericarditis. I had strictly enjoined her to keep to her bed, and was surprised to find on my next visit that she had gone down five pairs of stairs into the kitchen, where she was not wanted, and was not able to do anything. At length she became so intractable that her mistress sent her home to her mother. She ultimately died of cardiac dropsy.

There is some close relationship between rheumatism and gout. The influence of the latter on the temper is well known; and some most extraordinary hallucinations in connection with it have occurred within my experience.

We were sitting down to breakfast one morning at Bourton, Mr. and Mrs. Wells, sen., and myself, when a servant rushed in, with her hair in disorder, and her face bearing the impress of some great alarm. "Oh, sir! oh, sir!" said she to Mr. Wells, "do come and see master. We don't know what to do with him." She was too frightened to give us any distinct relation of what had happened, and we thought of some sudden and terrible accident. Mr. Wells said to me, "You are young, and can go quicker than I can." Immediately I started, and the servant ran on before. When I came to the house, which was in the midst of the town and on the river's bank, I found the street door wide open, but no one in waiting or in sight. Guided by strange and unnatural howling from a chamber upstairs, I made my way thither. On entering, I saw the master on the bed, covered over from head to foot with a sheet, so as to hide from view his face as well as every part of his body, howling in horror and affright. "Mr. Smith! Mr. Smith!" I said, "what can be the matter? What do you make that noise for?" "Oh, Mr. Mann, how could you be so cruel as to cut my head off?" said the patient. "But," I replied, "if your head had been cut off, how could you talk to me?" To this puzzling question he had no answer, and began howling louder than ever. I saw that I had taken a wrong course in doubting the truth of his delusion, and therefore I took a different line. "But," said I, "now hear me, Mr. Smith. You know that I am your friend, and Mr. Wells was your friend years before I knew you; you might, then, be quite sure

that if we took your head off, it was to do you good, and to put it on again better than it was before. Only don't be frightened, and you shall soon be made all right again." In this way I soothed and at length pacified him. In the evening he was attacked with gout in his foot, and the delusion left him, to return no more.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A case of ecstasy—Surgical failures—Mortification arising from injured arteries—Great pain in disease of artery—Injury to artery from a sudden shock—Duty of practitioners in cases of dangerous illness.

WHILE at Bourton I met with one instance of the strange disease called ecstasy. The patient was a young woman who belonged to the working classes. She would sit motionless all day with her eyes closed, or more frequently turned up towards heaven in an attitude of deep devotion, like the female saints in a sculptor's studio. She never asked for food, but took some when it was offered. She seemed insensible to the outer world, and when any part of the body was pinched or pricked with a pin, she made no resistance, and showed no sense of pain. After a time, she became noisy, and evidently insane. Ultimately she was taken to Gloucester Lunatic Asylum, but I never heard her subsequent history.

My surgical failures were not numerous, but they occurred now and then. On a Sunday morning there came in a man with a dislocation of the elbow joint. The bones of the forearm were driven outwards upon the outer condyle of the humerus, whilst the inner condyle was resting on the centre of the joint, and

stretching the skin over the groove of the ulnar nerve and its process, so as to threaten the forcing of the latter through the skin covering it. I attempted the reduction in various ways, and succeeded in none. At length Mr. Wells, sen., persuaded me to rest, and hand the patient over to Dr. Stenson, upon whom the patient waited the next morning, but in vain. Then the man went to Gloucester Infirmary, where the surgeons were equally unsuccessful. At this time we had no pulleys; and I had no efficient assistant. Chloroform was not heard of or used for many years afterwards. Such a dislocation I have never seen since.

I was requested to see a poor plough-boy at one of our parishes (Upper Slaughter), who was very ill. He said he was unable to walk or even to stand, it gave him so much pain in one of his legs. As he was lying in bed I had a fair examination of the limb. But there was no appearance externally in which it differed from the sound limb. There was no swelling; and he had suffered from no blow nor from any strain, only he complained of excessive tenderness over the region of the fibula, and great pain in the same part on attempting to stand or to walk. He also said that the pain came on in the night and prevented him from sleeping. The first thought that occurred to mind was, "Is this a case of malingering?" But the history given to me was that he was an industrious lad, who had never at any former period been laid aside from his work by illness. Then I thought it must be a case of inflammation of the periosteum, or perhaps of the bone. I therefore ordered leeches over the painful

part, to be followed by poultices of bread and water, to encourage the bleeding. On my next visit the patient was much relieved from pain and tenderness. I then ordered an evaporating lotion, and neither heard nor saw anything more of the case; and it was gratifying to me to reflect that I had not adopted or acted on the thought that first occurred to my mind of the possibility of deception.

Years afterwards, when I had settled in London, but was paying a visit to the country, as I was riding along the public road, I was hailed by this lad, who had grown up to be a man, and was engaged in breaking stones. He sat down upon a heap of stones, and turning down his stocking, showed me his leg with five or six sores upon the line of the fibula, evidently connected with diseased bone.* I told him that those sores came from a faulty constitution and bad living, and that the only means for his relief would be what I feared were out of his reach. Poor fellow! he seemed to feel little contented with my prescription. He had evidently thought that his present condition was partly my fault, and that of the medical man who had subsequently attended him.

One day, Dr. Stenson told me, he had been called in by Mr. Archer, of Stow, to see a case of spontaneous mortification of the upper extremity, which had ended fatally. Dr. Stenson had some suspicion that it was connected with diseased heart, and asked me if I would assist Mr. Archer in an examination of the body. The patient, George Webb,

* I think he said, "There, sir, that is your work!"

was the eldest son of a Morton family, and well known to me as the best member of it for sobriety, steadiness, industry and reliableness. He was taken into the service of — Chamberlain, Esq., of Mangersbury, who had inherited a small landed property there from the time of the Conquest. He had risen to be bailiff of the farm, and in that capacity, looking over a turnip field, where the sheep were put into pens to eat off the turnips, he came to a hurdle which was loose and insecure. To deepen the hole in which it stood he struck a forcible blow with an iron bar held in his right hand. It came into contact with a large stone out of sight, which threw all the reflex force of the blow into his arm. The arm soon began to be painful, to swell, and become discoloured and cold. He sent for Mr. Archer, who, recognising the grave nature of the case, called in Dr. Stenson. In spite of the means adopted, both medical and surgical, the arm mortified, nearly up to the shoulder, and the patient died.

Many years afterwards, when I was resident in Bartholomew Close, I had a patient close at hand who had just come downstairs after being laid up with an attack of hæmorrhage into the right lung, which appeared to have filled the bronchiæ on that side, leaving the left lung quite uninjured and respiration quite free. He was now able to get about the house, and to amuse himself went into the shop and sat behind the counter on a stool. A servant wanting to reach a loaf from a shelf in the window frame, removed the stool, and then went away, forgetting to replace it. The patient thinking it was in its place, when he went to sit down fell,

throwing the weight of the trunk and head at unawares upon one knee, which was suddenly and forcibly bent under the superincumbent pressure. Inflammation of the popliteal vessels, and mortification of the toes and part of the foot followed. Without any warning the patient died suddenly in bed whilst the family were at dinner. Death probably arose from embolism.

The pain, in the case of injured arteries, which in the state of health seem to have but little sensibility, is extreme. This patient compared it to what he thought might be produced if it had been laid upon the rail and the whole of the train driven over it.

I heard of a somewhat similar case where the vibration of a blow unexpectedly checked produced gangrene of the foot and part of the lower extremity. It was related by the venerable Boyer in a clinical lecture at the *La Chanté*. The Danish ambassador in ascending the steps to one of the theatres, struck his toe forcibly against the edge of the stone. A few years since, Dr. H. Cooper, of Brentford, received a blow from a cricket ball on the leg, which produced coagulation in the popliteal vein; this was not followed by gangrene, but the clot passed on to the right ventricle, causing sudden death.

We are sometimes censured for failing to give the information to our patients, when a case is likely to end fatally. Some time since I had a conversation on this subject with Dr. J. R. Farre (father of the brothers Frederick and Arthur Farre), who was, I believe, a *decidedly religious* man. He said, "Doubtless it is generally not fair to allow patients to be ignorant of the nature of their illness when it is dangerous; but

there are cases where such a communication might decide the fatal issue of an illness. I know I have often seen cases where a strong impression on the patient's mind that he would die has led to death. Where it is important for temporal, or for religious reasons, that a man should settle his affairs, or see his clergyman, the communication should be made by his relatives or friends, and by the most judicious of them; not by the medical attendant, from whom it would come with the effect of a death warrant."

When I was at Bourton, as I had the reputation of being plain spoken, patients who imagined that my opinion might be unfavourable, never asked for it. There was, however, one patient far gone in consumption who solemnly conjured me to tell her whether she was in danger. She said she did not ask Mr. Wells, lest he might not be willing to alarm her, but she would trust to me to tell her what I really thought. My reply was, I would not say it was impossible that she might recover, but that if there were things to be settled it would be prudent that she should settle them. She refused to see me afterwards. In a fortnight she died.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Case of a patient who thought himself continually haunted with the cry of "Carlo!"—Sounds of cooing and barking in the chest.

Preparations for Paris—Proposal of Dr. Stenson—My readings with Miss B.—Her dangerous illness—Disruption of our acquaintance—Her ultimate career.

ONE morning, an old man* (probably sixty and more) came to us with a prescription from Dr. Stenson, which ordered cupping. He had gone to ask advice for a singular symptom. He said that by night or by day, except when asleep, he was haunted with the sound of some one crying out "Carlo! Carlo!" This, I suppose, the doctor considered to be a delusion connected with some disturbed condition of the brain, which might be relieved by cupping. The patient, however, was in no degree improved by the loss of blood; and when he next came his wife accompanied him. She somewhat startled me by saying that when she laid her head on the pillow close to that of her husband, she could herself hear the sound of which he complained. So it appeared to me that we had to deal with something that was not purely a *subjective*, but with an *objective*

* This man was a gardener named Thomas Kitchen.

phenomenon. I took up Laennec's stethoscope and applied it to the temporal bone, and I heard a distinct musical sound, synchronous with the pulse. This was emitted by the middle artery of the *dura mater*, which being in contact with the bony case of the auditory apparatus, was intensified thereby, and might very well seem to the patient like a voice pronouncing any word of two syllables, like the word Carlo, upon which his fancy had fixed. The cause was probably some ossific deposit, which had narrowed the calibre of the artery, and thereby produced a sound; which might be modified and perhaps stopped altogether by any considerable increase of the bulk of the obstacle, or which would cease altogether when the artery was blocked up. This patient lived some years after I left Bourton. On a subsequent visit I inquired, but could not ascertain, the cause of his death.

When I was at St. Thomas's, Dr. Elliotson one day, in one of his jocose moods, saluted me by saying that one of his patients seemed to have a wood-pigeon's nest in his chest. I listened and heard a cooing not unlike the note of a wood-pigeon in its nest. The doctor thought it arose from the pulmonary artery, and was, perhaps, connected with some narrowing of its calibre. In a letter he afterwards wrote to me at Bourton, he stated that at the post-mortem examination the diagnosis was verified. I do not remember what were the attendant symptoms during life.

Another example of musical sounds emitted from the heart, occurred to a boy who had suffered from a severe attack of acute rheumatism with pericarditis.

He was getting relieved from the pain in the joints, and all the other symptoms were milder ; when he complained that he was prevented from sleeping by a barking like that of a puppy, which his mother said she could hear when she was in bed with him. I believe this arose from adhesion taking place between two of the aortic valves, as it was heard during the systole of the ventricle. After his convalescence, a permanent *bruit de soufflet* remained. I advised that he should abstain from all rough play, and that he should learn some sedentary business. He chose that of a watchmaker, and in this capacity settled down in the Upper Street, Islington. He married, and lived to about thirty-four years of age, when his death took place from heart disease.

I do not propose to do more in these medical histories than to give a notice of those cases occurring to me in my early professional life, which were peculiar or difficult for a young man ; for I was not twenty-six years of age when I left Bourton to go to Paris. Moreover, in any difficulty I stood alone ; except when I could call in Dr. Stenson. I did not like to do so for pauper patients, and for those in the middle class I could not without the concurrence of the Messrs. Wells ; who were rather averse to calling in the doctor, because very few of their patients could afford to pay a physician's fee.

I had long intended to go to Paris to complete my anatomical studies, which it was then next to impossible to complete satisfactorily in London. This I thought necessary before my examination for the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons. To this end I had applied myself to the acquisition

of the French language, even before I quitted Morton, and Dr. Stenson had aided me by a loan of Levizac's Grammar, and I had previously purchased a French Dictionary.

My plan of study commenced and closed before breakfast in the summer mornings; and as I had to prepare for Apothecaries' Hall, which I intended to pass before going up to the college, it embraced several subjects. 1. To improve my Latin. 2. To read up Chemistry, Materia Medica, and Medicine. 3. To study French and write exercises. 4. To perfect myself in stenography, writing a passage on one morning and reading it on the morning following. To accomplish these various objects I was accustomed to rise between five and six in the morning, and then give about half an hour to each study.

But there still remained one thing, for which I was not provided with a tutor, namely, the pronunciation of French; for although I might acquire the art of reading, it was hardly possible to converse without hearing the pronunciation from a living teacher.

To accomplish this object, Dr. Stenson advised me to avail myself of the aid of a young lady, who was a good French scholar and a correct reader, and who had written out for him a translation of a sermon by a French preacher of celebrity. The mother of the lady I had known slightly some years before, when she was living at Lower Slaughter; I had become very favourably known to her by the services I had rendered to her intimate friend Mrs. Reynolds, and by my friendship with their minister, the Rev. T. Coles, of Bourton.

Whether Dr. Stenson had any ulterior views; whether he wished to keep me near him; whether he thought to support the doubtful fortunes of the Messrs. Wells; or whether he was thinking more exclusively of my own future prospects, I cannot tell; but he was certainly desirous that I should cultivate the acquaintance of his young friend.

The Rev. T. Coles always supported me as the favourite friend and juvenile teacher in former years of his distinguished son Walter. The Messrs. Wells, I knew, were very desirous of having me at Bourton; and Mrs. Wells, sen., had the same desire as her husband and son. Under their auspices, then, I found little difficulty in engaging Miss B. to favour me with some readings in French exercises, which she corrected for me, and to watch over my pronunciation. We became friendly, but she was rather cold; and when at length I made her an offer, she courteously declined for the present, on the alleged ground of her youth.

Then there came upon her a serious illness from an attack of acute rheumatism, which, although not attended with symptoms of immediate danger, affected her heart. I had seen all this years before in the case of my deceased sister, and therefore I began to watch over this case with intense anxiety, although the greater part of the responsibility was borne by Dr. Stenson.

As I foresaw the possible serious injury that might accrue to the heart of our patient, whether in relation to immediate danger, or, if that were escaped, to her ultimate health and strength, by the permanent sequelæ in the form of valvular adhesions, both my

anxiety and my compassion concurred in intensifying my feelings, not simply as a spectator, but as a possible partner of her future lot. Her mother, Mrs. C., of course felt for her daughter, but she also felt for me. Probably it was in order to comfort me that she said : “ Her first wish was that her daughter might recover ; her second, that she might hereafter be united to me as her companion for life.” Mrs. C.’s sister, Mrs. P., and her aged mother, very much concurred in these views, although the concurrence was not so decidedly expressed.

With the patient (Miss B.) the case was quite different. Her feelings, under the influence of the disease, no doubt, were not only cold and, as it seemed to me, ungrateful, but they were also indicative of dislike. For this I was not prepared ; for I was not then fully aware of the occasional influence of the disease on the moral constitution of the patient. It did not extinguish my attachment at once, but it caused me to divert my professional efforts with greater diligence into another channel—a change which was of great moment in preparing me for the next era in my life.

I have much reason to regard my acquaintance with Miss B. as of great advantage in advancing my knowledge of the French language and literature ; which, especially in what related to my profession, has opened to me a rich mine of information, and powerfully contributed to that measure of success which I have obtained in life. The commencement and continuance of that acquaintance for the considerable time it lasted, and then its disruption by no act of mine, but by the lady herself, I have regarded

in my cooler moments as a providential dispensation ; for had this terminated in marriage it would have altered the whole current of my future life. For herself, I hope it was a happy decision. It preserved her nearness to her relations and friends, who had been her companions from her earliest years. She remained single for eight years after I left Bourton ; she then married her cousin, a country farmer of homely wit and rough manners. Her mother-in-law was an invalid, confined to her bed for the latter years of her life in the same house. Her husband, never of robust health, nearly lost his sight. She was herself a chronic invalid from the affection of the heart, and at length died of dropsy from that cause, leaving no issue. Her conduct under all these trials was exemplary and worthy of a Christian. Her husband did not long survive her.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

My Sunday school life at Bourton—Henry Coles—His wish to complete his education in Paris—His mother's desire that he should be my companion—Visit of John Foster to Bourton—My first call upon him—Conversation on Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection"—Foster's mode of treating subjects—His shoemaker—His son—Mrs. Foster.

Mr. Foster's advice concerning Paris—His courtship—Mrs. Stenson—Her character—Her likeness to Madame de Staël—Her sudden and distressing death—Mrs. Cox, the third sister of the remarkable trio—Anecdote of Robert Hall—Witty repartee occasionally uttered by lunatics—Kindness of Mrs. Cox—Kindheartedness of Foster—Foster's children.

Mrs. Cooper, mother of Miss B.—Her strong attachment to me—Mrs. Packer, Mrs. Cooper's sister—Mrs. Wood, their mother.

My Sunday school life at Bourton (although I lived there rather less than six years, and a considerable portion of these were too much occupied on the Sunday to allow of my taking any regular place as teacher) was not unimportant. At that time the school was taught in the chapel and the little vestry, for there was no other accommodation. Boys and girls met in the same building, but in separate classes; the girls being in the galleries.* Acting in complete unison with

* At the present they meet in a new building on the south side of the chapel, which was erected some years after I left Bourton.

my friend, the Rev. T. Coles, the minister, I formed a Sunday school society of the teachers, to which we all contributed, in order to supply books and rewards to the children, and to make and revise rules for the general conduct of the school. At first I was able frequently to attend the morning school before the commencement of Divine service. One of my pupils in the Bible class was a little delicate boy named John Trafford. His father was a little man, and his mother a delicate woman, and, as long as I knew her, accustomed to walk with a crutch. She was, however, a woman of amiable temper and of excellent report. Under her training her son, who had a remarkable memory, became largely acquainted with Scripture. In riper years he became a minister, and went out to India to preside over the Missionary Institution at Serampore, which was founded by Carey, Marshman, and Ward, at their own personal expense, to the amount of more than sixty thousand pounds. Over that station John Trafford still honourably presides (1874).

We Sunday school teachers at Bourton were accustomed to meet on a Sunday, after the evening service, in the Table pews. Any questions that had arisen concerning the scholars or the teaching were discussed, after which we had one or two prayers and so closed the day.

We also held quarterly social meetings at private houses. The order of proceeding was (1) The Secretary read the notes of the last meeting. (2) Reports were made of the classes generally, comprising reports of each boy and girl. (3) A subject was chosen for discussion at the next meeting, and an opener. (4) An

essay was read on the subject chosen at a former meeting. The meeting commenced with tea at about five p.m., and closed with supper and family devotions. These meetings were generally pleasant, and I hope they were profitable. How long they were continued after I left Bourton I cannot tell. Only it is gratifying to reflect that the Sunday school continued to prosper after my departure, until at length a large and commodious school-room was built. When I paid my last visit to Bourton (1866), and saw Mrs. Kendall (mother of Mr. E. Kendall, the superintendent), she told me that for several years all the additions to the church had come from the Sunday school. The school has joined the Cotswold Sunday School Union, and is still prospering under the same superintendent (1874).

During my residence at Bourton, a Sunday school library was formed. All these proceedings that I have narrated took place with the aid and full concurrence of my friend, the Rev. T. Coles, who accepted the offices of president and treasurer to the Sunday school. The female teachers attended only the quarterly meetings of teachers. Probably it was not convenient to them to stay after the evening service on Sundays.

The second son of my friend, the Rev. T. Coles, had been educated for the medical profession, and wished to complete his studies in Paris. His mother, whose favourite son he was, and who had always manifested a great attachment to me, and a greater confidence perhaps than I deserved, said that she could not consent to his going unless in company with me. This was not meant unkindly to either of

us, but it excited a feeling of jealousy in the breast of Henry Coles, which much interfered with the thoroughness of our friendship, and introduced a discord occasionally into the harmony which had previously existed, and which frequently aroused a captiousness which was a part of his nature, and which had a tendency to become offensive. In later years he knew me better, and was grateful for the services I was able to render him in the troubles of his declining years and at the close of his life. For, notwithstanding his faults, I did not forget that he was the son of two of my best friends, and the brother of my beloved Walter.

During my residence at Bourton some lengthened visits were paid to his brother-in-law, Dr. Stenson, by the celebrated John Foster, author of the "Essays on Decision of Character." On one of those visits I called one morning at Dr. Stenson's to pay my respects to the literary lion of the circle. Although Foster himself was not vain, and although he was the last man to insist upon, or even to accept of, any homage, yet, in his own circle, he ruled opinion almost as a demigod, only that as a democrat he was sometimes too outspoken for the aristocratic prejudices of his admirers. At that hour two or three other persons had called on the same errand of politeness. The conversation had turned upon Robert Hall, who was then at Bristol, of course intimate with Foster, who lived at Stapleton, in the vicinity. "One of the greatest annoyances of Mr. Hall," Foster observed, "arises from the number of visitors who are continually calling upon him and interrupting his studies,

apparently for no other object than to be able to say to their neighbours, that at such a time they had paid a visit to their friend, Robert Hall." I immediately arose from my seat and said I must wish Mr. Foster, Good morning. Foster directly replied, "No, no, Mr. Mann, you are mistaken; I had never the least thought of applying Mr. Hall's censure to you. Pray sit down again, we are all happy to have your company." Although I could not doubt Foster's truthfulness and sincerity, yet I did not feel comfortable to stay long on that occasion, and my departure excited no particular notice from the company, as it was supposed I had some professional engagement. From that time Foster treated me with what seemed to me peculiar consideration, thinking he had unintentionally wounded my feelings.

On another occasion the conversation turned upon a work of Coleridge, which had not long been before the public, but which I had seen, I suppose, as one of the books in circulation in the Book Club, namely, "Aids to Reflection, with extracts from Archbishop Leighton." One of the ladies present (probably Mrs. Stenson) asked me if I had read it, and what I thought of it. I replied that I had only time to look at some passages here and there, but not to read it. The impression left on my mind was, that the book had not quite a correct title, and should rather be called "*Materials*" than "*Aids*" to Reflection, for there were some sentences that I had not been able to understand. "But," said Foster, "it does not follow that because *you* were not able to understand Coleridge, that he would

have been unintelligible to another person." I said I should never presume to measure myself with Coleridge, but that our friend, Mr. Coles, had professed to me that he had felt the same difficulty. "Well, well, we all respect Mr. Coles; but still there might be a meaning which Mr. Coles did not perceive." "Undoubtedly," I replied, "and I should be glad if an opportunity were given me of marking some of those parts of the work to submit them to Mr. Foster's review, and hear his exposition." "I am not sure that I should be able to expound the meaning better than Mr. Coles, and yet I should not doubt that there was a meaning." With this, the conversation on "Aids to Reflection" ended. No opportunity of reading the book with Foster ever occurred.

I had several times an opportunity of walking out with Foster to a village near Bourton, where he would give addresses to the villagers. On one occasion we stood under a tree, for there was no man who attached less importance to *place* or *form* in worship. Yet there was no want of solemnity, and there was a facility of adaptation to the minds of the rustics he addressed, which was no less surprising than admirable; but the prayers, although profoundly thoughtful, were not sufficiently simple to be duly appreciated except by thoughtful people. They partook largely of the peculiar disposition of Foster's mind, to look at an object in *all* its *relations*. In this he much resembled Barrow; and as in reading Barrow, so also in hearing Foster, an amount of sustained attention was required, much greater than most people could give; and, if it were not given,

some link in the chain of thought would be dropped, by which a degree of obscurity rested on many of the thoughts following, their pertinency was not perceived, and the force of the representation or argument was in some measure lost. Therefore, by ordinary people, neither his prayers nor his sermons were liked.

Foster, who liked an easy shoe, but cared little for a fashionable one, always employed Job Teal to make his shoes. Job's garden adjoined that of Foster, when the latter lived at Bourton, and he was accustomed to admire the gardening of Foster, and to say that his cutting of cabbages was much more skilful than his preaching. The shoemaker understood something of cabbages, but, being a high Calvinist, the dissertations of Foster on human depravity had little relish for him, except when associated with predestination.

John Foster's prayers consisted in a solemn meditation, conjoined with a reverential address to the Deity. They resembled his essays or his sermons in the concatenation of the thoughts, so that if you lost one you failed to get a notion of the full meaning of the following petitions. They were a treat for the thoughtful and devout, but a weariness for the listless and worldly hearer.

Although Foster's mental eye comprehended all the landscape, yet he was constitutionally disposed to look habitually and chiefly on particular points. The subject of human depravity seemed like a dark shadow continually before him. Hence the frequent gloominess of his views, and the acerbity of his mode of expression concerning persons high in the State, and

certain practices in the community. Sometimes he spoke of certain statesmen not as *mistaken*, but as *wicked* men.

Foster had one son. When I was at Bourton he was staying with his uncle, Dr. Stenson, for a few weeks, having come to seek his advice. The malady had commenced which was to bring his life to a premature end. He was an amiable lad of about nineteen years of age. I have often thought of him, standing by my side at the piano with his pale face (more like his mother's than his father's), while I sang, and Dr. Stenson played, one of Kelly's musical pieces, which seemed so well adapted to young Foster's position, fading away, as he was, in an early stage of consumption.

“ What is Life ? 'Tis but a vapour,
 Soon it vanishes away ;
 Life is like a dying taper,
 Why, my soul, then wish to stay ?
 Why not spread thy wings and fly,
 Straight to yonder realms of joy ? ”

Mrs. Foster was a pale-looking lady with regular features and of rather mournful expression. She talked but little, being in that respect somewhat in contrast with her sister, Mrs. Stenson ; but what she said was well considered and worthy to be remembered. I asked her whom she most admired of the early divines, to whom we still looked as guides in theology. She said it had seemed to her that, on the whole, the most perfect character was that of Archbishop Usher. This opinion, I thought it likely, was in conformity with that of her husband. In comparing him with Leighton, I think

she would look at the inconsistency of Leighton's position in the church which had so cruelly persecuted his father with barbarities that would have been disgraceful under the reign of a Pagan.

Foster's advice to me, on my approaching visit to Paris, was remarkable. "Go everywhere. See everything. Only never go into any of the gaming houses." I was gratified that in other things I had so much of his confidence; but I could not then grasp, nor can I now tell, what had led him so particularly to warn me against gaming, which was a practice to which I was never addicted. That part of his advice was rigidly observed, and the other portions not neglected, although I cannot say that I went everywhere, or that I saw everything. Yet I saw Charles X., his niece Henrietta, and his nephew, a boy of seven or eight years of age, afterwards Duc de Chambord and *soi-disant* Henry V.; the Duchesse de Broglie, the daughter of Madame de Staël, her son, the present Duc de Broglie, who is said to be the principal adviser of Marshal MacMahon, and virtual ruler of France (1875). I saw also the princes of the scientific and medical and surgical world, viz., Larrey, who accompanied the first Napoleon in all his wars, Dupuytren, the Astley Cooper of Paris, Lisfranc, the great operating surgeon, the venerable Boyer and Roux, the self-important Brissais, and the accurate Chomel; Orfila, the Spaniard, the great leader in Toxicology, Cruveillier, the celebrated pathologist, and Thenard and Guy Lussac, the lecturers on chemistry at the Sorbonne. But I am anticipating. Let me return to Bourton.

Foster was only for a small portion of his life a settled minister ; but he wrote much besides the celebrated essays on Decision of Character, which, it is said, were written to Mrs. Foster before her marriage and won her heart. I have heard that at one time he described her as a statue of ice surrounded with iron palisades. At first, indeed, her relatives hardly thought him good enough ; and the natural manner of the lady had more of the Saxon, than of the Celt towards strangers. Yet she was an affectionate mother, a most kind and considerate wife, and, as a woman, worthy of all that admiration which was bestowed upon her by those who knew her best.

Mrs. Stenson (the wife of my friend Dr. Stenson) was one of three remarkable sisters, the other two being Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Cox. Another sister, Miss Snook, I never knew : she had died of consumption years before the period of which I am writing. Mrs. Stenson has often struck me as remarkably like the celebrated Madame de Staël in her features and physiognomy. This I have thought on observing the portraits of Madame de Staël, and on looking at her youngest son, whom I was accustomed to see in the Chapel de l'Oratoire at Paris. He occasionally came with his sister the Duchesse de Broglie, mother of the present Duke, who also accompanied them, he being then a boy of seven or eight years old. Mrs. Stenson also resembled Madame de Staël, only upon a humbler scale, in the largeness of her circle of information, in the readiness with which she recounted her recollections of the remarkable persons whom she had met, and of anecdotes she had heard of remarkable men, either gathered from

biographies or from her friends and acquaintances. Amongst these she numbered Dr. Chalmers, Robert Hall, and Coleridge. Her features were large and very plain; but her eyes were dark and brilliant, and, when animated, almost seemed to flash with earnestness in the cause for which she was pleading.

Her health was subject to occasional interruptions from severe periodical headache, which is described by French medical writers under the name of *mégrim*. She was then confined to her chamber, in darkness and helplessness, for a day or two. Her death was unusually distressing to all the family circle, especially so to her husband. She went to bed in nearly her usual health. In the night, Dr. Stenson awoke, and feeling no motion nor hearing any sound of breathing from his wife, touched her with his hand and found her quite cold. She was dead.

Mrs. Cox, the third sister, was the wife of Dr. Cox, a physician, who kept the Fishponds, a Lunatic Asylum near to Bristol. I think that he had died before I was at all acquainted with the family. Robert Hall was under his charge during a visitation of this kind of malady. I have heard that on one occasion when Dr. Cox entered the room, and inquired after the health of his patient, "I have been thinking, sir (said Mr. Hall), that my skull is not large enough for my brains; if I could get a new skull to fit, all would be well." "Ah, indeed!" replied Dr. Cox, "I have sometimes thought that I required such a thing for myself." "You, sir! you!" rejoined Hall; "quite unnecessary, quite unnecessary, sir! your brains do not fill the skull you have already got."

Such witty replies are not very unfrequent from

the insane. On one occasion, as I paid my morning visit to an insane lady, she accosted me, "Good morning, John Mann, D.D." I said she was complimentary, but that I did not pretend to be a D.D., or to be learned in Divinity. "Does D.D. then only stand for Doctor of Divinity? Does it not also stand for Double Dunce?" and then she burst into a fit of laughter.

Mrs. Cox was a highly intelligent woman; and, when young, must have had an imposing demeanour, for she was of handsome form, and rather taller than her sisters. When I was at Bristol, at the meeting of the British Association, in 1836, she came over from Overn in her carriage to take me back to her house at the close of the meeting, and to give me an interview with Foster. Unfortunately, I was not aware of her intention, and I had gone to visit the Bristol Infirmary and Museum. Thus I missed my last opportunity of seeing my kind friend; for although his manner was not always winning, I believe he had always kindness in his heart.

I have heard Josiah Conder (once editor of the *Eclectic Review*) speak of the kindness of Foster. On one occasion, Josiah was sorely pressed to complete the forthcoming number, and he therefore went over to Sir John Easthope's, where Foster was on a visit, to ask him to write an article. He found the essayist on a sofa, suffering from a headache, for which I believe leeches were about to be applied. Notwithstanding his illness, he consented, and sent the paper to the printer in good time.

Foster's son died of consumption, not long after I left Bourton. He had two daughters who survived him.

The next friend, whom I cannot forget, although more than forty years have passed since I last saw her, was the mother of my French instructress, Miss B——. Mrs. Cooper was a kind, generous woman, and her attachment to me was warm and unvarying. She was, like her husband, the constant friend of Mr. Coles the minister, and a liberal supporter, according to her means, of all the institutions connected with the chapel. During the period of from four to five years, during which I resided at Bourton, Mrs. Cooper was my unwavering friend. To mark her sense of my attention to her friend Mrs. Reynolds, she gave me five pounds to lay out in anything that might serve as a memento of friendship; and I bought Lord Bacon's works, in ten volumes, in which I inscribed her name. Through the whole of my acquaintance with her daughter, she treated me like a son; and parted with me at last with regret, for me, for herself, and for her daughter, for she had fondly hoped that, in time, we might all be united in one family.

Mrs. Packer was a sister of Mrs. Cooper. She was a widow when I first knew her. She used to visit Mrs. Cooper for some weeks in the summer, but she had her home in London, not far from Paddington Chapel, for the sake of being near the ministry of the Rev. James Stratten. She also was an attached friend of mine, who decidedly disapproved of the course which her niece had taken in relation to me.

Mrs. Wood was the aged mother of Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Packer, and of Mr. Wood,* of Totteridge. When I called to take leave of her, she said, "Why, I thought you were going to be my son-in-law." I assured her it was not my fault that the prospect had changed. Poor old lady! When I was in Paris she was burnt to death in her own parlour, when no one was near to help or save her.

Now they are all in a better world, but their memories are fragrant.

* Father of Dr. F. J. Wood, of the Senate of the London University.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Letters to Mr. Haddon—Visit to my father's native county, and to London—Letter to Dr. Stenson containing the details of my examination for the licence of the Apothecaries' Company — Letters to Mr. Haddon — Journey of Dr. Stenson to Paris—His report of the French character—Pecuniary arrangements.

As I shall not have to relate much more concerning a much-esteemed and valuable friend, I will here introduce a few letters to show the impression made on my mind by his services :

Morton, June 25th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—I would return you my sincere thanks for one particular piece of service which you performed for me when first I entered on my course of studies in London, namely, to the faithful, honest, and necessary reproofs you gave me, to check that self-conceit and arrogancy which had acquired such a predominance in my mind, and which, by leading me to imagine myself wise and well-informed, might have kept me in folly and ignorance. Perhaps the words you used were not always palatable at the time, but I trust I have since found that they were useful in leading me to reflect and to examine myself; and if I am now returned to the country with more information and less conceit, to you I am greatly indebted for a change so desirable. Though I should earnestly wish to meet with prosperity, yet would I as earnestly desire that in prosperity I may

not forget the Being on whom it depends, nor the hand which hath "filled my cup so that it runneth over."

Please to give my respects to Mr. Alderman Brown, Mrs. Brown and the family, and thank them for all their kindness to me. Also, remember me to my good friend Mr. Hill. When the second Sunday of the month * returns I shall often think of him and his friends.

Yours truly,

To Mr. Haddon.

J. MANN.

Some three months later I wrote, in reply to one from Mr. Haddon :

Bourton-on-the-Water,

October 4th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the letter with which you favoured me, of the 29th of July, and for the excellent remarks contained in the plan of Mr. Knight's† sermon. I have no particular intelligence to send you, but I thought it worth while to write if it were only to give you the following interesting remarks from "Sheppard's Thoughts, Preparatory or Persuasive to Private Devotion." Speaking of prayer for fellow-Christians, Mr. Sheppard says : "We cannot suppose a devout Christian will often omit intercession for those who are most near and dear; but with respect to other friends, it seems most natural and expedient that our prayers should be occasional, that they may then be prolonged. There are few even of our best friends whom we can visit daily—how happy would some be if they could visit even yearly; but if we made it a rule of

* The day on which Mr. Haddon and I used to meet at the house of Mr. Hill.

† Mr. Knight, of Ponder's End, preached at a chapel near Horsemonger Lane, in the Borough. He was a good old man, who dispensed plain evangelical truths somewhat in the style of George Burder, the author of "Village Sermons."

piety and kindness daily to offer up intercessions for one person or one household, and thus successively for each, these secret visits of the heart would, in many instances, be far more frequent than our personal or epistolary intercourse can be. Amidst the inclemency of winter, or in the chamber of sickness, we might still make the swift excursions and offer the best though unheard salutations of Christian affection."

Such mental visits when our corporeal presence is impossible, the renewing of those interviews which may never more be on earth, is indeed interesting. The thought may, and it does sometimes occur to us, when we are separated from those whom we esteem, that we once ministered to their happiness, that we could once assist them in some way, or that we were once the means of lightening their affliction; but that now, being far away, those kind offices can be performed no more; our hands can no more render them service, nor our hearts manifest their attachment in oral professions. But as we approach the mercy-seat to intercede for one of such friends, new views arise; for we see that the most important of all services we may still render, and the best offices of friendship we may still perform; for we can pray for them. We can, with a well-founded hope of success, supplicate Him who is able to do "exceeding abundantly" for them, in circumstances where we can do nothing at all. I can no more hear those men of God whom I once heard with pleasure; but in spirit I may still meet them when I join my supplications with theirs although I may be sitting at the bedside of the sick, or riding over the hills of my native country, and those prayers will not be less efficacious because they are not offered up in the place where our "prayer was wont to be made." I can no more see those friends with whom I walked or talked or spent a pleasant hour, but if I can hold communion with my Father and their Father, and if I am not deceived when I say, "He is *my* God as well as *their* God," then in some sense I do again meet them at such seasons, when we are each engaged in His worship; and then it is that the

pleasing, consoling thought flashes into the mind with full brightness, that we are indeed the children of one Father, and that He will one day gather His children home, and then we shall see and love Him, and see and love each other. . .

In the interval of more than a year between the foregoing letter and the following, some matters that seemed of importance had led me to make a journey into Suffolk. I visited several of my father's relatives in that county, at Tuddentown in the vicinity of Ipswich, where I was hospitably entertained by my uncle and aunt Chaplin and their family. At Ipswich I visited my uncle Isaac, who was suffering from asthma, and who died not long afterwards. At Badington Lodge I visited the farmhouse in which my father (the eldest son) was born, and saw my uncle Samuel, the youngest of the family, who was in occupation of the farm. In the village church I noticed several funeral monuments of the family of Sir Gerard Van Eck, his landlord. My uncle Samuel died at the age of seventy-six, many years after my father, who had died at the same age.

In passing through London, I called on my valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Mr. Thomas Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Alderman Brown, and Mr. Joshua Wilson, then a young man, and quite a Bibliomaniac in what related to Puritanism and Nonconformity.

The following letter was written after my return to the Cotswold Hills :

Bourton-on-the-Water,

January 25th, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I had on the whole a favourable

journey, though it was a very cold one until I arrived at Oxford. About that time the snow and sleet began to descend, and a fellow-traveller, who had until then sheltered me, shifted his seat, leaving me to shift for myself. Though he left me in rather an uncomfortable situation, I could not blame him for thus taking care of himself. . . . I had a sunshiny journey up to town, and the romantic thought had entered my mind before I left it, that if I should also experience such an one in returning, it might possibly be an omen of a future increase of prosperity. All my former journeys to and from town had been inclement, which led me for a while playfully to entertain this vain and foolish idea. But when I was left, when the wind blew keenly through my umbrella, until the snow and sleet had frozen to it, and formed an impenetrable crust, when all the scenes around me were clouded, and when my romantic feelings, as well as my toes and fingers, were grievously chilled, I was led to reflect that, as I could not expect that all my journeys should be pleasant, so it was unreasonable to hope that the path of life should be gilded with uninterrupted sunshine, or the cup of human enjoyment filled with unmingled pleasure. But as I was persuaded that above all these clouds the sun was still shining, and that there was another region where his rays of light, his beamings of life, and his influence of genial warmth, were felt and experienced, so, amid all the storms of life, may the Christian be persuaded, even when he cannot see its image by reason of the gloom that surrounds him, that his sun also is shining, and, under the influences of chilling adversity, whilst he is led by their painful effects to feel this is not his rest, he may also look forward with cheering hope to another and a better country, where the light of life is shed abroad, whilst the song of unalloyed pleasure is sung, and the purest affection pervades and warms every bosom. These views console and animate him, they support his languid enjoyments, supply him with new sources of pleasure, and encourage him to persevere, until at length he shall arrive at the peaceful haven, where

glory will gild his head, and sorrow no more vex his heart ; when he shall look back on his past trials with triumph, and the remembrance fervently excite him to tune the lofty and everlasting song of gratitude to his Father and Saviour. . . .

I think of my late visit to London with pleasure. On the whole it was not only pleasing but useful ; for here in the country there is so much of the dull monotony of life : I have no youthful scientific companion to excite me to exertion ; my ideas become contracted, and my mind is in danger of becoming like the village of my abode—a place where few new visitors are coming to town, little activity prevailing, and few improvements going on. But when I saw London again, my heart was delighted, and impressions which were becoming dormant again revived. It presented me with scenes of activity for my imitation, and again introduced me to those talented superiors in my profession, in whose steps I should endeavour to tread. I was thus endowed with new spirits and stimulated to more vigorous exertions. . . .

I hope to hear from you before long, at any rate before you leave Fleet Street. I think that may be some trial to you when you are called on to bid adieu to those localities with which you have been so long familiar, and which are connected with many interesting associations. But I hope you will meet with some other house as commodious, in which you may gradually form new associations to lessen those feelings of regret which at first arise. You must, if you please, excuse anything which may seem random in my way of writing, because my time is stolen from sleep, and the god Morpheus is wishing to assert his power over me.

I still cherish the hope that we may be spared to meet again.* May grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

Yours sincerely,

J. MANN.

* At this time my future residence was quite uncertain. As it was ultimately fixed in London, Mr. Haddon became my near neighbour and intimate friend for many years.

The following letter was written a few years later :—

Bourton-on-the-Water,

February 25th, 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I feel exceedingly obliged by your kind attention to my note respecting the luggage which was miscarried. It was safely conveyed the next day. I purchased a copy of Fawcett's Bible of my friend Mr. Procter, and, I believe, he told me to send him no country orders. If, however, you can learn that he has any copy on hand that he would like to sell, one of my friends is desirous of purchasing it. I reflect with much pleasure, which is not unmingled with gratitude, on the kindness of my friends during my late visit, which, though it seemed long to my connexions in the country, appeared very short to me. I shall be happy at any time to hear from you, and though time at present will allow me only a few words, I shall feel anxious to seize some future opportunity of writing at greater length in reference to my present engagements, plans, and prospects, because I know that you will enter into them with all the interest that might be expected from a sincere friend.

I have always looked back on the time spent in London as the happiest period of my life, whether as it respects that which was spent in study, or that which was spent with my friends, and their unchanging kindness, lately experienced, gives additional life and feeling to those recollections. I would beg to be remembered to Mr. and Mrs. Procter and their family. With the sincerest wishes that you may long continue to enjoy health and happiness,

I remain, yours affectionately,

J. MANN.

To Mr. Haddon.

Bourton-on-the-Water,

April 1st, 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—. . . . I hinted in my last letter that at some future period I might enter more particularly

into a relation of my intentions, prospects, and feelings with regard to the future. At present I cannot, however, write much, but hereafter may supply what is now deficient. In all my anticipations of the future (which perhaps are sometimes too anxious) I like entirely to exclude all view of our Chancery suit.* It might only overwhelm me with utter confusion and bitter disappointment should I presume to build on so frail a foundation. As you might naturally expect, there is one question which often recurs to my mind, "Where shall I settle in life?" This I can by no means answer. Clouds of impenetrable obscurity envelop the future, and every conjecture I can form is associated with something unpleasant, or founded on something uncertain; though in consequence of this I often feel anxious, yet it is not often that it makes me unhappy, because I am much encouraged when I review the goodness of Providence during the past, and feel that it would be ungrateful to indulge in distrust respecting the future; and though this uncertainty may lead to some anxiety, yet that may lead to a more entire dependence on Him who will ever, I hope, be my God and my Guide; thus avoiding on the one hand a careless security, and, on the other, an anticipation of evils that may never come.

There is another point to which this state of uncertainty should also lead me, for as it is unknown to me what situation I may be called upon to fill, it is of the more importance to be prepared for any. It is this which renders it necessary that my medical education should be more extended, arduous and perfect. I know not upon what point my reputation may hereafter be staked, therefore I wish to be proficient in *all*; and perhaps it will not be enthusiastic for me to say that no sacrifice I can make is too much, no labour I can bestow too great. I do therefore feel anxious about my closing period of preparation for entering on so important a path, bearing the whole responsibility

* A suit in which at that time my father's family had engaged, but which ultimately failed in its object.

upon my own head. After all the expense I shall have occasioned to my parents, I fear lest I should fail to repay them, to provide for myself, or to do my whole duty towards my patients. These considerations, with the earnest advice of my disinterested friend, Dr. Stenson, make me wish to avail myself of those superior advantages which Paris now offers to me, after having attended on the London hospitals. Such a course would be more efficient and less expensive than finishing in London. In anatomy, its advantages are unrivalled; and in medicine, but especially in surgery, it would present me with a new, extensive, and instructive field. These are some of the direct advantages, but there are other collateral benefits to be derived from the liberal encouragement given to the study of science, from the acquirement of a new language, and observation of the manners of another people. If you should think any of my views enthusiastic or incorrect, tell me freely when you write, which I hope you will do before long. Also tell me the opinion of my judicious friend, Mr. Alderman Brown. My excellent friend, Mr. Procter, probably would object only on one ground, namely, that his son, who is intended for a physician,* might also wish to go to France, to which his parents would feel reluctant, on account of the powerful temptations to immorality and infidel principles. Perhaps it is not so necessary for *him* to adopt such a plan as for me, because a minute acquaintance with anatomy is far more important to the surgeon than to the physician. Also, as I have already attended the London hospitals, they would now afford me less varied information than those of Paris. I shall be happy to hear from you whenever you have an opportunity to write, and I hope you will find time to write at some length, that you may tell me frankly all you think on these subjects, because before taking so important a step it would be prudent to consider all the objections that

* The reference is to Mr. Samuel Procter. The intention never was carried out.

might be made, to calculate if the profits would more than counterbalance the disadvantages.

I am sorry that circumstances rendered it impossible for me to call upon Mr. Hill, when I was last in town. I left Mr. Sutcliffe dangerously ill, perhaps you can inform me respecting him when you write. He has some eccentricities, and some faults, but I think he is a good man, and to me he has been a friend, therefore I would not forget him.

I have been delighted and profited by the perusal of Pollok's admirable poem. I have also to thank you for Spencer's sermon. Though we have heard its subject described a hundred times, it does not strike us as commonplace. It is comprehensive, concise and perspicuous, and its simple, modest style is better suited to the theme than rhetorical ornament.

Please to give my respects to all my good friends, particularly Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Mr. Alderman Brown and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and Mr. Joshua Wilson.

With the sincerest wishes for your health and happiness,
I remain, yours affectionately,

To Mr. Haddon.

J. MANN.

It was my wish to pass one of my examinations before I went to the French schools, so that my attention and time might not be divided between too many subjects, but concentrated upon anatomy and surgery. Therefore, I went up to town in February, 1828, to be examined by the Court of Examiners at Apothecaries' Hall. The account of that examination is given in the following letter to Dr. Stenson, which was written from the house of my good friend, Mr. Blanch :

29, Gracechurch Street,

February 8th, 1828.

DEAR SIR,—I can sit down to write to you with much

pleasure now that the ordeal of examination is past, for which you so long since felt kindly anxious to prepare me and to which kindness I feel much indebted for my success. After more than a week spent with my friend, Mr. W. P. Coles, in an attentive review of my information relative to Anatomy, Materia Medica, Latin, Physiology, &c.,* I was yesterday examined by the Court. Thirteen candidates presented themselves, two of whom were rejected—according to their own report, for being deficient in Latin and Chemistry. I do not know who were my examiners. One was a venerable old gentleman whose head was covered with gray locks. The other was younger, rather thin, and very gentlemanly in his deportment. The latter was my sole examiner, except that another who was walking about the room asked two or three questions. My examiner first directed me to read two or three Latin prescriptions; then he required the translation of the formula given in the Pharmacopœia for the preparation of tartras potassæ, the chemical decompositions which took place; the chemical composition of potash, tartaric acid, carbonic acid, and water; the proportions in volume and in weight of oxygen and hydrogen required for the formation of water; the composition of atmospheric air and of the mineral acids. Then, directing my attention to a tray containing different specimens of drugs, he pointed out the

* My plan of review was to rise at five a.m., then taking each subject in succession, I spread before my mind a mental map of the whole. In any part in which I felt deficient, I referred to my books so as to make the view perfect. At that time of life I found it practicable to do this without pen, ink, or paper when alone. At eight, or soon after, we breakfasted. After nine I resumed my work and worked on until five p.m., when we went from Mile-End into the City to dine. The remainder of the day I gave to the newspapers, the bookstalls, or to walks about London. At nine returned to the lodgings to supper at Mount Street, near the London Hospital, where Mr. Coles was a pupil. He left me to myself all the day.

three species of cinchona. After I had named them, he inquired what were the qualities of the bark. I replied that it was generally considered to be a tonic, but that my friend Dr. Stenson had taught me it might be employed to answer a more important purpose in diminishing various kinds of morbid irritability. He bowed assent. He then inquired how many preparations of cinchona were employed—what species yielded most quinine—the qualities of quinine—its dose—the quantity contained in a given quantity of the bark. Next he pointed to opium, asked what plant produced it—in what manner it was procured—its qualities—its dose—its various officinal preparations and compounds—the proportion of opium contained in each—the treatment required in a case of poisoning by opium—the alkaline principles on which its narcotic properties depend—the vegetable acid with which morphia is naturally combined—the qualities of narcotin—the most active preparation of morphia. He next asked respecting the qualities of squill and ipecacuanha root—in what cases, as expectorant, one should be preferred to the other—jalap—scammony, elatorium, &c., their modes of exhibition—proportions in the officinal preparations—and then closed the examination in *Materia Medica* and chemistry.

Botanical plates were next produced of the indigenous poisonous plants, and I was required to name them, describe their qualities, medical uses, doses, and the modes of treatment to be adopted where they had been taken, so as to produce a poisonous effect. After the vegetable poisons, a similar examination followed on the mineral poisons.

In anatomy I was required to describe the brain and its membranes. I had gone through a part, when he said, “I suppose you have dissected it,” and waived hearing any more on that subject. In medicine, I was examined on the symptoms and treatment of phrenitis, hydrocephalus internus, and intermittent fever. The latter part of the examination was rather brief, nearly an hour having passed away. I thought the examiner wished to bring it to a close. I

was particularly indebted to my recollections of your elaborate lecture on hydrocephalus internus for the short description I was enabled to give; and was prevented from mentioning this only by the hasty and unexpected manner in which the examination closed.

I do hope that Mr. Wells may not have felt any great inconvenience from my protracted stay in town, but it appeared very important that I should not present myself for examination without having made due preparation, because the disgrace resulting from rejection would have been indelible; therefore I cannot consider any of that time and attention devoted to a review of the past, since my arrival in town, as having been at all superfluous. Without it, I could not have felt that confidence which was necessary to give a proper degree of self-possession. In Medicine I felt best prepared, because I had so recently read your Lectures; but in Anatomy and Medical Botany was conscious of being deficient. In the country, I had little leisure to review my past studies, and almost the whole of my employment there had little relation to those matters in which I was principally examined. Yet I believe the examiners wish to fulfil their duty, because they judge that if a young man has been attentive to the minutiae of Anatomy and Chemistry, he will not have neglected the more important points which relate to medical practice.

I shall not be able to leave London until Wednesday morning, and hope to reach Bourton on the Friday morning following.

With the sincerest wishes for the present and future happiness of yourself and family,

I remain, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

JOHN MANN.

To Dr. Stenson.

Bourton-on-the-Water,

May 25th, 1828.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose to you the letter for my kind friend,

Mr. Alderman Brown. It is left open for your perusal, that you may return it should you think it in any respect unsuitable. I did not expect he would have taken so much trouble relative to our case, and feel much obliged to him for so doing.

Perhaps it may appear to you that the medical sentiments expressed in my letter are unnecessarily obtruded; but I am anxious that no misconstruction should be put on the proposed plan for finishing my medical education, lest it might seem entirely superfluous, or connected with views either of ambition or of pleasure. It could hardly minister to ambitious views unless it were a more singular practice; but it is so far from this, that it was lately stated in the newspapers that between two and three hundred medical students are now in Paris from England and Scotland. As far as pleasure may be concerned, I should certainly expect to enjoy myself much more during a stay of three months in London than in Paris, because in the former I have valued friends and connexions, and in the latter I have none. However, I hope you will write me candidly your opinion on the propriety of such a step, stating any objections that may have been started, as well as any suggestions that may occur to yourself. My object is to obtain a complete medical education by whatever means it may be accomplished: the importance of this attainment in the case of every medical man is self-evident; in mine, particularly so, from my present uncertainty what my future situation may be. There is, however, some consolation amidst this uncertainty, arising from the conviction that happiness depends not so much on our external circumstances as on our internal dispositions. Pollok has beautifully expressed this sentiment, where (Book 5), in speaking of the cup of life, he says:—

“ If most was sour, the drinker, not
The cup, we blame. Each in himself, the means
Possessed to turn the bitter sweet, the sweet
To bitter. Hence, from out the self-same fount
One nectar drank, another draught of gall ;

Hence, from the self-same quarter of the sky
 One saw ten thousand angels look and smile,
 Another saw as many demons frown ;
 One discord heard where harmony inclined
 Another's ear. The sweet was in the taste,
 The beauty in the eye, and in the ear
 The melody."

I happen to have the second volume of an old, curious and, probably, rare Commentary on Peter. I know the taste of my friend Joshua Wilson for such books as are rare and quaint, and have some thoughts of sending it to him ; but, if you like, I can send it to you first. It was written by the Rev. Thos. Adam, and printed in A.D. 1633.* It was a book that belonged to my grandfather, but how it came into his possession I know not.

I have not time to add more. With the sincerest wishes for your health and happiness,

I remain, yours affectionately,

JOHN MANN.

To Mr. Haddon.

Bourton-on-the-Water,

August 12th, 1828.

My friend Dr. Stenson has just returned from Paris, whither he was led partly by curiosity, perhaps, and partly, I believe, by his anxious wish to promote my interest. Unfortunately, his health became much deranged soon after his arrival, which prevented him from gaining quite as much information as he desired and intended to have obtained. He much disliked the frivolity and complete *légèreté* of the French character, and was disgusted with their licentious manners. Their neglect of morality and contempt for religion he had not before adequately conceived in his imagination. On the other hand, he was pleased with the advantages afforded in their hospitals for

* Republished in 1842, by Rev. John Sherman (Houldsworth.)

the study of anatomy and operative surgery, and, after taking all things into account, he still continued to be of opinion that I should reap considerable advantages in my professional studies, which would compensate for the many unpleasant things to which I must submit, particularly as relating to religion and morality. But there are a few things which, perhaps, it would be well to consider before setting off, and on which it may be in your power to give or procure me some advice. Would it be better at first to board and lodge with a private French family, in which I might sooner acquire the art of speaking and understanding the language? or rather at once to engage lodgings? Dr. Stenson's knowledge of French is superior to mine, yet he was often much puzzled to understand those around him. If it should appear preferable to enter into a French family, is there any one of your friends who could name such an one as might be eligible? It would be desirable at first to have a companion acquainted with the language and manners of the French, and a native who could speak English would be preferable. Would you recommend me to form any acquaintance with Mr. Spear, Mr. Procter's relation? Lord Bacon advises that, in visiting a foreign country, we should avoid the society of our countrymen; and, indeed, so far as relates to the English *students* generally, it will be wise for me to follow this advice.

With regard to pecuniary matters.* Would it not be best for me to deposit a sufficient sum in some respectable banking-house in London, who would give an order to their correspondents in Paris to supply me with money as I might want it? Would there be any objection to asking my good friend Mr. Procter to make some such arrange-

* I had myself provided the greater part of the funds required for my visit to Paris by adding nine months to the time of my stay at Bourton, as an assistant to Messrs. Wells, after the period of my articles had expired.

ment for me before I leave London on my way to Paris? * I shall feel much pleasure in receiving some advice from you on each of these points, and hope you will write as soon as you have opportunity. As far as possible, I should like to arrange everything beforehand. According to my present plans, I shall leave Bourton about the last week in September, arrive in London before the 1st of October, and after staying some days to make some needful arrangements, go on to Paris, where I shall probably stay three or four months. What I may do afterwards is at present undetermined, and, indeed, at present I can hardly venture any speculations on that subject.

If I might not hope for that same All-powerful Hand which formerly protected me in London, and which has since guarded and guided my way, I should indeed look forward to a sojourn in Paris with trembling. Neither can I now anticipate it as a season of pleasure; but in acquiring the completest knowledge of a science which concerns human life, it is worth while to make a few sacrifices, and run a few risks.

Please to remember me to my kind friends, Mr. Alderman

* Mr. Procter kindly permitted me to use his name with the Messrs. Hankey, of Fenchurch Street. Henry Coles had also agreed that I should deal with his funds in the same way, that it should all stand in my name; and at the Bank I was informed that I must draw bills on Messrs. Lafitte at their banking-house in Paris, only not to draw for less than £5. I was about leaving, when I was asked to step into the counting-house. "Mr. Mann," said a gentleman, "for how much do you wish to draw?" "Only for what I deposit," I replied. "We are instructed," was the reply, "if you should draw for more to honour your bills." I thanked him, and ever after felt the additional kindness of my unnamed, although not unknown friend, Mr. Procter, and not the less so because I was enabled to get through my studies without availing myself of the proffered aid. The sum deposited with Messrs. Hankey amounted to £80, half of which was my own.

Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Anthony, his brothers, sisters,
Mr. and Mrs. Procter, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, &c. With the
sincerest wishes for your happiness,

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

JOHN MANN.

To Mr. Haddon.

CHAPTER XL.

Departure from Morton by coach, on my way to London and Paris—Visit to Mr. Procter, and to Mr. Hunter, respecting a partnership—Interview with Mrs. Packer—Mr. Procter's unostentatious kindness—With Dr. Conquest to the Breakfast of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society—Visit to the University College.

I WILL now resume my narrative by making extracts from my diary, which was written at the period of which I am writing.

September 30th, 1828. The time had now arrived for my departure from Gloucestershire, as a beginning of my journey to another country, and to people of another language. I mounted the day coach, for there was as yet no railway between Morton and London. A few days previously I had taken farewell at Bourton. It was with mingled feelings that I took my seat. On the one hand, my heart still clung to many of the associations of Bourton, which I did not expect to renew any more. On the other hand, I was glad that the Rubicon had been passed, and that I was to gratify my aspirations for the enjoyment and improvement of the advantages promised in what was to me a new world.

An East Indian military officer, who had returned

to England on a long furlough, was seated by my side. Remembering the advice of Locke to talk to every person, especially if he were a stranger, on those matters which he best understood, I inquired respecting the constitution and strength of our Indian army. The army he reckoned at 100,000 men, in addition to which there were 40,000 Europeans. The native police, who were also armed, were of nearly equal strength.

After a pleasant journey I arrived in London about six p.m. There I was cordially received by the friends of my student life, Mr. and Mrs. Blanch, of Gracechurch Street, and spent a very pleasant evening at their hospitable house.

October 1st. Wednesday. Called on my good friend Mr. Procter. He had been looking out for some medical partnership for me in London, upon which I might enter after my return from Paris. He had talked with Mr. Hunter, a respectable Wesleyan, who had a leading practice in Islington. I saw him in the afternoon. In conversation on the nature of London practice, and wherein it chiefly differed from that in the country, he expressed some surprise that so young a man had performed successfully, some of the capital operations of surgery, the responsibility of which the London practitioners avoided by calling in the aid of hospital surgeons. He was disposed to treat me civilly and kindly; but said he did not want a partner, and moreover he felt indisposed to take one, because he had two sons whom he intended to bring up for his profession, to whom he naturally wished to transmit his practice.

I returned to Mr. Procter, to inform him of Mr.

Hunter's leanings, and afterwards dined and spent the day very pleasantly at his house.

October 2nd. Thursday. Slept well. Called on Mr. Hill at Westminster. The good old gentleman shuddered at the thought of my going to Paris. But, quietly talking the matter over with him, he was afterwards more reconciled to it. His objections were real, but not sufficient to outweigh other considerations which seemed to make my journey a duty in relation to myself and in relation to my future patients.

Spent a very pleasant evening with Mr Haddon. He begins to feel the influence of years. Complains of pains in his ankles, probably from standing so many hours daily in the wholesale warehouse.* His niece is ill of consumption. He is much interested in the evidences she has shown of a religious character. We talked of my future plans ; speculated on various modes of commencing life, and of the objections to my returning to Bourton.

Returned to Mr. Blanch's. Mrs. Blanch was cheerful and lively as usual.

October 3rd. Friday. This is the lucky day of the Mohammedans, and it was one of the critical days of my life. In the morning I went to the house of the French Ambassador, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, to enter my name and that of Mr. H. Coles, for passports, which we were to receive on the morrow.

Mrs. Packer, an aunt of Miss B. and sister of Mrs.

* He lived twenty-five years after this date, and died at a ripe old age, May 22nd, 1853.

Cooper, of Little Rissington, lived at Paddington. She was an old friend, on whom I was accustomed to call when I visited London. I had by some means been informed that her niece was there visiting her. Therefore I wrote, making an appointment to call on Mrs. Packer, but stating that I did not wish to see Miss B. When I arrived I was received in the most friendly manner by Mrs. Packer, who invited me to stay and dine with her. She said that her niece would be with her at dinner, and she would be glad that I should meet her. I thanked her, but begged to decline the invitation, which did not accord with my feelings. She made no excuse for her niece's conduct, for which she was sorry, and which she entirely disapproved. It was an ancient saying that "the quarrels of lovers are the renewing of love." It may be so; but we had no quarrel. What might have resulted from that interview at Mrs. Packer's, had it taken place, I cannot tell. Her power over me was sufficiently great to have induced me to blot out the past, which would probably have altered all the subsequent current of my life. But no such opportunity again occurred. We saw each other no more, until after an interval of six or seven years, when we were both married. We met and parted good friends on that occasion. I do not remember ever to have seen my friend Mrs. Packer after that day. Mrs. Cooper I saw on one occasion, and, on the tragical death of her venerable mother, I wrote her from Paris a long letter of sympathy and condolence.

On my return from Paddington, I met with a joyous party at Mrs. Blanch's, in Gracechurch Street.

Mrs. Blanch's sister had married Mr. Alexander Butler, whom I had known at Mr. Mortimer's, during my student life, and they with their infant were going out to Australia.

Since that day, forty-six years have passed away, and now not one of those whom I have named in this brief chronicle, remains on earth except the infant and myself. But the reader may object—Why bring up these persons and these events, which have so long passed by, and by all except a few survivors have been forgotten? For the same reason that we preserve the pages of ancient and modern history. The lessons of instruction they teach do not wear out by age and time, so long as human nature remains the same. These parts of my personal history are as waymarks of Providence, to point out that we should not desire to choose for ourselves. The path I had preferred was blocked up, that another path might be opened. The companion I had chosen was withheld, that one more suitable might be given.

October 4th. Saturday. Called on my friend Mr. Procter. He recommended me to enter an account with his banker, but did not tell me of the kind instructions he had given to the Manager, of which I had not the least notion until I was invited into the counting-house, as I have already mentioned. Mr. Procter was a man who did not let his left hand know what his right hand did. Obtained my passport for Calais and Boulogne. Called on Mr. A. Shrimpton, at Newman Street. Was sorry to hear he had been unfortunate in discounting some bills of exchange. Called on Miss Stennett, but

obtained no information about Paris from her. Spent a pleasant evening at Mr. Blanch's, in Gracechurch Street.

October 5th. Sunday. Went to hear my old favourite, Mr. John Clayton, at the Poultry. Was much delighted, and, I hope, profited by his sermon, from "My flesh is meat indeed." Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Butler at Mr. Blanch's. Met Mr. Henry Coles at tea. He came to town earlier than he had at first intended, in consequence of an expected vacancy at the Islington Dispensary. Heard a very encouraging and appropriate sermon from Mr. Watkins, at his church of St. Swithin's, on the "Healing of the Waters." Supped, in company with Mr. Haddon, with Mr. Alexander Brown and his family, who received me with all their accustomed kindness and cordiality. This was on the whole a very pleasant day. I much enjoyed the public services—the more so because I thought it might be the last Sabbath which, for some time to come, I should spend in London.

October 6th, Monday. Went to Islington. Met with Mr. Joshua Wilson, who received me in the kindest manner, and invited me to dinner. Afterwards saw Mr. Procter, and was occupied some time with him in correcting a tract respecting the persecution of a carpenter in the country, by the Squire and his steward. Mr. Procter afterwards found another home for him at Islington, and in other ways befriended him. Mr. Procter promised me a letter of introduction to Mr. Mark Wilks, of Paris. Had a very pleasant conversation with Mr. Wilson respecting my feelings, prospects, &c. He much wishes me

to settle in Islington. I talked to him about Walter Coles, of whose precociousness he heard with much interest. His father, Thomas Wilson, treated me with kindness. Parted from them highly pleased.

October 7th, Tuesday. Visited Dr. Conquest, who took me to the Committee of the Religious Tract Society to breakfast. Was exceedingly interested by the communications of Mr. Jowett. Received a recommendation from one of the Committee to attend the Rev. Lewis Way, and also references from Mr. Davis to friends in Paris. After dinner, went to the London University.* Heard a lecture on clinical medicine, which was very well delivered. The lecturer very justly satirised the neglect of it in this country. Afterwards went over this magnificent building, and was highly pleased with it, especially with the physiological department of the museum. Drank tea at the Rev. J. Stratten's. Returned to the City. Went to Bartholomew's Hospital and took leave of Dr. Conquest.

At Henry Coles' request, I deferred my departure until next Saturday. Our first move this day was to wait on the French Ambassador and get our passport.

Spent the evening of yesterday in reading a book of Mr. Haddon's, containing a sketch of Paris. Visited the dissecting-rooms of the Borough hospitals, and was struck with the putrid condition of some of the dissections, in consequence of the difficulty in obtaining subjects. The importance of my journey

* University College then went by that name.

to Paris was thus more deeply impressed on my mind. Dined at Cheapside with Mr. Haddon. Drank tea in Red Lion Street, with Mrs. Perkins, who told me of a very promising young professional friend of hers named Duffin.* (She was the daughter of the Rev. Griffiths Williams, of Gate Street Chapel, Holborn, and her husband kept a large shoe dépôt. They were a worthy couple who had once visited us at Morton, and during my studentship at St. Thomas's Hospital I occasionally spent a Sabbath with them.) Spent the evening at Henry Coles' lodgings, Mount Street, London Hospital.

October 10th, Friday. Visited George Horne.† Drank tea with Mr. Haddon. Spent the evening with him in meeting a circle of the members of St. Swithin's congregation, over which Mr. Watkins presided. These meetings are held periodically to converse on set subjects, which have been fixed upon at a preceding meeting, and also the person who undertakes to open the discussion. Mr. Haddon was the opener this evening. The subject was "Worldly-mindedness." The conversation was very interesting, because divested of all formality and cant, and carried on by some of the neighbouring tradesmen, who had never learned what Foster called the "theological dialect." It was wound up by Mr. Watkins in that practical common-sense style which is found in his

* Mr. Duffin became a highly respectable member of the medical profession at the West End. He died in 1874 at the age of seventy-five. His son is now Assistant Physician at King's College Hospital.

† Now of Morton.

Sunday-school Tracts. After the meeting, Mr. Haddon introduced me to his good pastor.

This evening I wrote a letter home, giving a sketch of my journey and intended sail on the morrow.

CHAPTER XLI.

Henry Coles and I leave England—Arrival at Calais—Feelings on a foreign shore—Abbeville—Our midnight entrance—Breakfast at Beauvais—Arrival at Paris—Engaging apartments—Our first breakfast *chez nous*.

OCTOBER 11th. Saturday. *Adieu to England, Au revoir.* We embarked in a river steamer, *The Lord Melville*, intending to go down the river to the sea, and then outward to Calais. The morning was most beautiful, and so the day continued to be, closing in a calm and clear night. I enjoyed the voyage, and was delighted with the sea, upon which, for the first time, I was afloat. I had no feeling of sickness until night came on, when from about ten till twelve p.m. the lying down posture was the most agreeable. Our travelling companions generally were well bred and apparently respectable; and there was one English girl, accompanied by her mother, who was specially intelligent, affable, modest, and lady-like, speaking French as fluently as English. Henry was much delighted with her, and as he felt no qualms, he remained with her on deck until she at length became faint, and he accompanied her downstairs. She and her mother were going to Paris, where they had lived, and her brother was permanently settled there as one of the staff at Galignani's, the

well-known English Reading Rooms. Henry obtained permission to inquire there for their address.* A little before twelve p.m., we arrived at Calais harbour, but could not enter for nearly an hour, because the tide was not sufficient to carry us over the bar. Having heard a favourable report of an English hotel, "The Flying Horse," we determined on making that our temporary quarters. On the whole, we had a very pleasant voyage. I was much interested in the luminous appearance of the waves.

What now might be before me I very imperfectly knew. I was on a foreign shore, and the continued talk in a foreign language seemed most strange and unusual; but any place might be as safe, if not as happy, as home, if God, who had hitherto led me, continued to be my Guide and Shield.

October 12th. Rose from my bed on this Sabbath morning much refreshed and strengthened. I wished to have rested at Calais to-day, but circumstances obliged me to travel, or submit to a considerable pecuniary loss. The day was most beautiful, and I was enabled in some measure to improve it by reading a pocket Testament, as I sat in the *coupé en haut*, by the side of the conductor. Remembering an advice of Coleridge, I began one of St. Paul's epistles, and read right through. It was the first time I had done so, and I felt it a most profitable

* The transitoriness of steamboat acquaintance is proverbial, and so it proved in this instance, as I never happened to go to Galignani's, and Coles likewise made no inquiry that I ever heard of. Our accomplished friend of the day was never again met with.

method. I was much interested by the appearance of the French people, seen at their best in their Sunday clothing; especially the peasant women, whose dresses were very neat and becoming. Looking from the road from Calais to Beauvais, we could see in the distance the white rocks of my native country. The scenery around Boulogne to some distance is most beautiful. The manner of harnessing the horses of the diligence* much amused me. Dined at Montreuil, and was much interested in observing its fortifications. Entered Abbeville on a starlight night, making what seemed to me a most disturbing rattle for the quiet sleepers in the houses on each side. The street lanterns hung up in the centre, upon cords stretched all across the street, seemed like luminaries hanging upon air. To this was added the cracking of the whips of the conductor and postilions, making an assemblage of sights and sounds altogether un-English. Indeed, this part of the journey reminded me of the descriptions I had read of the Middle Ages. There were the walls of a fortified city, and a drawbridge, which was drawn up at the sound of the conductor's horn, and then again lowered prior to the opening of the city gates. I believe they told me it was a maiden fortress, *i.e.*, one which had never surrendered to the enemy. And all this passed in the darkness of the night.

October 13th. Felt much pleasure at beholding the dawn of day. The country still continues very beautiful; but after sitting in the *coupé* all night,

* At this time and in this Department ropes were used instead of leather traces.

I began to want breakfast very badly, which, however, I did not get until after our arrival at Beauvais about eleven a.m. This was a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. The road from Beauvais is full of beautiful scenery, especially at Beaumont. On getting within about thirty miles of Paris there were fruit trees planted by the side of the road, many of them loaded with apples, looking very attractive, but poor to my taste in comparison with our English pippins and Blenheims. We arrived at Paris between eight and nine p.m. Thus we had spent about thirty-six hours in travelling from Calais. We went to the Prince Regent's Hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, kept by an Englishman.

October 14th. Having purchased a map of the city, we walked over a considerable part of Paris. We were much delighted with the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries, and afterwards with the varied and richly furnished shops of the Palais Royal. Afterwards we called on the Rev. Mark Wilks. His house was at a considerable distance from the hotel, in what was then the Boulevard de Mont Parnasse. Mr. and Mrs. Wilks made themselves very agreeable. They hoped to find us lodgings with a lady of their acquaintance who spoke only French. After returning to the hotel, Henry went out to the Palais Royal with a *val de place*.* Went to bed rather late. On the whole, I have much reason to be thankful for the safety with which we have travelled, and for the good friends with whom we have met.

* A servant kept in the hotel to go about with strangers.

October 15th. Wrote a letter home, Coles writing on the same sheet, to send to England by Rev. Mark Wilks. Called there, as Mrs. Wilks appointed, but they were not at home. After a fatiguing walk came home to dinner. Called again on Mrs. Wilks this evening, and obtained an address after which I shall look in the morning, being very anxious to get away from the hotel, in which I fear the expense, am displeased with the company, and seem to be losing time.

October 16th. Yesterday engaged lodgings at No. 7, Rue Vangirard. The difficulties arising from our imperfect knowledge of the language are very great indeed. We obtained the terms in writing, and after a time, I believe, we pretty well understood each other. The pile of buildings, which was entered from the porter's lodge of No. 7, belonged to Monsieur Naigeon, who was *conservateur* of the gallery of paintings of the Luxembourg Palace, which was close by, and the windows of our apartments, "*étage au quatrième*," looked into those beautiful public gardens. This palace was then occupied by the French Chamber of Peers. M. Naigeon had a daughter about twenty, who had been to an English school, and who was called in to converse with *Messieurs les Anglais*. However, she understood as little of our English as we of her French, and it seemed to me that the worthy *père* thought the money spent at the English school had been laid out in vain. The entrance to No. 7 was under a large gateway with two strong heavy doors, almost like the entrance to a castle, and impregnable, when shut up and barred, to a mob. In one of the gates

there was, however, a small door, and beyond this was the porter's lodge. When we wished to enter, we rapped with the heavy knocker, and the latch was drawn up by a string within. On entering we received the key of our apartments, with which we walked across an intervening square, open to the sky, to the common staircase on the other side, upon which the entrance doors of all the *étages* opened.

In the afternoon we had dinner at a *restaurateur's* for two francs fifteen sous each, which was very good; the grapes were beautiful. In the evening, took a walk in the Palais Royal with Henry.

October 17th. This evening we entered on our lodgings. There is a great want of English comfort. Only a brick floor. No carpet. But as it is only a temporary resting-place, I trust we shall be able to bear it well for a time. Our *étage* was divided into (1) an entrance in which were shelves for the large logs of wood used as fuel; (2) a door opening into a comfortable sitting-room; (3) a door opening into a narrow bed-chamber, which Henry very politely chose for himself, leaving to me the fourth, the door of which opened into a very nice and well furnished bed-chamber.

October 18th. We had breakfast served up for the first time in our own apartments, but in so homely a manner that we did not very well relish it. I intended to have studied afterwards, but did not feel very well, and therefore went to see the Review in the Champs de Mars. Had no appetite for dinner. Went to see Mrs. Wilks, but did not find her at home. I am anxious to begin my studies, but do not feel in

sufficient health. Read Lord Bacon on travel,* his remarks are very just on the difficulties of a foreign language, and the use of a conductor. However, I trust Providence will enable me to surmount all difficulties.

October 19th. Spent the morning of this Sabbath alone; I trust, in devotion. Went out to breakfast; afterwards went to the Gardens of the Tuileries, and then to the Chapel de l'Oratoire. This is a chamber at the end of one of the galleries of the fine Church of the Oratoire. It had been assigned to the Rev. Mark Wilks, in his official capacity of Chaplain to the American Consul. Mr. Wilks was not at home, and the service was conducted by a Scotch minister, the sermon being on the "Nature and use of Tynes." Afterwards walked with Henry and the gentleman with whom we had travelled, to the Gardens of the Tuileries, and then to the Palais Royal. Our travelling companion dined with us. We then conducted him home, and afterwards Henry and I walked home together.

October 20th. Called on Mr. Ebenezer Acworth, to whom we were introduced by Mr. and Mrs. Wilks. He has been a medical student in Paris some time, and his thorough knowledge of the French language and of the localities of Paris render his company a valuable acquisition. We shall have frequent occasion to mention him.

* I had with me the pocket volume containing the Essays and the "Wisdom of the Ancients," which I had met with in the farmer's kitchen at Hazelton. "Solomon's Proverbs," in Ostervald's French translation, was a companion study.

CHAPTER XLII.

La Pitié—Jardin des Plantes—Cuvier's Museum d'Anatome Comparée—Companionableness of Acworth—The Louvre—Dinner at the Palais Royale—The Gallery of the Luxembourg—Dinner at Delaunay's—A French Café on Sunday evening—The Bibliothèque du Roi—The Père la Chaise—The *fête* of St. Charles—Fair on the Champs Elysées.

OCTOBER 20th. Called on Mr. Acworth. Walked with him to La Pitié and Le Jardin des Plantes. Looked at the osteological department of Cuvier's Museum d'Anatome Comparée. The dry preparations are very beautiful. The preparations in spirits are put up in a very skilful manner.

October 21st. Went with Acworth and Henry to La Pitié before breakfast. It was a concours for the election of a physician to the Central Bureau, an office for the admission of patients to the hospitals. There were eleven candidates, each of whom had to perform some operation on the dead body in the presence of Dupuytren, Roux, and the other principal surgeons of Paris. The operations chosen were securing the axillary or subclavian artery, and amputating the symphysis of the lower jaw. We were much amused by the different operators, some of whom were mere bunglers, and not more than one (the fourth in succession) performed his part

well. On Thursday next a written thesis from each is to be read in the same public manner. The subjects were most of them in beautiful condition, and I felt rather astonished that, with all these facilities for dissection, the picked French students should have acquitted themselves no better. They were particularly awkward in the use of the saw. Dupuytren is a fine man. On this public occasion he wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

We visited the Louvre a little before two p.m. All the public places are open to foreigners on the production of their passport. Here we were exceedingly delighted. One of the principal pictures that caught my attention was the "Deluge," in which, upon the top of a mountain, in the midst of the wide waste of waters, the father of a family hangs by his left hand on the branch of a tree as yet untouched. His right hand clasps his wife, who holds to her breast with the left hand her infant, and with the right hand she holds up a son about nine or ten years of age, who with his right hand holds up a younger brother, who in his turn clasps a younger sister. Thus the six are dependent on one branch, which, under the weight of the family and the fury of the tempest, breaks. Other paintings, some of which were of great historical interest, were, "The Shipwreck of the Medusa," "The Entry of Henry IV. into Paris," "The Bringing of Porus before Alexander," "The Sons of Brutus, after their execution, brought home to their father's house" (this was particularly beautiful and pathetic), "The Interior of a Church," several marine views, and "The Romans and Sabines." This last was the subject of three different

painters. One of these pictures was very touching. Many others struck my notice at the time, but, not having taken any notes on the spot, they have escaped my memory. It was such a spectacle as my eyes had never before beheld. A gallery, a quarter of a mile in length, hung with paintings by the first masters. My enjoyment was great, in spite of the torture of a pair of new shoes, which had been soaked by walking through the roughly-paved streets in a pouring rain. We had not time to examine the statues. The gallery itself is much to be admired, especially the gilt cornices, and the painting of wreaths of flowers with little angels, which is made closely to imitate bas-relief, and we could not feel certain that it was not so in reality.

We afterwards went to dine at a restaurateur's at the Palais Royal. Here I was again charmed with the novelty and dignity of the spectacle. The room was filled with ladies and gentlemen, French and English. It was lighted with gas, hung all round with mirrors, and furnished in the most splendid style. The variety of costume, the apparent respectability of the assembly, the variety of language and manners, the presence of the ladies, and of the lady who presided at the *comptoir*, with two splendid lamps before her, the style of the cookery, the marble slabs, and the elegant scarlet seats, altogether formed a most imposing spectacle. The dinner, including soup, mutton, *beignets des pommes*, *confitures des poires*, grapes, bread and wine, cost two francs, and two sous to the waiter.

Was exceedingly tired this evening, my feet having been so pinched by walking all day in my new boots.

November 22nd. After breakfast, went with Henry and Acworth to the Gallery of the Luxembourg. Its pictures are chiefly by French artists. They are very gaudy. Some are very superior to others, but, to our eyes, not equal to those of the Louvre in real merit. The following chiefly struck my attention: "Marius sitting amidst the ruins of Carthage," "The Death of Cæsar," "The family of Priam weeping over Hector," "Hector reproving Paris," "Phædra and Hippolytus," "Æneas relating his history to Dido," "Clytemnestra," "A sleeping infant guarded by a dog," "Diana and Endymion," "The supplication of the Sons of Brutus," "The wounded Queen."

November 23rd. We dined at Delaunay's *à la carte* for one and a half francs. I must learn to dine more cheaply, for my money is going away faster than my wisdom comes.

November 24th. Spent a very pleasant evening with Acworth at his hotel. We had some conversation respecting the best mode of providing for breakfast. For the present, we resolved to buy wine and bread for the morning, and afterwards to remove to his hotel, if circumstances allow us, and, if we may, have a common fire, and the breakfast together.

November 25th. Met with Acworth. Strolled among the fallen leaves. *Perdidi diem.*

November 26th. Sunday. Spent the morning very pleasantly in reading Butler's "Analogy." Went to the Chapel de l'Oratoire in the afternoon. Was considerably disappointed by the address of the young Scotch preacher. Heard a sermon in French, in the evening, with which I was much pleased, although I understood it imperfectly. Went into a café, and,

in consequence of the crowded state of the common room, was handed into a billiard room, filled with persons playing billiards and dominoes all the evening of the Sabbath. Where are the reflections of these people ?

November 27th. Felt a little indisposed this morning. Was cheated of six sous at dinner. Must be more careful, and deliberate in future. My time at present has been employed to exceedingly little purpose in relation to my chief objects.

November 29th. We went to Père la Chaise. With this we were abundantly gratified, it was so different from anything we had before seen. As we approached the gates we passed the women who kept stalls of garlands made in the forms of crosses and coronets with everlasting flowers, mingled with cypress, box, etc. On entering, the place looks more like a plantation than like a cemetery. The graves are all enclosed, some with wooden and some with iron palings. Within this little enclosure are planted trees of cypress, cedar, and yew. At the head of the grave is placed a marble pillar, or in the case of the poorer classes a wooden cross, on which is an inscription to the memory of the deceased, and upon this are hung the funereal garlands of flowers. Sometimes these garlands are thrown down upon the flat stone that covers the grave. They appear never to be removed. No sacrilegious hand ventures to steal these offerings of respect to the memory of the dead. There they rest, and, as they wither, new garlands are placed upon them ; where the feelings of respect are not obliterated by time, or their expression prevented by absence. We first visited the tomb of the

celebrated Abelard and Eloise. This is covered with garlands, the mass withered and fallen to pieces; but there are also recent additions still blooming. We observed many interesting memorials as we passed on. More interesting to us it was to view the humble pillars and crosses which had been raised by poverty and affection, than to look upon the splendid sepulchres of the rich, which we passed in increasing numbers as we began to ascend the hill, and especially near to its summit. The tombs most interesting of all were those of General Foy—which was covered with garlands of *immortelles*—Molière, La Fontaine, and David, the celebrated painter, who died in exile. From the top of the hill we had a beautiful view of Paris and its environs.

October 30th. Went with Acworth to La Pitié. Visited the dissecting rooms. The mode of dissection practised by the French students is very slovenly. On returning towards home, we purchased coffee, spirit lamp, etc., in order to be able to make our own breakfast. We now have a glimpse of domestic comfort.

October 31st. We returned to La Pitié, where we were fortunate enough to obtain a subject for five francs, and half a franc to the man. Afterwards we purchased wood, and *cachêts* for fifteen dinners from M. Maugars' restaurant, Rue du Dauphin. We enjoyed the fire in our own sitting-room in the evening. Our time, however, was not much improved: we were too busy in roasting and eating potatoes.

November 1st. This was a *fête* day, and was therefore spent to very little purpose. We visited the

Church of St. Sulpice, a very magnificent structure, on the towers of which the telegraph is placed to communicate with the seaports.* Spent the evening in reading Madame de Staël's "Corinne" with Acworth. Then we had a turn at the study of anatomy. The conversation afterwards turned on the drama, and was not at all in accordance with my taste. I admire the drama only as a study of character, and not as an amusement.

November 2nd. Sunday. Made some excellent coffee. Read Butler's Analogy. Went to the French service conducted by M. Grandpierre at the Maison des Missions Evangeliques, on the Boulevards. Met there the Earl of Roden. Was much pleased with M. Grandpierre and with the service altogether. The singing has much of simplicity, solemnity, harmony, and devotion. The preacher was energetic and impressive, without any affectation. He is a Swiss. The subject was "Jacob's Ladder." I enjoyed the service much more than that of last Sunday at the Chapel de l'Oratoire. Returned home with Acworth, and read Butler. Went in the afternoon to the Chapel de l'Oratoire. Again met Lord Roden. Liked the preacher better than on last Sunday. Still, he

* The *electric* telegraph was as yet unknown, although its principle was discovered by Ørsted in 1820, and I saw the repetition of his experiment in the Laboratory of the Royal Institution by Faraday in 1822. Wheatstone first taught how it might be applied for telegraphic purposes. The old telegraph had an alphabet formed by the different geometric figures that two long arms with flexible joints could be made to form. These were read off by a telescope from a series of elevated towers or hills over an extent of eighty or one hundred miles when the atmosphere was tolerably clear.

seems to me to lack both ideas and words. Spent the evening at home very pleasantly and, I trust, suitably, in reading Butler. We now have a fire at home, which makes the room comfortable.

November 4th. This being the *fête* of St. Charles, the dissecting room was shut. We spent the morning in study. After twelve we went out to a fair which was held in the Champs Elysées. This much reminded me of Stow-on-the-Wold fair. The shows were, in general—indeed, without exception—very contemptible. Many of their amusements are like those of the English. There was some excellent rope-dancing and tumbling, climbing a greasy pole to get at a sucking pig, and a hoop hung with watches at the top; roundabouts, shooting at a mark, and different forms of gambling. These constituted the chief amusements, which were all exhibited at the expense of the Government. A woman lay on her back while a stone was broken on her stomach with a sledge-hammer, the large anvil that was interposed breaking all the momentum of the blow.

In the evening we went to the Tuileries to see an exhibition of fireworks. Paris was illuminated, especially the Government offices. We had a good standing between the Louvre and the Seine. Just opposite rose a lofty pole, on the top of which was an illuminated Grand Cross of the Legion d'Honneur, formed by lamps. A little further to the right was the Chamber of Deputies, splendidly illuminated. A little to the left, formed also by lamps suspended in the air, was a representation of the Sun, upon the centre of which was the motto, "Nec pluribus impar," Pyramids of lights were

placed about the gardens of the Tuileries. Rockets, comets, pyrotechnic flowers, fireballs, a representation of a volcano, a temple of lamps, and a cascade of fire were the chief pyrotechnic displays. We then walked into the Champs Elysées and drank tea, and returned home before eleven. The scene we had beheld was very novel and very imposing.

November 7th. Bought an excellent and complete set of bones of the human skeleton this morning for twenty-five francs.

November 9th. Sunday. Heard M. Grandpierre in the morning with much pleasure. We had no minister at the Chapel de l'Oratoire. Service conducted by the friends, Lydia (the faithful servant of Mark Wilks) setting the tunes. Met there J. Easthorpe, Esq. (afterwards Sir John), M.P. He is an old friend of the Rev. T. Coles, and of Foster. Wrote a letter to Dr. Stenson, which he will take to England, and then frank it.* Henry also wrote on part of my sheet.

* The practice of franking by M.P.'s was not at that time abolished. It ceased when the penny post was adopted.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Orfila the Toxicologist—Operation of Dupuytren—Mrs. Mark Wilks—Dupuytren's brutality to his patients—His life—Lisfranc—The Library of St. Genèvieve—Performance of Molière's *Tartuffe*—Christmas Eve—The Carmelite nuns—Christmas Day—High Mass at Nôtre Dame—Dined at Maugars' restaurant.

NOVEMBER 11th. Began our subject. Dissected the brain, much to my satisfaction. At the *École de Médecine*, heard a lecture on anatomy by Cruveillier.

November 12th. Heard Orfila* on Chemistry at the *École de Médecine*, and was much interested by his experiments.

November 16th. Sunday. Heard M. Grandpierre. Understood him better than on any former occasion. His text was taken from Ephesians i. 3—6. Afterwards called on Mrs. Wilks. Much delighted with her conversation, into which she puts much of the vivacity and fire of a French lady. She spoke of the Archbishop of Paris, of the bigotry of French Protestants, of the Socinianism of some,

* Orfila was a Spaniard by birth, but had been obliged to fly from Spain on account of his political opinions. He was renowned for his experiments in Toxicology, a branch of medical science which he almost created anew.

of the earnest orthodoxy of Adolphe Monod, who preaches three times on the Sabbath—twice in French and once in English—teaches Sunday-schools, and expounds the Bible at home.

November 19th. Obtained my card of admission to the Hotel Dieu this morning. Saw Dupuytren operate for a large aneurism on the fore part of the thigh. I noticed that he discussed the merits of the operation over the patient as he lay upon the table, between the several steps of the operation. The patient uttered no expression of pain, except when the artery was tied. On another patient he applied the moxa, and I was struck with the contrast between his manner and that of Larrey. When the patient cried out, Dupuytren mocked his cries: “*Sentez vous, sentez vous!*” When Larrey applied it, the patient made no complaint, cry, nor groan.

Mrs. Wilks was a delightful companion, for her memory was like a well-written commonplace book, in which had been inscribed the large stores of all that she heard, observed, or read. From her I heard the following history of the private life of the celebrated surgeon, Baron Dupuytren, who was, at the time of my visit to Paris, about fifty-two years of age.

When he first came up to Paris from the country he was a poor boy. By some means he came under the notice of Roux,* who was then a promising young surgeon, into whose family he

* Roux was an excellent surgeon, who was distinguished by his skill and dexterity in operations on the palate, like our Sir William Ferguson.

was taken. Roux took notice of his latent abilities, and took him with him to the hospital he attended. Dupuytren attracted the attention, and ultimately won the affections, of the daughter of his patron, and was accepted as her suitor. After a time, a vacancy occurred for a surgeon in one of the hospitals, which Dupuytren won by his own abilities and by the aid of Roux. Time passed on. Dupuytren became a rising man, winning popularity and practice. Ultimately an opening occurred at the Hotel Dieu, which the rising man was chosen to fill. Now he felt himself in an assured position, and he shook off his engagement to Mademoiselle Roux in order to marry the most beautiful woman in Paris. His wife proved unfaithful, and, with her, happiness seemed to depart from his home and from his heart.

When he appeared at the hospital he was in the habit of dressing himself in a blue apron, like a butcher. His countenance exhibited more distress than that of the majority of his patients, to whom his manner was inconsiderate, and sometimes brutal. Neither was he courteous to the students, but haughty and impatient.

In his early practice Dupuytren became acquainted with the Jew banker, Baron Rothschild, whose advice he asked in the disposal of his money. The latter replied that if he liked he might become a partner of his speculations. "Only," said he, "you must share the losses as well as the gains." The fortunate surgeon was ready to accept of these terms, and after his death his wealth was found to amount to the sum of £400,000 sterling.

Dupuytren had one child only, a daughter, whom he married to a rich banker, unmindful of the fact that she was too rich already. He left some endowments for prizes to be given at intervals to the most diligent and successful students of his profession. Thus he sought to make his name to be remembered.

His life was not a long one. He took cold in attending a *concours*, which produced chronic pleurisy, with effusion. He refused to submit to paracentesis of the thorax. Contrary to the advice of his medical friends, he went to Treport, and returned worse than when he went. He died in Paris, in October, 1835, at the age of fifty-eight years.

Of those with whom I came into more immediate contact during my student period in France, the nearest to my *beau idéal* of a perfect physician was Chomel. He and Guy Lussac, the chemist, were more like Englishmen—of the cast and demeanour of our own Dr. Prout, than like their own countrymen, *e.g.*, Brossais and Thenard, to whom Chomel, calm, reflecting, comprehensive, slow and sure, was a complete contrast.

November 30th. Sunday. This morning heard M. Grandpierre with much pleasure; and in the evening went to the Chapel de l'Oratoire, where I had much gratification in hearing Mark Wilks.

December 1st. Saw Dupuytren operate at the Hotel Dieu on a case of bronchial aneurism, with characteristic inhumanity keeping the wound open for half an hour while he continued his discourse.

December 5th. Attended at Lisfranc's course of

operative surgery, at La Pitié. There is something striking in Lisfranc.* At first sight he gives the impression of being a genius.

In the evening went with Wright and Sturrock to the Theatre Pont St. Martin. We had intended to go to another, and entered this one by mistake. There was a very showy representation of Goethe's *Faust*.

December 7th. Sunday. This being a wet morning I did not venture upon the long walk to hear M. Grandpierre. In the evening I heard Mr. Wilks, with much pleasure, on the "Death of Christ."

December 14th. Sabbath. Heard M. Grandpierre from Ephesians i. 13, 14; and in the evening heard Mr. Wilks preach a most impressive sermon on Peter, from the text, "Peter followed afar off." He descanted with much feeling on the conduct of many of his countrymen, who at home were diligent and

* Lisfranc was a fine man, six feet high. His countenance was that of a man with strong passions, but without the misery that marred the features of Dupuytren. He was sometimes harsh with his patients, but not cruel. His dexterity in operating was admirable. I never saw any one comparable with him except Liston, and for eye operations Henry Alexander. I once remarked to Sir W. Ferguson that in height and personal appearance he reminded me of Lisfranc. There was a bitter rivalry between Lisfranc and Dupuytren. Lisfranc never alluded to the latter without some depreciatory utterance.

It may be noted once for all that our visits to the wards of the Parisian hospitals were paid at 7 a.m. On those days we used to rise at 6 a.m. and boil our coffee and take breakfast, in order to avoid going into the stifling hospital atmosphere with an empty stomach. The clinique of Lisfranc, as well as that of Dupuytren, was held after the visit. The dissecting rooms were open all day.

regular observers of all religious ordinances, but here in Paris they followed afar off.

December 19th. Purchased some wood. Our last quantity has lasted rather more than seven weeks; so that we have spent only one and a half francs per week upon fuel.

December 21st. Heard M. Grandpierre, with much pleasure, from Ephesians i. 14—23. In the afternoon heard Mark Wilks from the text, "One soweth and another reapeth."

December 22nd. Received a letter from Dr. Stenson, in which he expresses much pleasure at our proceedings.

Visited the Library of St. Genèvieve.* Then walked in the Jardin des Plantes. In the evening heard the *Tartuffe* of Molière, at the Theatre de l'Odéon. The comedy was well given, according to our judgment.

December 24th. We went to the Church of the Carmelites and listened to the nuns chanting the midnight mass. Reached home about 1 a.m.

December 25th. Christmas Day. Attended high mass, which was celebrated by the Archbishop of Paris, at Nôtre Dame. Disgusting mummeries. Procession round the church. Nine boys. Fifty priests. Then nine more boys and the attendants on

* This was the Pantheon of the first Revolution and of the Empire. Under the Bourbon Restoration it was again restored to the Patron Saint of Paris, and became the Church of St. Genèvieve. It had an excellent library, with a room which was warmed, and where on showing my passport I received every attention. I asked for the first volume of Lord Bacon's works, which was promptly supplied.

the Archbishop ; in all about seventy. Of course there was the procession of the Host. The music reminded me much of the theatre. The singing was very fine. Service began at 10 a.m., and closed at 12.40.

Dined with Wright, Henry, and Maugars in a room by ourselves at the restaurant. As Maugars was an old servant of Napoleon, we had a toast to his memory.

December 31st. Did not feel well this morning ; but went to La Pitié. In going round with Lisfranc felt quite faint in the Salle St. Pierre. Notwithstanding, I stayed all day, and performed operations with the amputating knife and catling.

Thus has ended what has been to me an eventful year. I can look back on the past and see that my most important wishes have been gratified, and a kind and gracious Providence has smiled on my cause. My returns for this kindness have been few and unworthy, and my sins have been many. My hopes of the *future* must all depend upon Him who has guided and guarded me up to the *present*. I shall go forward with pleasure only in proportion to my enjoyment of His presence and His blessing. May I experience the truth of His promise : " I will never leave thee, no, never forsake thee."

1829. January 1st. This day being a holiday, I wandered about. Went in the evening to the Café la Paix, where we heard a play without paying, except for our coffee and biscuits, which cost seventeen sous. The play was contemptible. The singing was very good. It lasted only an hour. Many Parisians were there.

January 4th. Could not go to hear M. Grandpierre this morning on account of the rain. In the afternoon, at his own place, Mr. Wilks preached a most excellent and appropriate sermon from, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." The day was cold and comfortless. Mr. Wilks noticed that the gospel was not intended alone for consolation; that we were intended for active duties, which must be accompanied with trials and privations, under which the promise might serve to support us.

January 5th. In the evening we went to the Cirque Olympic. Saw some beautiful horsemanship. Exhibition of amazons. Feats of a child four years old. *Exercice du Manteau*. Siege of Saragossa. Ludicrous effect of a man rushing on to the point of the bayonet and then standing still. Beautiful fencing with swords on horseback.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Letter to Dr. Stenson—Stratagem for securing 'our share of subjects for dissection—Daily Programme—Coldness of the winter—Letter to Mr. Haddon—Military organisation of Parisian police — *Mouchards* — Charles X. — Influence of Popery on the religious, moral and social condition of France.

I EXTRACT the following from a letter to Dr. Stenson.

Paris, January 8th, 1829.

DEAR SIR,— The pupils at the French hospitals are divided into three classes, namely, *Internes*, *Externes* and *Aspirans*. The last-named includes all foreigners who have not taken out *inscriptions* at the *École de Médecine*, but who attend by a card of permission from the administration. It also includes all the French *élèves* who have lately commenced their studies, or who have not become *Externes*. At certain periods examinations are held of such *Aspirans* as may wish to become *Externes*, to which class they are admitted after having passed. The duties of an *Externe* are exactly those of our hospital dresser. After an *Externe* has held his place a certain time he is admitted as a candidate for the office of *Interne*, to obtain which he must pass another examination. There are two *Internes* to each ward. Their duty is that of an assistant surgeon, they reside in the hospital for a year, and receive a small salary. They accompany the surgeon in going round, write the clinical reports, conduct all the post-mortem examinations, and are occasionally permitted to perform operations.

The subjects at La Pitié* are divided into three classes, according as they are more or less suitable for dissection—the first being charged eight francs, the second five, and the third, principally consisting of such as have been opened, three francs. The names of all who wish to obtain subjects are inscribed in a book and read over in turn, first the Internes, second the Externes, and lastly, the Aspirans. In spite of the apparent fairness of this system, it is abused, chiefly by the Internes, who, as they always have the power of choosing the best subjects, very frequently enter into agreements with foreigners to supply them at an advance of about 100 per cent. In consequence of this monopoly it has happened several times this season that there has been a scarcity, the Externes, and still more the Aspirans, having been unable to obtain an adequate supply. This difficulty, however, under Acworth's management, we overcame. We took into our party a young Scotch physician, and each of the four (*i.e.*, Coles, Mann, Sturrock and Acworth) entered his name upon the list, sometimes twice and three times over, so that by having eight or ten names down, one was almost certain of being called every few days. By practising this manœuvre, and occasionally giving a fee to the man who has to attend on the dissecting rooms, &c., we have obtained as many subjects as we could wish. We have taken eleven since the commencement of the session.

The principal superiority the French School possesses over the English is in the abundance of subjects for dissection. In minute anatomy, however, they do not excel us, and in beautiful dissection the French students are far from being our equals. It is, indeed, an evil arising from the abundance of subjects, and the facility with which they can be obtained, that parts are not dissected either with care or minuteness,

* The dissecting rooms at La Pitié, and those of the *École de Médecine*, received all the unclaimed bodies from the hospitals of Paris.

before they are thrown aside for the commencement of a fresh dissection.

We have no Demonstrator, and no Anatomical Lectures were commenced at La Pitié until near the middle of the season. In operative surgery the French have a great advantage from being able to practice so much on the dead subject, from which they may acquire both dexterity and confidence before beginning to operate on the living.

We have entered as pupils to Lisfranc's private course on Operative Surgery, which commenced early in December, and is expected to close about the middle of March. We attend every day from eleven to twelve either to hear a lecture or to perform operations under the immediate direction either of Lisfranc or his *prosecteurs*. Before the course closes each pupil will have twice performed every operation in surgery, besides having seen it performed by others forty or fifty times. This is an advantage we never could have enjoyed in England, and if it were only for this alone it might have repaid us for coming hither. Even though we should never be called upon to repeat any of the greater operations on the living subject, yet it compels us to obtain a knowledge of anatomy apart from that which is the primary object, especially in having to acquire the art of dropping the knife *au fait* into every principal articulation. Thus we gain a familiarity with the form of joints, which will hereafter be of great service to us in detecting their accidents, dislocations, or diseases.

We have not a regular plan of spending the day, but are obliged to adapt it to circumstances. At first we attended pretty regularly at the *École de Médecine*, and I felt great interest in the experiments of Orfila, which, having some previous knowledge of the subject, I perfectly understood.

Cruveillier, the lecturer on anatomy, I heard with much pleasure, on account of his pleasing delivery, combined with a beautiful and distinct pronunciation. But perhaps we are never to meet with advantages unassociated with inconveniences. So here our duties soon became too numerous

to admit of that adequate attention which we could have wished to bestow on each. In order to obtain a good seat at the lecture of Orfila, or of Thenard, it was necessary to be there some time before the doors were open, an hour before the commencement of the lecture; but when we attended the hospital and clinique we were unable to return in time. Then, again, on entering to Lisfranc we were obliged to forsake the *École de Médecine* altogether, or lose that which was to us of more importance.

Our general plan of duties for the day is as follows:—To rise and breakfast at half-past six, as we ought to arrive at the hospital at seven. This is both the most disagreeable and dangerous of all our employments. The practice of visiting at so early an hour does not allow the nurses time to ventilate the wards before the arrival of the surgeon and his pupils, so that we have to enter into an atmosphere, not only impure by having been respired during the night by forty or fifty inmates, but also loaded with the effluvia of wounds, poultices, and diseases. The change from the cold, frosty air without, to this suffocating atmosphere within, is almost intolerable, especially at La Pitié, where the wards are crowded, and the smell is sometimes worse than that of the dissecting rooms.

Having finished our walk round the wards, we go to the clinique, in which the surgeon gives a description of some of the cases visited, and makes observations on their diagnosis and treatment. These clinical lectures are exceedingly useful, because they convey a knowledge of the cases that could not very easily be obtained in any other way; for the hurried manner in which we pass renders it impossible to gain any history from the patients themselves. After the clinique, we go to the post-mortem examinations. These are conducted in the most slovenly and careless manner (at least, such as we have seen), being left entirely to the *interne*, and attended by very few of the pupils. It is impossible that any morbid appearances except such as are exceedingly palpable should be discovered.

Leaving the hospital, we take a walk for fresh air, generally in the beautiful Jardin des Plantes, which is close to La Pitié. Then if we have any dissection on hand we return to the dissection rooms, until Lisfranc's lecture and operations, which close about noon. From that time until dinner the hours are occupied, sometimes at the dissection rooms, sometimes at a public lecture at the *École de Médecine*, sometimes at a library (*Bibliothèque de St. Genèviève*), a museum (*de l'histoire naturelle*), or at a *cabinet d'anatomie pathologique*.

We generally get to dinner about 4 p.m., and return home between 5 and 6, for there is always a considerable time consumed at the restaurateur's, from the number of persons to be waited on, and, moreover, many dishes are not cooked until they are ordered.

The rest of the evening we spend at home, and this is the only part of the day in which we are warm and comfortable. Even then, by the side of a good fire, we are so chilly that we can only warm one side at a time.

We are still on intimate terms with Acworth, but as he has changed his apartments, in order to lodge with Mr. Wilks' eldest son, Mark, who is educating for the medical profession, he does not spend his evenings with us so frequently, but we still meet daily at La Pitié.

A great many Americans are here, as well as Scotch and Irish, but they are scattered about at different dissecting rooms, at La Pitié and the *École Pratique*, and, therefore, I have not been able to discover the American gentleman of whom I have heard you speak.

I know only of one objection to remaining here until the end of the session. My friend Henry says there are many students going up to the college about that time, so that I might possibly have to wait in London a month before I could be examined: otherwise my wishes entirely coincide with your advice, as I should like to be in Paris when the weather was a little more comfortable, so that it would be possible to study with more pleasure, and, therefore, with

more advantage, than in this inclement season ; for, however cold it may be, there is never any fire in our dissecting rooms, nor in the public libraries or museums, nor any other public place, except the library at the Jardin des Plantes and that of St. Genèvieve, which is open only three times a week.

At present I am not qualified to give any opinion of the French medical practice, because I have given more attention hitherto to the surgical, although the medical wards have not been altogether neglected. I have never seen the stethoscope used.* At La Charité I believe it is occasionally employed, but I hear very little about it.

My Sabbaths here pass in a much more pleasant manner than I had anticipated. The Scotch minister mentioned in my last did not officiate more than once or twice afterwards. We have been favoured with Mr. Wilks ever since. We are both of us pleased with his preaching. His style and manner are manly and unaffected. He is always faithful, and generally impressive. His sermons also are well suited to the place in which he stands, and to the probable circumstances of his hearers. He lately preached from the text : "Peter followed Jesus afar off," when he made many striking remarks on professors of Christianity who follow afar off. Last Sabbath we had an excellent sermon on the defection of Demas.

My friends in Paris do not attach much importance to the assistance of a French master. They have advised us rather to mingle more in French society, where our ears will become accustomed to the sounds of the language, and where we shall be at the same time compelled to use it. We have been advised to dine at the table d'hôte of a pension bourgeoise, as the best means of acquiring the art of conversing. This we intend to do ; at the same time we shall not neglect the *study* of the language, but next to our profession make it our principal object. I am about to read

* Chomel always applied his ear to the chest. Broussais generally used the stethoscope, but in a very rapid manner.

French daily with a Frenchman,* in order to acquire greater accuracy in pronunciation.

I now resume the journal.

January 11th. Sabbath. A very cold morning. Could not get out in time to hear M. Grandpierre, my shirt having been sent home very damp by the laundress. In the afternoon heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Wilks, on the "Defection of Demas." Spent the evening in reading.

January 18th. Sabbath. Heard M. Grandpierre from Ephesians ii. 1—6. The Earl of Roden was present. In the afternoon heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Wilks on "Being ashamed of Christ." It was very cold weather.

January 21st. The anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. All the public places were shut. Did not feel well—have inflamed tonsils. Dissected the eye with Acworth. Drank tea and spent the evening with Mrs. Wilks.

The following letter was written to Mr. Haddon :

Paris, January 21, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The manners of the Parisians are in general polite and obliging, but in some of their habits they are very uncleanly, and even indecent. They are not disposed to thieving, but are ever on the watch to impose on the ignorant and unwary, by charging for things sometimes double their value. The police of Paris is very different from that of London, being entirely military, besides which there are at all times troops of the line, ready to assist on any emergency. You could hardly take a walk of any length through the streets of Paris without meeting with parties of gendarmes, or troops of the line marching, generally with bayonets fixed. There can never

* This was a quiet, unaffected student of the *École du Droit*. I was much indebted to his punctuality and attention.

happen any public assemblage in which they are not soon present, ready to interfere if the occasion should require it ; and at night, instead of meeting a single watchman with his great-coat and lantern, you would meet gendarmes, three in a party, parading the streets. Indeed, they seem much averse to moving or acting singly, since the other day I met three of them guarding an old woman on her way to or from justice. A troop of gendarmes or soldiers is posted at every theatre.

This military organisation of the police, although it would be looked on with jealousy by a people like the English, and although it might be a most mischievous instrument in the hands of a despotic Government, is yet well suited to accomplish the purpose for which the police is formed ; namely, the protection of persons and property. I do not remember reading in the newspapers any instance of burglary, although I read them frequently, and thefts of other kinds are rare. A military police, like that of Paris, is perhaps not well adapted for the detection of crime, but it answers a more important purpose by preventing its commission.

It is said that a system of espionage is kept up by the present Government. The persons so employed are called *mouchards*. One regularly attends Mr. Wilks' preaching ; and I remember one evening, when I and a party of English happened to meet at a café, that a person stayed near us all the evening, who appeared to have no other object than to listen to our conversation, and enter notes in his pocket-book, whilst pretending to read the newspapers. The king is by no means a favourite with the people. They ridicule his superstition and dislike his political principles. When George IV. goes abroad on any public occasion, or even in private, when recognised he is surrounded by the huzzas of some of his subjects. When Charles X. shows himself in public none cry "God bless him !"

A short time after my arrival I was present at a

review of the French army by the king, on the Champ de Mars. My companion, Mr. H. Coles, saw him alight from his carriage, and I saw him afterwards as he rode round the lines, accompanied by his staff. Hardly any person took off his hat; not one huzza was given, nor one cry of *Vive le Roi*. Since then I have seen him ride through the streets two or three times, when the people stood on each side to gaze, and hardly one showed any mark of respect.

But the political condition of France is not my province to observe, nor would it be proper in a letter to dilate upon such a subject. She is great, and if she were good, she would soon be glorious. I may just add that the press having been freed from the censorship of the late Minister Villile, all parties express their sentiments on all subjects with a degree of freedom which is not exceeded in England.

But if it becomes me to be silent on political subjects, still more to be so on the subject of morals, lest by entering into details my pen should pollute my paper; and how much is this to be ascribed to the mischievous influence of the mummeries and absurdities of Popery, by which religion has been disguised till she is unlike herself! It is to Popery that the infidelity of France should be chiefly attributed, since the ridicule and contempt which many of the popish ceremonies justly merited, and the disgust which the worldly policy of the priests could not fail to excite in those who discovered it, have most unjustly been transferred to Christianity itself. If I look to the social condition of the French, with how much eagerness my mind withdraws from the scene to return to my own England; to the dear land of domestic happiness, religion, and morality, which by their influence, both direct and indirect, lay the foundations of domestic felicity, and raise the superstructure. Where these are neglected or contemned, the social relations are loosened; and the relative affections, even the natural instincts are diminished.

Though the moral aspect of France presents so little of what is gratifying, its scientific institutions are admirable for their liberality and magnificence. Paris is the school of the arts and sciences; and at present numbers some amongst its public teachers whose names will be handed down to succeeding generations. The fame of Cuvier will be as immortal as that of Hunter, and the names of Guy Lussac and Orfila will live with those of Davy and Wollaston.

There are here a greater number of students in general science (Physics) than in London, especially in Chemistry, which, from the facilities offered, is cultivated with great success. Another reason, probably, is that the medical students are required to obtain a knowledge of general science, which is not required in the English schools. In the practical application of mechanics the French, however, are far inferior to the English. Their coaches and vehicles of every description are exceedingly clumsy, and the draughts of cold air through our chambers often remind us how badly the doors and windows are made to fit. Sometimes, also, in walking the streets you may see nine or ten men employed in raising a piece of timber or a stone to the top of a building by means of a pulley fastened on the top of an upright piece of wood, made nearly as high and strong as the mast of a ship. In other places, particularly on the quays, you would see a number of men walking up a wheel, with steps in its circumference, in order to raise a weight attached to a rope connected with its axis. In each of these instances an English engineer with his crane would do the work of these nine or ten men with more ease, expedition, certainty, and safety.

The public libraries are magnificent. Some are open to the public daily, and others only two or three days in the week. In all, the librarians are obliging, and therefore the books are easy of access.

The public hospitals are large, and are open to the students of every country, except the Hotel Dieu, to which

only those who have a diploma of some kind can obtain admission, unless they purchase *inscriptions* at the *École de Médecine*. By the certificates we obtained when we became Licentiates of the Apothecaries' Company we obtained cards of admission. The advantages which Paris possesses over London as a school of Anatomy and of operative surgery are immense, and would alone have repaid our coming here, to say nothing of the wide fields of observation which are presented in the hospitals.

We have here students from many different countries. Besides Scotch, Irish, and English, we have Russian, American, Italian, Turkish, etc. The Turks were sent by the Pacha of Egypt. I have sometimes dined and conversed with an Egyptian who is nephew of the first physician to the Pacha. This man called himself an Armenian Christian. The others are Mussulmans. The French students are, in general, polite and respectful towards foreigners, and as surgeons seem rather to court the good opinion of the English. At the commencement of the University Session we obtained cards of admission to all the lectures at the *École de Médecine* and the Sorbonne, which we attend when we can make it suit with our more important engagements.

Respects to all friends, especially the Procters, Wilsons, and Browns.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN MANN.

To Mr. Haddon.

CHAPTER XLV.

Narrative of a Greek family, refugees from the atrocities of the Turks in Cyprus—A Bal Masque—Letter to Dr. Stenson—Broussais and Chomel, a contrast.

JANUARY 25th. Sunday. Received a letter from my father. Felt much pleasure in hearing that all were well at home. Heard M. Grandpierre at the Mission des Evangeliques. In the afternoon, heard Dr. Philip, of Cape Town, at Mark Wilks's Chapel. He spoke of the usefulness of prayer, of the revivals in America, and of the evil dispositions of many of the Europeans compared with the Hottentots, etc.

January 26th. Rose at five a.m. Was most agreeably surprised by a fine thaw. Henry and I went to La Charité, Saw the galvanic apparatus applied by Roux in a case of paraplegia in a handsome Spanish female. She did not ultimately recover. Then we went to see the procession from Nôtre Dame. Saw the king in his state carriage, accompanied by the Court and the military.

February 1st. Sabbath. Heard M. Grandpierre from Ephesians ii. 7. Heard Dr. Philip in the afternoon. It was a very interesting missionary service. The Earl and Countess of Roden, and the Duchesse de Broglie* were present ; and the history

* Daughter of Madame de Staël. Her young son accompanied her.

of Africanus and of Pacaltsderp, and the influence of Christianity in improving the civil condition of men, were the subjects of discourse.

February 8th. Sabbath. Mr. Wilks has been called to England by the death of his father. Henry disliking to hear the Scotchman, instead of going to hear him went to hear M. Grandpierre. I was much interested. As usual, the subject was in Ephesians. Afterwards visited Acworth, and took some wine with him. Went to L'Oratoire and was better pleased than I expected to be. Met with a Frenchman at Maugar's who promises to come and read with me. In the evening read with much interest the "Esther" of Racine, comparing it with Scripture during the perusal.

February 9th. Met the Frenchman, a young law student of the *École du Droit*, at my lodging. He reads very well. I was much pleased to find my own defects in reading less than I had anticipated. Afterwards dined with him and another law student. Henry spent the evening with Dr. Elliott. I spent it in studying French and the anatomy of the skull.

February 10th. Went to Galignani's Reading-room. With great pleasure I read in the English papers the speeches of my own countrymen, especially the determination of Government to settle the Catholic question by granting Emancipation.

February 15th. Sabbath. Went to hear M. Grandpierre. An excessively tame sermon in the afternoon from Mr. Mellis. Spent the evening in reading "Athalie" and Massillon.

I quote the following narrative from a letter to Mrs. Cooper :—

Paris, February 20th, 1829.

. . . . I frequently meet with two Greeks, whose costume would at first sight attract notice, and whose history is by no means devoid of afflicting circumstances.* They are wholly unacquainted with the French language, and have only their little boy of about twelve years of age as an interpreter. The husband is far advanced in years. Their condition is very solitary, as they know hardly any one in Paris, and are unable to converse with any. Their present situation is more afflicting, and their present privations are more felt because in their native country they had rank, property, honourable connections, and all the luxuries as well as the comforts of life.

The husband is the son of the late Archbishop of Cyprus, the wife the daughter of the late Patriarch of the Greek Church. One day, when they were at their country seat, they were told that the Turks were massacring all the Greeks in the city. Immediately they were compelled to set off with all speed to save their lives, taking their little boy and girl (the only members of the family that were at home) with them, with what money and jewels they had just at hand. They were so happy as to escape on board a French vessel which was then in port. The rest of their family and relations were cut to pieces. I believe it was at about the same time that the Patriarch was taken from public worship, which he was in the act of celebrating, and hanged with several of the bishops in front of the Cathedral at Constantinople. The vessel in which they had embarked brought them to Marseilles. The money and jewels they had preserved amounted to about 12,000 francs (£480 sterling). This might have served for some time to support them in France, but a worthless villain on board, under pretence of taking care of their property to dispose of it for them,

* This was at the time of the Greek insurrection, and the massacre at Scio.

decamped with the whole as soon as they landed. Thus in addition to all their domestic sorrows they were cast on a foreign shore, helpless, ignorant of the language, and destitute.

Some benevolent person made known their case to the Greek Committee, who allowed them a scanty pittance, which just supported them at Marseilles, for four or five years, but in a state of poverty and great distress. During this period, however, their children acquired the French language. A gentleman in Paris now allows them to occupy a wretched apartment in his house, where their income would hardly allow them a fire during the excessive cold of last month. Perhaps they might not have suffered so much had it not been for their steadfast adherence to the Greek Church. At any rate, their daughter, who is about thirteen, would have been provided for long since if they would have consented that she should be brought up in a convent, but no distress could induce them to assent to her being trained up in Popish forms of worship. Under these circumstances, they fell under the notice of my excellent friend Mrs. Wilks. She has adopted the girl as her daughter, engaging to the parents that she should be taught the sentiments of no sect whatever, but only the Bible, that she might apply for herself this straight line of divine truth, and so steer clear of all the crooked lines which have been drawn by human hands.

The joy of her parents at Mrs. Wilks' kindness was excessive. They were too destitute and poor to have anything but thanks to offer her in return, but the uncle of the girl begged Mrs. Wilks to accept a valuable MS. copy of the works of Homer as a grateful acknowledgment.

March 1. Sabbath. Heard M. Grandpierre. Eph. ii. 13 to the end. It has been a sharp frost this morning, and very cold all day. Dr. Roban, from the United States, delivered an excellent sermon on the Pharisee and Publican. Spent the evening in reading Massillon and Pascal; received a letter from Mr. Haddon by the hands of Mr. Wilks.

March 3rd. Shrove Tuesday, *Mardi Gras*. Went to breakfast with Acworth. Afterwards to the Boulevards to see the masques. There were many most ridiculous figures very thinly clad, although the day was exceedingly cold. The Boulevards were excessively crowded with the spectators of the nonsense. The gendarmes were obliged to be about everywhere. It appears to me highly dangerous to see them in the dense crowd with swords drawn and bayonets fixed.

In the evening went to the Bal Masque at the Theatre Pont St. Martin. This was a most ridiculous thing. Persons were in all sorts of habits, Chinese, Turkish, Spanish, Roman, and many nondescripts. Many women. Not a few *femmes publiques*. It was a wild, confused, and irregular, dancing, romping, crushing and hooting. It was labour without pleasure, and noise without mirth. There was not that indecency which I had been led to expect. At Acworth's wish we took some refreshments, for which we were charged an extortionate price. Things of this sort well show the frivolous tastes of the French.

March 8th, 1829. Heard M. Grandpierre, from Eph. iii. 1-10. He dwelt chiefly on the inability of man to comprehend the works of God. In the afternoon heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Wilks, from Psa. cxix. : "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." His remarks were beautiful on this world considered as a house of pilgrimage, in which our situations, our connexions, our relations, and our enjoyments, were continually changing. In contrast with all these changing, uncertain sources of enjoyment, the preacher then passed to consider the reality of the joy of the Christian, and the grounds upon which it rested. He concluded by an admonition against the dangers of Paris. He then gave notice of his intention to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper on the next Sabbath, regretting that

although he had now been so long in Paris he had been unable to form a Christian church of the passing, ever-changing persons who attended his services. He then concluded with some severe, yet just remarks, on the conduct of some professors when in Paris, and the unfavourable change which he had known to be produced in the minds and feelings of many.

March 15th. Sabbath. Heard M. Grandpierre, from Eph. iii. 10, on the interest that is taken by other orders of beings in the salvation of man. In the afternoon heard Mr. Wilks. The text was, "To know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge." It was very excellent. He spoke of the love of Christ as being superior to human love, in its being eternal, immutable, and almighty. In the latter part, his remarks on the weakness of human love were very interesting. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper closed the service. Not more than twenty persons were present.

March 22nd. Sabbath. Heard M. Grandpierre, from Eph. iii. 11—18. In the afternoon heard Mr. Wilks, from "There arose a little cloud about the size of a man's hand," on the apparent inefficacy yet certain fulfilment of prayer.

The following passages are from a letter to Dr. Stenson:—

Paris, March 25th, 1829.

DEAR SIR,— The art of speaking French fluently is hardly acquired by any one in less than a year, and especially when (as has been my case) a person is thrown into circumstances which oblige him to be much in the society of his countrymen, and to be constantly speaking his native language. The best French Dictionary is that of the Academy. There is a French-English Dictionary more esteemed than

that of Levizac; but I presume that you would prefer to any other the *Dictionnaire de l'Academie*. My French acquaintance says that it is indispensable; therefore I intend to purchase one for my own use and another for you. The definitions being all given in French, its use necessarily leads to an extensive acquaintance with all the synonymous words and phrases of the language.

The University Session closes about the 15th of April. I can hardly say, however, at present, on what day we shall leave Paris, because we must regulate our proceedings by the days on which the steam-packets take their departure.

I have paid some considerable attention to the two most celebrated medical professors, namely, Broussais and Chomel. Broussais is rather above the middle stature, and inclined to be corpulent. His countenance is habitually austere and commanding, but in the reception of a compliment I have seen it relax into a smiling and gracious expression. His step is consequential; his general manner, proud and scornful. His speech varies with his subject; in delivering an opinion, or dictating a prescription, he displays only a considerable degree of self-complacency, but when combating an adverse opinion he speaks with much conceit and arrogance. His examination of his patients is generally extremely hasty and superficial; so, indeed, it must be, if you consider that he contrives to see about one hundred and fifty in somewhat less than two hours. The dress of Broussais, like that of most of the French professors, is negligent. His class of pupils is very small when compared with that of Dupuytren, and far less numerous than that of Chomel. After going round, he delivers a short clinique, and then a medical lecture. Broussais sometimes uses the stethoscope, but in many cases he decides as hastily as though a window were placed in his patient's breast, through which the sun was shining on the seat of the malady. The overwhelming majority of his cases are gastro-enteric, either simple or combined with colic or bronchitis; and almost all the varieties of disease are marked in his case-book by ringing

changes on these words. It is said that the works of Broussais are well written, and that they display considerable genius united with extensive reading, and through these he has exercised an extensive influence over the medical opinions and practice of the French. As far as my information goes, it seems that his opinions are losing rather than gaining ground, probably because, after observation and reflection, men discover them to be far too exclusive. Broussais is vain, and therefore impatient of opposition to his opinions. It is sometimes amusing to notice the scornful manner in which he alludes to the objections which have been urged against his doctrines, and which he designates "the prejudices of mankind opposing themselves to the progress of truth."

Velpeau, a young and a rising surgeon and lecturer in Paris, having said that "some of the opinions of Broussais, so far from being original, might be found in the works of the ancients," Broussais haughtily replied that "those who were unable to invent systems for themselves imagined that others also were obliged to borrow." Velpeau retorted that "it was not the business of a philosopher to *invent* systems, but to *borrow* them from nature.

Chomel is the successor of Laennec at La Charité. He is very popular with the students. In some respects he might well form a contrast with Broussais. The stature of Chomel is rather below the common standard. He is thin, and at first sight appears younger than after a closer inspection. His manners are extremely modest and unassuming. His countenance gives you the impression that he is studious, otherwise it has very little expression. His manner of walking is careless and ungraceful. In examining his patients he is careful, deliberate, discriminating, and patient, and in pronouncing his opinions, modest and guarded. I do not recollect having seen him use the stethoscope, although I have seen it occasionally in the hands of his pupils. He almost always uses *immediate* auscultation, by applying his ear to the chest of his patient. He also practises percussion.

In one or two instances that have come under my notice, the post-mortem examination has proved his diagnosis to have been remarkably correct. He spends a considerable time usually at the bedside, particularly of cases recently admitted, and takes great pains to acquire the history of all the symptoms. Occasionally, but not generally, he makes use of very active means, such as copious venesection, digitalis, and large doses of tartarised antimony. The latter has been administered in some cases in enormous doses without producing much sensible effect. In order to be assured of the genuineness of the preparation—in some instances it was procured from Pelletier, one of the most celebrated of the French operative chemists—I have heard Chomel relate some cases in which this drug had been administered to an almost incredible extent. He did not attempt to explain the *modus agendi*, but merely stated the facts. The class of Chomel is numerous. It usually consists of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty, most of whom accompany him through the wards, whereas that of Broussais at the clinique amounts to only about forty, and in the wards from ten to twenty. In consequence of the crowding around the beds, it is almost impossible to make any observations in a continuous and connected narrative upon the cases of Chomel, as you get a favourable opportunity of seeing only here and there. The clinique of Chomel is generally interesting, and his French very intelligible. In noticing the cases, besides marking the several peculiarities of each, he frequently dwells some time on the different varieties and forms which the disease in question ordinarily assumes; and in these observations I have not yet observed any slavish attachment to any particular theory or hypothesis. Many of the pupils of Chomel regularly take notes of cases at the bedside, and occasionally he employs his *internes* to give an account of cases at the clinique, and asks them questions concerning their nature, treatment, and probable termination, and it is very pleasing to observe the modest and gracious manner in which he

corrects the too hasty deductions of these young men, or by a judicious question, or observation, leads them to correct themselves.

March 28th. Did not feel that my dinner yesterday had done me good. This morning early, took a long walk through the Luxembourg to the Hotel des Invalides. On returning home received a message from Mrs. Wilks requesting me to see their servant Lydia,* whom I found suffering from a mild attack of acute rheumatism.

March 29th. Sabbath. Heard Mr. Wilks in the afternoon from the text "Poor, yet making many rich." It was a sermon for the Protestant Bible Society.

April 8th. Spent a considerable portion of the morning in mending stockings, which gave me a fearful back-ache.

April 9th. Felt considerably interested in the news of to-day. The Catholic Relief Bill has passed its second reading in the House of Lords by a majority of 105. This is glorious for the liberties and political union of England with Ireland. Political strength will accrue from thence to the United Kingdom.

April 12th. Sabbath. Heard M. Grandpierre. Mistook the time and was rather late. The subject was "The Regal office of Christ."

* In connection with Lydia I first saw mesmerism practised. She had had no quiet sleep for a fortnight, when Mrs. W. sent for a mesmerist who sent her to sleep, in which she remained for some hours, as I believe, through the influence of a stronger mind on the imagination of a weaker one. I say this after witnessing all the experiments on the Oakeys at University College Hospital, and at the house of my friend, Dr. J. Elliotson.

Received a very kind letter from Dr. Stenson to advise me not to settle at Bourton. This is much in accordance with my own wishes and intentions.

Heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Wilks in the afternoon, from "Go, borrow vessels of thy neighbours, empty vessels, borrow not a few." His observations were very good on the kind of value we should attach to means, and the perseverance with which we should employ them. Spent the evening pleasantly, if not profitably, in reading Scholl's sermons.*

* M. Scholl was one of the ministers of the French Protestant Church in London, and an intimate friend of Mr. Haddon. Ultimately he went to Switzerland.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Easter Sunday, military service at the Val de Grâce—Visit to St. Cloud—Visit to Versailles—Service at the Chapelle Royale, Tuileries—Left Paris with Henry Coles and Gilchrist—Rouen—Sailed from Havre on board the *Camilla* for England—Landed at Southampton—Journey to London.

APRIL 16th. Went to the Police Office, and to the British Ambassador, and then returned to the Police to get my passport prepared for going to Havre. I did not say that I was going to England, because a fee of ten francs would have been exacted by the Minister for Foreign affairs. My present passport, which costs nothing, will serve to Havre, where I shall obtain a pass to England. Discovered the residence of Verity, of whom I had borrowed Vol. i. of Fyle's Anatomy. It seems there is now no steamer which carries passengers from Paris to Rouen. The distance by water is three times as great as by land.

Saw to-day the Duchesse de Berri, the Duc de Bordeaux, and Mademoiselle his sister going to the *fête* of Long-Champs. Saw the Chambre de Paris, the Antechamber, the Chamber of Conferences, the third Salle, with a portrait of Louis XVIII. The tapestry from the Gobelins very beautiful. The

chamber itself very splendid. Afterwards visited the two rooms that serve as a library. The statues of noble Romans and the pictures were very beautiful.

Went to the Cathedral of St. Roch. Struck with the energy and apparent earnestness of the preacher. There were pauses in the service filled up with music and singing. A full-size statue of Christ was exhibited, and the devotees were kissing His five wounds. There was also kissing at the altar. There was an imitation of the three hours darkness at the Crucifixion, which was acted at the Eastern end of the Cathedral. The whole was a splendid specimen of the general character of Popery, considered as a religion of display addressed to the senses rather than to the intellect.

Went to the *fête* of Long-Champs. Saw again the Duchesse de Berri. Fine procession of carriages, including those of the foreign Ambassadors.

April 19th. Sabbath, Easter. Went to the military service of the Val de Grace. A double rank of guards lined the principal aisle in full uniform, with bayonets fixed; and when the Host was elevated, the drums beat and the military in undress who filled the nave kneeling, prostrated themselves. The music accompanying the service was beautiful. The soldiery marched out in order, the band playing all the time in front of the church. The officer's word of command was given in the church. The whole had a most imposing effect. Then I went to Nôtre Dame, but though I heard some beautiful music, there was nothing besides which much interested me, and I soon left again. Went to the church of St. Germain

Auxerrois, which was hung with tapestries from the Gobelins.*

In the afternoon, heard Mr. Wilks. Text, "Seeing He ever maketh intercession for them." It was, as usual, an excellent sermon, and there was a good attendance. Dined at home. Afterwards Acworth called to request me to go and see Mr. Wilks, whom I found very unwell, with rather serious symptoms, appearing to have arisen partly from cold, and partly from exhaustion.

April 20th. Having to call upon Mr. Wilks I was disappointed in my wish to join a party who were going to St. Cloud. I found Mr. Wilks rather better. After ten a.m., I started for St. Cloud and walked from the Barrière of Passy. It was a beautiful day. I was much delighted with the walk, which led me through Passy, Auteuil, and the Bois de Boulogne. Was much pleased with the great park and cascade at St. Cloud, but as if misfortune was destined to follow me this day, was prevented, just as I was going to the palace, by the arrival of the Duc de Bordeaux.

Walked on to Sèvres and saw the Manufacture Royale de Porcelaine. Some of the pieces were magnificent. A beautiful lady's toilette was priced at thirty-two thousand francs, and a secretaire of the same value. Took a *déjeuner* of bread and wine at Sèvres for eight sous. Walked on to Belle Vue; from thence to the palace at Meudon, which has a most beautiful view of Paris, Montmartre, Calvaire, St. Cloud, &c.

* This was the church the bell of which tolled as a signal for the commencement of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Walked to Meudon, and then returned by Issy and Vaugirard to Paris. The walk from Issy and Vaugirard is extremely beautiful. The country round is seen like an amphitheatre, separated from you by a large plain, which was green with the springing corn.

April 23rd. Went to St. Cloud and saw the palace. Then I walked to Versailles, on the borders of which I arrived just as a thunderstorm commenced, about 2.30 p.m. Took some bread and wine at a hotel, and there stayed under shelter until the storm had passed.

April 24th. Spent a considerable amount of time in packing up. My books are to go by *roulage*, in order to save the otherwise enormous expense of carriage. Made an appointment with Gilchrist to go to Versailles again to-morrow.

April 25th. Went to Versailles. Versailles was the hunting seat of Louis XIII. Saw the splendid front of the stupendous palace, and the gallery from which Louis XVI. addressed the Parisian mob, also the *Orangerie*. The orange tree called the Grand Bourbon, which boasts a high antiquity. Preserved an orange from it as a curiosity; the tree is said to be four hundred years old.

Visited the Palace interior, and saw the Chapel, Galleries, Opéra, Jets d'eau, Grand Trianon, of which the palace furniture is the same as that used by Napoleon and Maria Louisa. Vase given by Alexander, Czar of Russia, simple though sumptuous. Marble pillars. Little Trianon, built by Louis XV. for Madame Pompadour, as the Great Trianon was built by Louis XIV. for Madame Maintenon. The former is a neat little palace, remarkable for its beautiful

garden laid out in the English style. Swiss village, made by Marie Antoinette, with artificial mount, cascade, grotto, etc. The outside is simple contrasted with the luxurious inside of the huge palace.

I took a lunch of bread and cheese and wine (*Vin Ordinaire* and *Fromage de Gruyère*). Returned home in the *accélérée*.

April 26th. Sabbath. Acworth brought a ticket for the Chapelle Royale at the Tuileries, and, therefore, I did not as usual go to hear M. Grandpierre this morning. Was rather in confusion with my arrangements, and did not feel comfortable in leaving Paris. After a great deal of trouble and waiting a long time, was admitted into the chapel. Could not see the royal family. Was much delighted with the singing of a female there, which surpassed anything I had ever heard except the mellifluous voice of Sontag. The service was sung, almost every word. It commenced and closed with the drum and flageolet.

Afterwards heard a very good sermon from Mackenzie.* He only wants self-confidence. Henry went to Versailles. Spent the evening with him and Acworth.

April 27th. Went for a long walk, and with much trouble obtained a copy of Ostervald's Bible for Dr. Stenson. Had a great deal of trouble in packing my things. The *roulage* man did not arrive at the promised time. I was, therefore, obliged

* Mr. Mackenzie occasionally preached at the Chapelle de l'Oratoire when Mr. Wilks was absent from any cause. He was a Swiss, and gave me an invitation to Switzerland, where he had a sister to whom he wished to introduce me.

to leave my luggage to Mackenzie, who kindly promised to take care of it for me. Was surprised to receive a note from Mr. Wilks, with an enclosure of three Napoleons. Called there, and was received very kindly. The gift was with a good grace. They all expressed great regret at my leaving them, including the old servant, Lydia, who is to-day not quite so well. Mrs. Wilks offered to get any books for me that I might want, and hoped to hear from me at some future time. I received from them a great number of letters, particularly from Miss Wilks, for friends in England.

Spent the evening with Acworth and Mackenzie.

Bade farewell to Mademoiselle Naigeon, the *portier*, etc.

April 28th. Rose with much pleasure at four a.m. to leave Paris, of which I am completely tired. Acworth called to go with us to the office. At first, the morning was promising, but it soon began to rain. However, it somewhat cleared up, but continued showery.

Malvoisin appeared very beautiful. The terrace at St. Germain exceedingly grand. Dined at half-past eleven at Mantes. Beautiful prospects. Banks of the Seine. Curious form of the hills, like that of sand banks. Our pleasure was much spoiled by unfavourable weather. Romantic approach between the rocks and the Seine to Rouen. Arrival at Rouen. Here we determined to take a walk so as to arrive at Havre on Thursday morning, in order to prevent any inconvenience about getting our pass. We also wished to see the place, and to wander a little, if the weather should permit, on the coast.

April 29th. The morning at first appeared very unfavourable. It was raining and exceedingly cold. After engaging a place in the diligence, we took a walk through Rouen. There is a conspicuous hill on the north side. Visited the Place de la Pucelle, where Joan of Arc was burnt, and where a statue has been erected to her memory. Visited the bridge of boats. Saw an unfinished handsome stone bridge; probably on the site of one formerly built by the Empress Matilda. Visited the Cathedral. The tower had been injured by lightning. Interior has beautiful painted windows. The timber of the tower was blackened by the electric fluid. Splendid altar to the Virgin Mary, erected by Louis XII. in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Tomb of the Duke of Bedford. Heart of Richard Cœur de Lion. Large candle in a gold candlestick before the high altar.

Ascent of Mont St. Catherine. Beautiful prospect afforded from its upper part of the surrounding country and of Rouen. Complete view of all the valley from the summit. Precipice of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. I was unable to walk to the sloping edge, and therefore crawled. On the other hand, there were some French conscripts who were able to walk along the edge apparently without any nervousness. From this elevation there was a picturesque view for some distance, of the windings of the Seine and its beautiful islands.

Hotel de Ville of Rouen. Beautiful church near it, equal in its Gothic architecture to the Cathedral, and with still more beautiful painted glass windows;

but it seems to have been for a long time past neglected, its interior being out of repair, and adorned with very few pictures. The roof is very lofty.* Passed another building like an old church, with painted glass windows. This, however, had been converted into a storehouse.

Dined at a *restaurateur's* for two francs. In every respect this was far, very far, inferior to the *restaurateurs'* of Paris. Then took a long walk about Rouen.† Rested at a café, where the refreshments were quite equal to those of Paris.

April 30th. Last night travelled in the Rotunda and was very comfortable. Got into Havre at 9.30, having been twelve hours on the road. Took up our temporary residence at the "Aigle d'Or," where the coach stopped. Went to view the fortifications, harbour and sea. The weather was at first very fine, but the sky soon became beclouded, with occasional droppings of rain.

The town is pleasantly situated on a hill above the harbour. Went to the passport office and pleasantly finished our business there. Then got our luggage on board the *Camilla*. Walking on the seashore very beautiful, although Henry and I were nearly overtaken by the tide, and were obliged to wade

* This was probably the tower of the ancient Abbey of St. Ouen.

† In this walk, our gigantic fellow-student, Gilchrist, accompanied us, whose blow with his fist upon a cushion raised a steel-yard at Tivoli, to the mark of 199 lbs. Two of the natives on the quay had quarrelled, and one was twisting the neckcloth of the other to strangle him, when Gilchrist interposed. Startled at the mighty foreigner, they immediately parted, and each went his way.

round one of the jutting rocks in order again to reach the harbour. After walking all day, during which I had eaten only a crust, we sat down at the hotel to a splendid dinner with an all-consuming appetite. Seventeen successive plates were handed to us.

Felt considerable pleasure at the thought of being soon again landed on the shores of my native country. In a brief home-sickness I seemed to feel tired of Paris and most of its associations.

May 1st. Set off at 7.45. The sea was rather rough. At first I exceedingly enjoyed the dashing of the waves, and riding over the hills and banks of water, sinking into the vale between and then rising again; but on going down into the cabin to pay my fare, was immediately seized with sea-sickness, and afterwards confined to my sofa for the whole of the remaining day. Everyone on board except four or five were affected more or less: many even of those who had been accustomed to the sea. It was quite dark when we got near to the Isle of Wight, and about half an hour before midnight when we landed at Southampton. Henry began repeating from memory the commencement of Canto sixth of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wand'ring on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown ;
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

Ate a hearty supper, not having eaten anything save a crust from eight a.m. As the weather appeared still uncertain, we determined not to stay at Southampton but go on to London. Neither breakfast nor dinner had been prepared on board the ship to-day, as there was no one on board with appetite to eat it. But both sea-sickness and home-sickness were over-absorbed in the happiness we felt at again arriving in England.

May 2nd. We began our journey to London. In the neighbourhood of Southampton the country appeared like a well-cultivated garden, but it soon became barren and uninteresting as we proceeded on the journey. In the distance, however, was the Military School at Blackwater and Virginia Water. Passed through Hounslow and Brentford. On arrival in London, went to the house of my friend Mr. Blanch. Felt pleasure at finding myself in the English metropolis.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Return to London—First interview with Mr. Taylor—Calls on various friends — Lodgings in Paradise Row — Call upon Mr. Hunter, of Islington—His views on the purchase of a practice—Meeting of Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty—The harpies of the Custom House—The Chancery suit—Partington's electrical experiments at the London Institution—Miss Procter's opinion—Letter to Dr. Stenson describing my examination at the College of Surgeons.

SABBATH, May 3rd, 1829. Mrs. Blanch remarked that I had returned on the day I had anticipated at the time when I left them in September, 1828. Her youngest son had been attacked with some indisposition, and on examination I found it was scarlatina. On almost all my visits to them, some one of the family had been ill, so that I almost felt I was to them a bird of ill omen.

Heard Rev. James Parsons at the City Road Chapel. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Blanch, and spent the afternoon there with Mr. Taylor,* a medical student from Monmouth, who was then lodging with

* Mr. Taylor was the nephew of a rich old Wesleyan at Monmouth. At this time I little suspected how he would cling to my friendship until the time of his death, and his wife and children after him.

them and attending the Borough hospitals. In the evening heard Mr. Watkins, at St. Swithin's, London Stone, and there met my old friend Mr. Haddon. It was an excellent sermon from the text, "My God shall supply all your need." I felt it well suited to my circumstances at the present time. In company with Mr. Haddon, went to supper at the house of Mr. Alderman Brown, by whom and by whose family circle I was received with their accustomed kindness.

May 4th. Went to Cheapside, where I saw Mr. John Procter. Went to Compton Terrace, Islington, where, after waiting some time, I saw his father. Had some conversation with Mrs. Procter as to my future prospects. At present, I remarked to her, I could not clearly see my way, although it seemed probable that the most prudent course might be to make a provisional arrangement in the country with Mr. Wells. Visited Mr. Wilson, at Highbury Place, by whom I was very kindly received. Mrs. Wilson invited me to spend the evening and sleep there. Had some conversation with Mr. Joshua relative to the state of political opinion in France.

May 5th. Dined with Mr. Blanch. Went to the College of Surgeons. Called on Acworth's brother. Repeated my call in the evening, but was unable to meet with him. Spent part of the evening with Mrs. Clarke and Miss Moore at Laystall Street. Mrs. Clarke seemed much pleased to see me, and asked me to come again.

Spent the evening with my friend Mrs. Blanch very pleasantly in singing some of our old songs.

May 6th. Went to the College of Surgeons and left my certificates. Found that I was not likely to

be called up for examination before the 12th of June. Slept at Tidmarsh's, 12, Paradise Row, Islington, having taken apartments there for a fortnight, in order to have a quiet, undisturbed study prior to my examination.

May 7th. Heard the Rev. J. F. Denham, a favourite preacher, with Mr. Haddon. Supped with Mrs. Anthony Brown.* Discussed my future prospects.

May 9th. Dined at Mr. Alderman Brown's, with Mr. Heron,† and Rev. T. Binney.‡ Walked home with Mr. Heron. A very pleasant afternoon.

May 10th. Sabbath. Heard Mr. Binney on "The Revival of Religion: its Means and its Manifestation." Dined with Mr. Haddon. Went to see Mr. Hill at Westminster, and a set of very demonstrative pietists whom he is in the habit of assembling at his parlour on the Sunday afternoon. We had an interesting narrative of a niece of Mr. Haddon, read by him. Heard Mr. Watkins in the evening from Psa. cxix. 10: "I have sought Thee with my whole heart. Leave me not to wander from Thy commandments."

May 11th. Breakfasted with Dr. Conquest. His observations were rather discouraging. He thought I had not sufficient energy of character, yet if I had

* Anthony Brown, second son of the Alderman, a young man of very superior parts who succumbed at an early age to hip joint disease and phthisis.

† Mr. Heron, of Manchester, father of Sir Joseph Heron, the present Town Clerk.

‡ Rev. T. Binney, then lately entered on public life. He became the celebrated preacher of the Weigh House Chapel. The remarkable satirist, William Hone, was one of his converts.

friends who would interest themselves much about me I might succeed even better than by entering into partnership. He mentioned a practice in Fleet Street that was to be disposed of. He spoke in an irrelevant manner of some patients who were waiting for him until five p.m. Altogether, I felt little confidence in him as an adviser.

Went to the College to leave my certificate of age. Dined with Mrs. Blanch. My friend Mrs. Blanch is attacked with scarlet fever. Walked home, and on my way called on Mr. Hunter,* and was much pleased with his conversation. He thinks it is decidedly best to settle in the midst of a dense population; because in a thinly peopled country, the practice is incapable of being pushed beyond a certain point. As to purchasing a practice, it might be desirable if a share could be obtained, of not less than £500 per annum; otherwise it is not worth doing, because in two or three years a practice of that amount might be made by individual effort. He recommended strongly an engagement with an elderly man who is about to leave his practice. He mentioned several instances of the correctness of these views.

May 13th. Went to see my friend Mrs. Blanch. Met Henry Coles and Dr. Babington. Dissected the brain with Mr. Taylor. Wrote a letter home to be taken down by Henry. Spent the afternoon and evening in studying anatomy. In the evening George Tidmarsh† came to see me.

May 14th. Demonstrated the eye in a sheep's head to Mr. Taylor and Mr. Joshua Wilson. Then

* A worthy Scotch practitioner much esteemed in Islington.

† Nephew of my landlord.

visited my old friend Mr. Procter, and accompanied him to tea at Mrs. Cooper's, Highbury Place. Was much pleased by the company and conversation of Mrs. Hoskins, a married daughter of Mr. Brownlow.*

May 15th. Went to the Custom House to inquire about my luggage. Then went to the College of Surgeons, to know when my examination would come on. There were sixty candidates waiting for examination. Returned home late, and found a letter from Henry Coles, respecting an attack of indisposition, for which he requested my advice.

May 16th. Breakfasted at the house of my friend Blanch. He is rather better. Called at Radley's hotel, New Bridge Street, to see Rev. Mark Wilks, but he was not then within. Attended the meeting of the Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty,† and was greatly interested. Daniel O'Connell was present, and made an excellent liberal speech, which did honour to his feelings and principles. I was exceedingly happy to hear the principles of religious liberty so well stated and defended. Dined for the first time since my return at an eating-house. Drank tea at Mr. Blanch's and then returned home.

May 17th. Went to the Tabernacle hoping to hear Mr. Wilks, but was disappointed. Heard Mr. Hunt, of Chelmsford, from the text, "Work out your own salvation, with fear and trembling."

I went to hear Mr. Watkins in the evening : text,

* Mr. Procter's partner when in business at Fleet Street.

† At the London Tavern, now the Wesleyan Mission House.

“ My sheep shall never perish.” It was an excellent sermon. Supped with Mr. Joseph Curling and Mr. Haddon, at the house of my old friend Mr. Alderman Brown.

May 18th. Went to the Custom House; had a great deal of trouble in making inquiries about my parcel. Visited the British Museum, and think it far inferior to the Museum d’Histoire Naturelle of Cuvier. Found a letter at Mr. Blanch’s on my return, enclosing the bill of lading of my parcel. Drank tea there, and afterwards spent some time in marking the bones of the human skeleton for Mr. Taylor.

May 19th. Went to the Custom House. Had to make an affidavit of my ownership, but even then was not allowed to remove my parcel without paying extra for dispatch, which I was not inclined to do. Visited Mr. Wilks (of Paris*) and was concerned to see him still so much enfeebled. His powers of mind seem to have suffered with his body. Dined and spent the day at Mr. Blanch’s, who is rather better, and Mrs. Blanch is going on well. Visited the London Institution on my way home. I am losing time in my studies.

May 20th. Went to the Custom House and obtained an order of landing; was directed by the lighterman to come at one o’clock and see the goods examined, but as they did not arrive until three o’clock, I had to wait two hours on the quay, and was too late to pay the duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanch are rather better. Spent the evening at a meeting of Mr. Procter’s society, the

* At Radley’s Hotel.

“Associate Fund” for supplementing the salaries of poor ministers. Heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Bennett, of Cork. Saw Mr. Heron and Alderman Brown.

May 21st. Went to the Custom House; paid those harpies all their demands. There were two entries of four shillings and sixpence each to pay, because I did not know the exact weight of each parcel. Then the charge for lighterage was just as much as for freightage from Calais to London. All this in addition to the trouble, cab-hire, and delay of three days in clearing the Custom House.

May 22nd. Went to see Mr. Hill, at Westminster, who was much pleased to see and converse with me respecting France.

May 23rd, 1829. Dined with Mr. Upcott and Mr. Heron, at the house of Mr. T. Wilson. Spent a very pleasant afternoon. Felt some apprehension at the apparent coolness of Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Joshua, that my interest there was on the decline. However, this may be a warning not to put too much confidence in man. Promised one of Canning's letters* to Mr. Heron.

May 24th. Sabbath. Heard an excellent sermon from Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester.† Spent the afternoon with Mr. Haddon. In the evening

* One of the relatives of Mrs. Wells, senior, was the gardener of George Canning, the statesman. He had given two of Canning's letters to her, and she gave them to me.

† This was Charles Sumner, perhaps the only man who could reprove George IV. without offending him. Nearly the last six years of his life he was in a state of asphyxia.—(*Vide* Life by his sons).

went to St. Swithin's, and heard Mr. Goode.* Did not much like him. Supped at Mr. Alderman Brown's. They lent me a copy of the *World*, containing a report of public meetings which had lately been held. Being unable to sleep, I sat up to read it.

May 25th. Called on Mr. Elliott, Haydon Square, Minories. The young man to whom Mr. Elliott had himself formerly referred me spoke to me concerning our suit.† He said it was proceeding. The answers which the other party had brought in were rejected. They had been collecting new evidence. It was not likely at present to be settled. One of the young clerks said not for ten years, and he hinted that probably the next application would be for more money from each of our party. An appeal to the Lords would no doubt take place. The young man, who spoke most moderately, said it would take two or three years to get out of Chancery, and then there would be a session of the House. The new application for money is a violation of the contract. If made, whether it shall be paid will be a subject for future consideration.

Visited Mr. Blanch. Found him down in the shop. Mrs. Blanch insisted on giving me a shirt pin, and, as I would not take a valuable one, she

* Mr. Goode was one of the champions of the Evangelicals of the Church.

† This was a suit relating to the property of a rich Jennens who died intestate many years since. It may be compared to Dickens' case of "*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*." We had contributed a fixed sum for the investigation of the case, and it seemed like a breach of faith to ask for more.

pressed on me a sovereign in money. I am much pleased with the conduct and gratitude of these excellent people. She said if I settled in London she would employ me and me alone.*

Read at the London Institution. Mr. Upcott took me to hear a lecture from Partington on Electricity and Electro-magnetism. The experiments were very beautiful.

Returned to my lodgings at Paradise Row. Mentioned at supper the settlement of my account; Mr. and Mrs. Tidmarsh said they had no account to settle with me. Was pleased with their gratitude.

May 26th. Studied anatomy in the morning. In the afternoon called on my friend Mr. Procter. Found only Mrs. Procter at home. At first had much conversation with her. Ventured slightly to unfold my plans. The other evening Mr. Procter made some inquiries for me of Rev. W. Guy, whom he had met at Mrs. Wilson's. Mrs. Procter suggested an inquiry of some such druggist as Mr. Allen, of Plough Court. Mr. Procter was not quite well. Miss Procter thought him a little nervous. Took leave of Mr. Heron.

May 27th. Spent the evening with George Tidmarsh.

May 31st. Heard Mr. John Clayton, from "Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos?" I liked his remarks on the state of the Church in our days compared with the primitive Church, and his pro-

* This promise she faithfully kept. From the time of my settlement in London in 1830, until the time of her death in 1860, except in consultation with me, she had no other medical attendant.

position "that Christianity had never prospered where there had been no Christian ministry." Went in the afternoon to Union Chapel. Drank tea and spent the evening with my friend Mrs. Procter. Mr. Hunt, of Chelmsford, preached in Union Chapel on "Divine influence." A good sermon.

June 1st. Felt very nervous occasionally in prospect of the examination to-morrow.

June 2nd. Morning. Continued my studies of yesterday. In the evening went before the examiners at the College of Surgeons. At first lost my recollection, but afterwards did very well. The examination lasted twenty minutes. Sir Astley Cooper was there, and spoke to me afterwards. Did not get home until a quarter past twelve o'clock.

The following letter to Dr. Stenson contains an account of my examination :

12, Paradise Row, Islington.

June 4th, 1829.

DEAR SIR,—Before I enter upon the immediate object of this letter, I ought to offer you my sincere thanks for those evidences of affectionate, undeviating friendship, and those counsels, the result of observation, reflection, and experience, which were contained in your last epistle. I am also much obliged to you for the loan of Blumenbach.

There were so many candidates waiting for examination at the College at the time my name was entered on the list, that I was not led to expect an examination before the 12th of June. Subsequently I was set down for the 9th, and was a little surprised to receive on Friday evening last a card admitting me on the 2nd.

Through a variety of unforeseen circumstances, but chiefly the serious illness of some of my friends in town, all

my plans of previous study here had been totally deranged ; yet I determined to present myself, as two whole days yet remained for taking a rapid review of Anatomy and Surgery.

On my entrance into the room of examiners at first I felt rather nervous, and lost my recollection for a minute or two, and therefore, in giving the bones of the face, could not immediately name them, although at another time it had been as easy as my alphabet. However, in two or three minutes I became cool and collected, and then proceeded, without any difficulty, to the close of the examination, which lasted twenty minutes. Mr. Honeratus Leigh Thomas was my examiner. The subjects were—in Anatomy, the connections of the bones of the face with the cranium, their number and their names ; a description in detail of the os maxillare inferior with its muscles, and their action conjointly and separately in mastication ; the structure of the joint, its ligaments, and the interarticular cartilage ; the maxillary sinus, its anatomy, its diseases, and the mode of opening its cavity. In Surgery, hernia, its general definition, diagnoses and treatment ; its varieties, and its treatment when strangulated.

It was a short and easy examination, and, indeed, in Surgery, if I could have chosen my subject, it would have been hernia. I strictly adhered to your advice, confining all my answers to the question in hand, and making them as brief and prompt as possible.

When Mr. Thomas had finished, the President asked if any other member would like to put any question ; *but as no one was inclined to do so*, I withdrew, but was immediately recalled to receive the approval of the Court, and pay for the diploma.

A young Irishman who had studied and dissected six years at the Dublin hospitals was among the candidates. I had noticed him before the examination as being the most talkative and confident ; and it is probable he made some attempt to display before the examiners. After a minute

examination on the teeth (in which the Irishman confessed he was greatly defective, as being almost the only subject he had not studied), Mr. Headington asked the course of the vidina nerve, its branches, connections, &c., and the history and connections of all the ganglions in the skull. These, too, the Irishman was defective in, because, although he had learned them as taught formerly, and as they still continued to be taught in the Dublin school, he was unacquainted with the modern researches and discoveries of H. Cloquet. Here, therefore, he was again compelled to confess his ignorance. He was passed, but came into our room exceedingly chagrined, covered with perspiration, and looking more like one who had been rejected than like one who had been approved.

All the candidates on that evening were passed, and only he of whom I have just spoken had any severe examination.

On entering the room I bowed to the Court, which Sir Astley Cooper alone returned. After the examination Sir Astley asked whence I came, and Mr. Thomas then asked a question or two about Morton and Bourton. All the examiners were present except Mr. Abernethy, and all seemed in pretty good temper.

I have not written to my parents. Perhaps I may trouble you to inform them that I have passed, but I am not yet certain on what day I shall return to the country. After my return I shall feel a great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation to Bourton. I had a great deal of trouble in obtaining my books from the Custom House; it would tire your patience and almost fill another sheet to relate all the details respecting offices, forms, affidavit, and other tiresome, unnecessary, and vexatious requirements during five days' attendance. I have purchased for you the last edition of the *Dictionnaire de l'Academie*, with the supplement. The latter contains all the scientific terms of Cuvier, with all other new scientific or technical terms omitted in the former, or coined since its publication. I have also a grammar, which I bought on Acworth's recommendation.

It will, perhaps, surprise you to hear that the system of Alibert is laid aside at his own hospital, and that of Willan, with some modifications, adopted in its stead. I have with me the last work on cutaneous diseases which has appeared in Paris, containing the opinions and practice of M. Biect, the present physician of St. Louis. Respects, as usual, to your family circle, and my Bourton friends.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

JOHN MANN.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Calls on friends—Visit to Mrs. Packer—Journey home to Morton
—Retrospect.

JUNE 3rd, 1829. Called on my friend Mr. Procter. Waited some time, and at length saw him. I know he will do all he can for me. He said he will apply to Mr. Allen, but it was not worth while to catch eagerly at the first opportunity without due consideration.

Went to the college and obtained my diploma. Bought some cloth for trousers. Visited the London Institution. Saw Mr. Haddon and young Spear. Dined at Cheapside. Drank tea with J. Blanch. Returned to Islington in the evening. Find my feet swell with walking, so that I must ease them by riding.

June 4th. Wrote a letter in the morning to Dr. Stenson. Went to St. Thomas's Hospital to see Dr. Elliotson. Was cordially received and went round with him, but was not able to introduce the subject which was uppermost in my mind. Saw two cases of aneurism of the aorta. A case of enlargement of the right side of the heart. I hope to see these cases again.

Drank tea at Mr. Blanch's with young Mr. Jackson.* Got into a stupid political dispute with an opponent informed only on one side. Forgot to post my letter. Returned to Union Chapel, and heard another sermon on the Ascension, but I think not equal to that of Mr. Denham.

Spent the evening with Mr. Procter. Wrote some questions for the Associate Fund. Miss Procter sat down to the piano and sang a comic song entitled, "Wery Pekoolear."

June 6th. Spent the day very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Cannon at Kingsland. They mentioned the probability of a vacancy at the Kingsland Dispensary.

June 7th. Sabbath, Heard Rev. J. Clayton, jun.—text, "Not holding the Head." It was on the essential nature of a Christian church. He repeated and enlarged on some principles he had taught on a previous Sabbath, on the superiority in some respects of the Christian life to what it was in the primitive church. Again I heard him in the evening on the influence of the Spirit of God, from "He hath sent the Spirit of His Son into our hearts." Supped with Mr. Alderman Brown.

June 8th. Called on Mr. Joshua Wilson. Met him by appointment at the Museum of the College of Surgeons. The catalogue is not yet complete, for want of which the Museum is rendered much less

* This was Thomas Jackson, who is now Rector of Stoke Newington. He was the only son of the well-known Wesleyan, who was twice elected President of the Conference, and the biographer of Watson and Goodwin.

interesting. Afterwards dined with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. Drank tea at home. Met Mr. and Mrs. Procter at Union Chapel. Supped with them. Mr. Procter had made some inquiries for me of Allen. He tells me that nothing else can be done for a few days.

June 9th. Received a message from Mrs. Wilson. Mr. Joshua had been ill on the preceding night, and wished to consult me. Took breakfast with them, and afterwards went to the meeting of the London Missionary Society. This was peculiarly delightful. Mr. Tourley, Mark Wilks, and Mr. Bennett, of Cork, made some excellent speeches, especially Bennett. Supped with Mr. Wilson, and supplied him with some medicine. Mr. Joshua said he wished to consult me, but he did not like to do so unless I would allow him to pay a fee. This, though very acceptable in the present dilapidated state of my finances, was not what I wished or expected.

June 10th. Read until 11 a.m. Went to see my friend Mrs. Packer, with whom I dined. Was received most kindly and cordially. After a long conversation on a variety of subjects, she alluded to Ann (the Miss B. of former days). She expressed herself pleased that my feelings were lessened on that subject. She admitted some of Ann's faults, but excused her by saying that no one was perfect. She had noticed (as I had) her contradictory temper, and occasionally unamiable manners. She referred to my letter from Paris to Mrs. Cooper on the death of her mother, Mrs. Wood, which she much commended. On the whole, my impression was that she would wish to have the connexion renewed, but had no hope that Ann

would wish it.* Called on George Horne, William Wheatly, Corbyn, and Mr. Perkins.

June 11th. Called on Mr. Joshua Wilson. After consulting me, he put into my hand a guinea. Went to town. Read at the London Institution. Drank tea with Mr. Haddon. Heard Rev. J. F. Denham. Walked in the Temple Gardens. Called to see Mr. Anthony Brown and family, but they were not at home.

June 12th. Called on Remnant,† Then at Apothecaries' Hall. Corbyn‡ cannot hear of any situation at present.

June 13th. Called on Mr. Procter. Then on Woodroffe,§ the druggist. Dined with Mr. Valentine¶ to keep his birthday. Drank tea and spent the evening with Mr. Procter.

June 14th. Sabbath. Heard Mr. J. Clayton from the text, "Thou art a swift dromedary pursuing its own way," Dined with Mr. Haddon. Heard Mr. Scholl in French in the afternoon. Witnessed an

* Better things were in store for me, many of which I could never have enjoyed had not Providence kindly broken up my relations with Ann, by her own act and deed.

On my return to Morton I dispatched a short note to Ann, requesting her to send back all my letters. At the same time I returned hers. She sent the letters, but wished to retain some birthday verses I had addressed to her on three anniversaries as they recurred during our acquaintance.

+ A Druggist at Smithfield Bars.

‡ A Quaker firm in Holborn. Both had been in the habit of calling on Messrs. Wells, of Bourton, for orders.

§ Or Westwood, of Newgate Street, whom I had met in Paris.

¶ An old Sheffield tradesman retired, who lodged with Mr. Blanch, having no other home, and securing this one by a *promise* (only) of a legacy of £1,000 to John B., jun.

infant baptism. Heard Mr. Watkins in the evening from Psa. i. 1, 2. Felt much anxiety about my future course.

June 15th. Called on Mr. Remnant to make an inquiry after an eligible partnership. He knew of nothing at that time.

June 16th. Called at Mr. Procter's. Dined at an eating-house in town. Spent the evening with Mr. Procter.

June 17th. Called on Mr. Procter about my advertisement. Then went to town to Messrs. Westley. Returned to Islington to dine and spend the evening with Mr. Procter.

June 18th. Called on Mr. Procter to take leave. He gave me ten pounds for my father—five pounds from Mr. Hill, and, probably, the other five pounds from himself. Next I called on Mr. Joshua Wilson. He gave me Reid's Essays in three vols., 12mo. He also pointed out to me an advertisement of Mr. Ward, Park Street, Islington. I found that he had no practice, and yet required one hundred and twenty pounds for medical stock, fixtures, &c., which was more than they were worth. Drank tea with Mr. Blanch. Mr. Valentine presented me with a pen-knife. Supped with Mr. Haddon and Messrs. Joseph and John Procter and Mr. Joseph Curling. Slept at 18, Cheapside.

June 19th. Rose soon after five a.m. Set off on my journey to my parents and home, which I reached after an absence of nine months, accompanied by George Horne.

* * * * *

In looking back upon the portion of my path

which is sketched in the pages preceding, there are some points more prominent than others in which I would acknowledge the goodness of Providence without arrogating to myself any special distinction as the favourite of Heaven, but only as one who believes the assurance—"Acknowledge Him in all thy ways and He shall direct thy paths."

If I look backward to the period extending from my earliest medical studies to the time of my sister's death, the first object for gratitude would be the friendship of Dr. Stenson, by whose assistance I was enabled to enter the medical profession. As I am not aware of any intention of any person to write a memoir of my friend, perhaps the notices of him in this autobiography may in part supply that deficiency.

The second occasion for gratitude would be the unvarying friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Procter. This was undeviating to the end of their life, although Mr. Procter had no knowledge that at a future period the life of his only daughter would be bound up with mine.

Again, the acquaintance of the Rev. Mark Wilks and Mrs. Wilks, which ripened into friendship during my stay in Paris, constituted a large portion of both the pleasure and advantage of my visit. The more than common interest that Mrs. Wilks felt in me, and the confidence with which I was honoured by all the family, whether in health or sickness, seemed to have originated from her recollections of her favourite schoolfellow, the first Mrs. Procter. To her we were indebted for the selection of our lodgings in Paris, and she introduced us to our fellow students, Wright and Acworth; she it was who told us the remarkable

history of the lives of Roux and Dupuytren. And the Chapelle de l'Oratoire, where we used to meet on the Sunday afternoon, was a place where each might sharpen the countenance of the other with the resources of religion and friendship. We shall meet no more in this world. May God in His infinite mercy grant that we may meet in one of the many mansions which Christ hath prepared for His own, to behold the glory of Him, in whom dwells the fulness of the Godhead, and, as we gaze, to be changed into the same likeness, and that we may retrace the experiences of the past in which He was our Shepherd, and therefore we did not want!



